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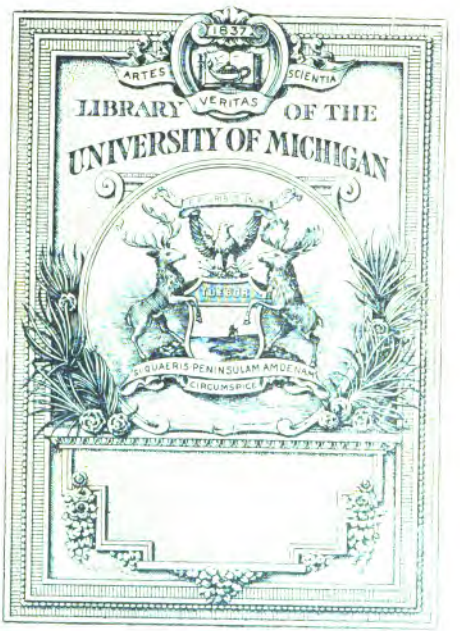
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OUR CHRISTIAN CLASSICS:

READINGS FROM

THE BEST DIVINES,

WITH NOTICES BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL

BY

JAMES HAMILTON, D.D.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
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PREFACE.

THE next volume will be devoted to the Eighteenth Century. Although in some respects an unattractive period, it yielded many a noble spirit and many a great divine. Amongst its Theologians and Biblical Scholars it numbers Bull and Waterland, Hurd and Warburton, Jortin, Lowth, and Horsley; amongst its Apologists and Illustrators of the Christian Evidence, Bentley, Leslie, Butler, Leland, Lardner, Bishop Newton, West, Lyttelton, Watson, Paley; amongst its Preachers, Atterbury and Sherlock, Whitfield, Berridge, and Romaine, Fletcher and the Wesleys. Its Practical and Experimental Writers include the names of Law and Berridge, of Bishop Horne, of James Hervey, and John Newton; and amongst its Sacred Poets, besides Charles Wesley and Isaac Watts, stand out conspicuous, Kenn, Addison, and Young, Augustus Toplady, and William Cowper. These illustrious authors and their cotemporaries will conclude the present series, unless, on some future day, the pleasant memories of his native land should induce the compiler to give a volume to the worthies of North Britain. The names of Knox and Buchanan, of Rollock and James Melville, of Leighton, Scougall, and Hugh Binning, of Boston and the Erskines, of Logan, Beattie, Pollock, of Thomson, Chalmers, and M'Cheyne, are enough to shew that the Christian

Classics of Scotland have their own characteristics, and a sufficient claim to a distinctive notice.

Meanwhile, and in bringing the work thus near its completion, the Editor gratefully acknowledges the good offices of those friends who have helped and encouraged him in his pleasant toil. To the choice and *recherché* libraries of T. Taylor, Esq., and W. Bonar, Esq., he has been indebted for many a rare and precious volume; and, besides similar obligations of no common kind, from B. C. Pierce Seaman, Esq., he has received so many valuable suggestions and so much information as have given to many portions of the work any value they possess. His labours have also been essentially lightened by the kindness of Messrs Nelson and Mr Kennedy of Edinburgh. For the "Select Puritans" of the former the Editor had written biographical sketches of Bunyan and Matthew Henry, and to "The North British Review," of which Mr Kennedy is proprietor, he had contributed articles on Owen, Watts, Doddridge, and Simeon; and, as soon as he expressed a desire to include the materials in the present work, permission was granted in the most liberal and handsome manner. To these generous friends, as well as to several esteemed correspondents, the compiler returns his heartfelt thanks.

LONDON, *June* 1, 1858.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
SOUTH, TILLOTSON, AND MODERN SERMONISERS,	1
Dr South,	6
Archbishop Tillotson,	16
Selections from Dr South—	
Man in Paradise,	33
Diversity of Gifts,	40
The Key to Knowledge,	42
The Lot cast into the Lap,	44
Christ's Friendship,	48
Select Sentences,	51
Selections from Archbishop Tillotson—	
Was the World made by Chance?	54
The Folly of Irreligion,	57
Eternal Happiness,	60
Funeral Sermon for the Rev. Thomas Gouge,	61
The Gunpowder Plot,	69
SACRED POETS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY,	73
George Herbert,	73
Public Worship,	76
The Holy Scriptures,	78
Church Music,	79
Constancy,	80
Peace,	81
Sunday,	82
Employment,	84
Virtue,	85
Life,	85
Prayer,	86
Providence,	87
The Flower,	90
Richard Crashaw,	92
Hymn to the Name of Jesus,	93

PAGE

The Hymn, "Dies Iræ," 99
Abraham Cowley, ... 101
Gabriel, ... 101
The Ecstacy, ... 102
George Wither, ... 105
The Suffering Saviour, ... 105
The Lord's Prayer, ... 107
Edward Benlowes, ... 107
Rural Retirement, ... 108
Dr Joseph Beaumont, ... 111
The Feeding of the Multitude, ... 114
Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration, . 116
John Mason, ... 117
"Surely I come quickly," 118
A Song of Praise for the Morning, . . . 120
A Song of Praise for the Evening, . . . 121
A Song of Praise for a Gospel Ministry, . . . 121

THE PSALMISTS OF ENGLAND, ... 123
Psalm cxxxvii., ... 123
Lord Bacon, ... 124
Psalm xc., ... 126
George Wither, ... 127
Psalm cxxxvii., ... 128
Psalm cxlviii., ... 128
George Sandys, ... 130
Psalm xv., ... 130
Psalm lxi., ... 131
The Dirge of King David for Saul and Jonathan, . 131
Francis Rouse, ... 133
Psalm xcv. (*Rouse*), ... 134
Psalm xcv. (*Scotch Version*), ... 135
William Barton, ... 136
Psalm xlvi., ... 136
John White, ... 137
Psalm cxxxiii., ... 138
Richard Baxter, ... 138
Psalm cxxi., ... 138
Dr Woodford, ... 139
Psalm vi., ... 139

PAGE

Sir John Denham, ... 141
Psalm cii., ... 141
Brady and Tate, ... 142
Psalm cxxxix., ... 143

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, AND ITS BIBLICAL SCHOLARSHIP, 145
THE CHRISTIAN LAITY, ... 156
Lord Bacon, ... 156
Of Riches, ... 156
The Student's Prayer, ... 159
The Writer's Prayer, ... 159
John Selden, ... 160
Occasional Sayings, ... 163
Izaak Walton, ... 166
The Country Parson, ... 167
A Thankful Spirit, ... 171
Sir Thomas Browne, ... 176
Immortality, ... 177
A Letter to a Friend on the Death of his Intimate Acquaintance, ... 180
Sir Matthew Hale, ... 186
Directions for Keeping the Lord's-day, . . . 186
The Hon. Robert Boyle, ... 195
The Greatness of God's Goodness, . . . 196
The Countess of Warwick, ... 202
Diary, ... 202
John Locke, ... 208
The Study of Scripture, ... 209
John Evelyn, ... 211
The Style of the Holy Scriptures, . . . 212
On Temperance in Sleep, ... 214

MATTHEW HENRY: THE COMMENTATOR, . . . 217
"I will direct my prayer unto Thee," . . . 255
How to begin the Day, ... 259
How to close the Day, ... 268
The Pleasant Journey, ... 277
Eagles' Wings, ... 287
Israel, ... 288

ISAAC WATTS, ... 289
Hymns, ... 315

PAGE

God's Presence is Light in Darkness, . . . 316
God's Eternity, ... 317
The Lord's-day, ... 318
The Lamb of God Worshipped by the whole Creation, . 318
The Righteousness of Christ, ... 319
Faith in Christ our Sacrifice, ... 319
Death and Immediate Glory, ... 320
Moses Dying in the Embrace of God, . . . 321
The Death and Burial of a Saint, . . . 321
The Shortness of Life, and the Goodness of God, . 322
Psalms, ... 323
A Funeral Hymn, ... 327
Musings in a Grove, ... 328
A Meditation on the First of May, . . . 329
The Young Man's Entrance upon the World, . . 331
Advices to a Young Man, ... 332
Progressive Knowledge in Heaven, . . . 337

MRS ELIZABETH ROWE, ... 345
On the Divine Veracity, ... 347
The Fifth Chapter of Solomon's Song, . . . 349
God my Supreme, my only Hope, ... 351
A Review of Divine Mercy and Faithfulness, . . 353
The Fortunate Captive, ... 356

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, ... 361
Capernaum, ... 401
The One Thing Needful, ... 404
Letter to his Wife, ... 408
Mary at the Feet of Jesus, ... 410
The Fall of Peter, ... 411
Early Rising, ... 412
How to Die, ... 413
Hymns, ... 418
Live while you Live, ... 420

OUR CHRISTIAN CLASSICS.

SOUTH, TILLOTSON, AND MODERN SERMONISERS.

ONE day, Boswell asked Dr Johnson, "What were the best English sermons for style?—Atterbury?" JOHNSON: "Yes, sir; one of the best." BOSWELL: "Tillotson?" JOHNSON: "Why, not now. I should not advise a preacher at this day to imitate Tillotson's style; though I don't know: I should be cautious of objecting to what has been applauded by so many suffrages. South is one of the best, if you except his peculiarities, and sometimes coarseness of language. Seed has a very fine style; but he is not very theological. Jortin's sermons are very elegant. Sherlock's style, too, is very elegant, though he has not made it his principal study. And you may add Smalridge. All the latter preachers have a good style. Indeed, nobody now talks much of style; everybody composes pretty well. There are no such inharmonious periods as there were a hundred years ago." *

In the great critic's enumeration, it will be observed that no mention is made of any of the authors who have heretofore passed under our review. The question referred to "style;"

* Croker's Boswell, vol. vii. p. 78.

and Johnson knew that a sermon constructed as Hall, Baxter, and Taylor constructed theirs, would be a mystery and an amazement to a modern audience. True, anterior to their time, there were sermons of an excellent "style." In the earnest days of reformation, preachers were free, direct, and natural; and it would not be easy to find harangues where the speaker and his audience are in closer contact than the sermons of Latimer and the solitary surviving specimen of Bernard Gilpin—a style which survived as late as the period when Henry Smith inundated with an unwonted audience the Church of St Clement Dane's, and Walter Travers made the vaults of the Temple ring again with his Genevan thunder-peals. But under Queen Elizabeth, who, as an *imperium in imperio*, was jealous of the pulpit, the ordinance of preaching had almost gone into abeyance; and when, under her sapient successor, it experienced a revival, it studied the tastes and copied the intellectual features of its foster-father. A sermon was no longer a straightforward address of man to man, but a curious scholastic exercise, often prepared with infinite pains, and, when recited from the clerical rostrum, better fitted to display the ingenuity of the speaker than to improve or impress his audience. A text was selected, and, instead of an effort to seize its leading idea, and present it vivid and entire, it was split open with a logical cleaver, and then cut up into curious little morsels, or comminuted still farther into mere particles and atoms, which, spiced with quips, and puns, and verbal jingles, and garnished with Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, were deemed

> "a dainty dish
> To set before the king."

Of course, the court was followed by the country. Pedantry in the pulpit was a mark of loyalty, and, what was still more important, it was the height of fashion. Not only did the remotest aspirant towards a mitre labour above all things to

catch the trick of Andrewes, Laud, and Donne, but there was hardly a clown from Kent to Cumberland, who did not think himself ill used unless his parson was a "Latiner," and larded his discourse with scraps from St Augustine and the jargon of Aquinas. Even the most powerful intellects and the most fervent spirits could not escape the infection altogether; and when we think of the peculiar terminology, and of the bizarre and fantastic style of decoration which prevailed, we cannot help regarding the triumphs achieved by the pulpit in the first sixty years of the seventeenth century, as a signal testimony to the power of the truth, and the personal worth of its teachers.

Of this mode of sermonising we have already given some account in our notice of Bishop Andrewes.* There was a contemporary writer, the Rev. Abraham Wright, of St Olave's, father of the dramatic antiquary, who published "Five Sermons, in Five Several Styles or Ways of Preaching,"† in which the favourite modes are very happily exemplified. The following is in "the Presbyterian way of preaching," and is founded on Luke xvi. 1–9, and thus commences :—

"The parable presents to your view the reckoning, or bill of accounts, of the unjust steward, and my text is the *summa totalis* of that bill, or the moral to this parable; in which our Saviour taught them then, and doth us now, how we should provide against the great audit—the day of judgment. As for this unjust steward—whether he were St Paul before his conversion, as Theophylact would have him, or the Jews, as Tertullian; whether he be only the rich man, or only the statesman, or only the churchman, or rather every man to whom any charge is committed by God (as the doctors have severally given in their opinions), I will not dispute, as being not much to our purpose. Sure I am, he was bad enough;

* See Christian Classics, vol. i. pp. 153, 157.

† London: 1656.

yet not so bad neither but our Saviour picks good out of him, as your physical confectioner, the apothecary, extracts treacle from the viper, and the most cordial of antidotes from the deadliest poison. . . . Therefore learn of him: What to do? 'To make you friends.' How? 'Of the unrighteous mammon.' Why? 'That when ye fail, they may receive you.' Which three queries will direct us to these general parts for our division. The first is the *quid*, the *matter*—to provide for ourselves by making us friends. The second, the *cujus*, the *manner*—to use the best means to get them, 'The unrighteous mammon.' The third, the *cui bono*, the *end*—'That when ye fail,' &c. Of which in their order."

Another specimen is modelled after Dr Mayne and Mr Cartwright. The subject is, "As the lily among the thorns, so is my love among the daughters," and it is thus introduced: "The text is a picture or similitude; in which picture, as in all draughts of the pencil, you may behold the lights and the shadows—the lights shining forth in the lily and the love, the shadows masked under the thorns and the daughters: for those black thorns are as the shadow to this white lily, and these foul daughters the foil to set off that fair love. Now, as all pictures must have their place of view, so may it please you to look upon, for a third particular, the seat, or standing, of this lily—it is in μεσῳ ακανθῶν, in the middle, or among the thorns; and, last of all, to vouchsafe a glance or two upon the artisan himself, implied in the particle 'my:' 'as the lily among thorns, so is *my* love,'—'my,' who am the limner that hath drawn and owns this piece, whose hand protects it here, and will new-trim and varnish it hereafter, turning these lights and glories into everlasting shines, and those shadows into utter darkness. Thus have you, from a rude pencil, the chief lines of this landscape, of the Church, and of my present discourse. And first, of the lights," &c.

These examples are no caricature, and we hope that to the

second, at least, the reader will give the praise of something more than ingenuity. It contains such an arrangement of the topics as would have rejoiced the soul, at once scholastic and poetical, of Coleridge: for on a similar passage in Dr Donne he exclaims, "What a happy example of elegant division of a subject! Our great divines were not ashamed of the learned discipline to which they had submitted their minds under Aristotle and Tully, but brought the purified products as sacrificial gifts to Christ. They baptized the logic and manly rhetoric of ancient Greece." *

Not only were divisions often arbitrary, but they were multiplied to a preposterous extent. In a sermon of David Clarkson, who was nevertheless a man of masculine intellect, and a first-rate theologian, we have counted as many as 128 heads and particulars. It is needless to say that comprehensive views of truth were incompatible with this comminution into microscopic fragments, and profound and enduring impression would seem still more impossible. The stream which, undivided, might set a mill-wheel in motion, if dispersed into a hundred runnels, will hardly spin a baby's whirligig, and is likely to lose itself at last; and although a skilful driver may manage four-in-hand, the canine multitude which pulls a Kamtschatka sledge in all directions, is not the arrangement which a traveller would select as pre-eminently conducive to the despatch of the journey or the comfort of the charioteer.

* Coleridge's Literary Remains, vol. iii. p. 137. The following is Donne's admired division. It occurs in a sermon on Matt. xix. 17:—"The words are part of a dialogue, of a conference, between Christ and a man who proposed a question to him; to whom Christ makes an answer by way of another question, 'Why callest thou me good?' &c. In the words, and by occasion of them, we consider the text, the context, and the pretext: not as three equal parts of the building; but the context, as the situation and prospect of the house, the pretext, as the access and entrance into the house, and then the text itself, as the house itself, as the body of the building: in a word, in the text, the words; in the context, the occasion of the words; in the pretext, the purpose, the disposition of him who gave the occasion."

Greatly modified, no doubt, in many instances by personal tastes or peculiar circumstances, such was essentially the style of sermonising from the accession of James I. to the restoration of Charles II. The matter was often admirable, but nothing could well be more perverse than the manner. We now proceed to give a short account of two pulpit orators who had the courage to adopt "the more excellent way" which their better judgment dictated, and whose unrivalled popularity soon procured general acceptance for their wiser method.

DR SOUTH.

ROBERT SOUTH, the son of a London merchant, was born at Hackney in 1633, and was educated under the famous Dr Busby at Westminster School. Thence he proceeded to Oxford, and, along with John Locke, became a distinguished student at Christ Church, of which Dr Owen was at that time the dean. Even then he shewed the elements of that character to which subsequent years gave development and emphasis; wit and ill humour, petulance towards those whom it was safe to offend, and considerable adroitness in taking care of himself. His first publication was a congratulatory ode to Cromwell at the conclusion of the war with Holland, but as soon as the power of the Independents began to wane, the young churchman grew valiant, and shewed his heroism by insulting Dr Owen. Whilst there was a prospect of Presbyterian ascendency, he flattered the Presbyterians by his invectives against Independency; and when the restoration divested Prelacy of its dangers, he availed himself of an Episcopal ordination which, in 1658, he had obtained from one of the deprived bishops, and came out an ultra-royalist and a reviler of all the sectaries. We have mentioned his wit. In 1660 he was chosen University orator. In this capacity he had occasion to present to the

comitia, for an honorary degree, an officer of distinction, and began in the usual style, "Præsento vobis virum hunc bellicosissimum;" but that instant some accident made the great warrior turn round, and in the same tone of voice the speaker proceeded, "qui nunquam antea tergiversatus est."

His great talents, and the effect with which he delivered his eloquent discourses, attracted the notice of Lord Clarendon, who was Chancellor of Oxford, as well as Lord High Chancellor of England, and in 1661 South was appointed his chaplain. The avenue to preferment was now open before him, and his ambition and self-reliance were keenly alive to the opportunity. But his first appearance before his Majesty was by no means auspicious. A sermon "for the times," which he preached before Clarendon, was so spicy and clever that, if it could only be presented to the king, his patron was sure it would suit the royal palate. Accordingly, he obtained for the brilliant preacher an invitation to give the discourse in the Chapel Royal; and, as Anthony à Wood relates, with a fond minuteness, on the authority of some "fanatic" informant, "every one's expectation was heightened; and happy was he or she, amongst the greatest wits in the town, that could accommodate their humour in getting convenient room in the chapel at Whitehall, to hang upon the lips of this so great an oracle. The day appointed being come, our author ascends the pulpit, and the eyes of all were immediately fastened upon him. After he had performed his obeisance to his Majesty, he named his text, which was Eccl. vii. 10, 'Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these?' . . . . The prohibition in the text he laboured to enforce by an induction of particulars. The first was, that the pagan times were not better than these; then the Popish times were not, &c. But the last insisted on, was the times of the late rebellion; and while he was endeavouring to evince that, which was indeed the main thing that he intended to handle, it pleased

God, as the fanatic observed, that he was suddenly taken with a qualm—drops of sweat standing in his face as big as pease—and immediately he lost the use of his speech, only he uttered some few words to this effect, 'O Lord, we are all in thy hands; be merciful unto us,' and then came down. The expectations of all being then sadly disappointed, they were contented with the divertisement of an anthem, and so the solemnity of the service for that day was ended. In the meantime, great care was taken of Mr South, and by the use of cordials and other means proper for him in that condition, he quickly recovered his spirits, and was every way as well again as before."*

It was not by dint of mere assurance, however, that Mr South "recovered his spirits." He was not in the predicament of a mere coxcomb, who, having pushed upward from his proper place, has fallen and found his level. His vigour of mind and force of expression were already unrivalled among pulpit orators; and, in all probability, the unfinished sermon was enough to convince the good-humoured sagacity of King Charles, that he had been listening to no ordinary preacher. At any rate, with his strong sense, with his perpetual sparkle of wit, and with a satirical vein, which seemed inexhaustible in its gibes at republicans and fanatics, he suited the taste of his own sovereign as thoroughly as, with his florid grandeur and purple pomp of language, his contemporary, Bossuet, delighted Louis XIV., and, notwithstanding his embarrassing introduction, the young Oxonian soon made himself at home in the pulpit of Whitehall. Indeed, like the rest of Charles's favourites, he found his royal master so devoid of all true dignity, that he could jest at the king's expense, and some of his sayings are not so remarkable for their point as for their free-and-easy impudence. One day sleep had overtaken part of his audience, including its most illustrious member. Stopping, and chang-

* Athenæ Oxonienses, 3d edit., vol. iv. col. 635.

ing his voice, he called three times, "My Lord of Lauderdale!" and when the earl woke up, "My lord," said South, 'I am sorry to interrupt your repose, but I must beg that you will not snore quite so loud, lest you should awaken his Majesty," and then went on with his sermon. However, it would seem that his Majesty was quite awake when Dr South preached his well-known sermon on "The lot cast into the lap;" for, after giving other examples of a remarkable rise from a lowly position, when he came to the late Protector,—"And who that had beheld such a bankrupt, beggarly fellow as Cromwell, first entering the Parliament House, with a threadbare, torn cloak and greasy hat (and, perhaps, neither of them paid for), could have suspected that, in the space of so few years he should, by the murder of one king and the banishment of another, ascend the throne, be invested in the royal robes, and want nothing of the state of a king but the changing of his hat into a crown?" the king was convulsed with laughter, and, turning to Laurence Hyde, Lord Rochester, with one of his peculiar ejaculations, he exclaimed: "Lory, your chaplain must be a bishop, therefore put me in mind of him at the next death."

But South was never made a bishop. In 1663 he was installed Prebendary of Westminster, and in 1670 Canon of Christ Church, and in 1678 he was presented to the rectory of Islip, in Oxfordshire. At the Revolution, he was sorely perplexed. He had so often expatiated on the right divine, and had been so fulsome in his flattery of the Stuarts, that he could hardly be expected to join the invitation to the Prince of Orange; and, with so little to choose betwixt a loathsome Puritanism and an unlovely Popery, he refused to take an active part on either side, but said that he would go into retirement, and give himself to prayer. When he came out of his retirement, the Revolution was effected, and William and Mary were safely seated on the throne.

To the sovereigns *de facto*, South took the oath of allegiance, and, growling out an occasional regret for the good old times of absolutism, he consented to retain his preferment, and reconciled himself, as well as he could, to the evil days of religious toleration and constitutional monarchy. Living to witness the accession of George I., he died July 8, 1716, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, to which his brilliant satire and fierce invective had so often drawn overflowing audiences, and where an elaborate monument still marks the place of his sepulture.

Like Fuller, the name of South is associated with wit, and almost every sermon gleams with scintillations. Sometimes it is a sly hit, or, as he himself would have called it, a "rub" in the by-going: as, when ironically apologising for the image-worship of the Papists, he says, "But the image of a Deity may be a proper object for that which is but the image of a religion;" or, when quoting a Romish casuist, who says, "It is a truth but lately known and received in the world, that a lie is absolutely sinful," he adds, "I suppose he means that part of the world where the Scriptures are not read, and where men care not to know what they are not willing to practise." Sometimes the vein is more decidedly comic, as in the above-mentioned sermon on "The lot in the lap," where, after mentioning the fortuitous way in which men have acquired a reputation for wisdom, he proceeds, "And as the repute of wisdom, so that of wit is very casual. Sometimes a lucky saying, or a pertinent reply, has procured an esteem of wit to persons otherwise very shallow, and no ways accustomed to utter such things by any standing ability of mind; so that, if such a one should have the ill hap at any time to strike a man dead with a smart saying, it ought, in all reason and conscience, to be judged but a chance-medley; the poor man (God knows) being no way guilty of any design of wit."

And, not to quote instances where the drollery degenerates to buffoonery, its most legitimate examples are the more latent, where the keen perception of incongruities does not so much provoke a smile, as point the moral, and make the lesson pithy:—"The gospel does not dictate imprudence: no evangelical precept justles out that of a lawful self-preservation. He, therefore, that thus throws himself upon the sword, runs to heaven before he is sent for; where, though perhaps Christ may in mercy receive the man, yet he will be sure to disown the martyr." "Love an ungrateful man, and he shall despise you. Commend him, and, as occasion serves, he shall revile you. Give to him, and he shall but laugh at your easiness. Save his life, but, when you have done, look to your own." Speaking of unqualified teachers: "A blind man sitting in the chimney corner, is pardonable enough; but sitting at the helm, he is intolerable. If men will be ignorant and illiterate, let them be so in private, and to themselves, and not set their defects in a high place, to make them visible and conspicuous. If owls will not be hooted at, let them keep close within the tree, and not perch upon the upper boughs."

But no wit is enduring which has not strong sense for its substratum, and our author was gifted with an uncommon share of homely, vigorous, practical wisdom. It was in virtue of this that he burst through scholastic trammels, and discarding technical phraseology, addressed his audience in plain but energetic English; and it was this which led him to select such proofs and arguments, as were likeliest to carry the popular understanding. And it is this which now renders his discourses such a mine of golden thought and sagacious aphorism.* As in a mine, so in these sermons, there is many

* Good sense makes its discoveries as well as philosophical subtilty. In his sermon on conscience, South says, "Conscience (as might be easily shewn) being no distinct power or faculty from the mind of man, but the mind of

a sharp stone to graze the knuckles, and there is mud enough to soil the fingers; but even amidst the most offensive ribaldry, the explorer is constantly rewarded with gems, from which truth flashes like light from the diamond, or in which it is coyly locked up, and kept curiously undulating like a sunbeam imprisoned in opal.

For South we cannot claim that he possessed an imagination like Taylor, a power of philosophising like Cudworth and More, a strategic range of vision and a dialectic fairness and prowess like Barrow, still less an erudition like Lightfoot and Pocock, and, least of all, a fervour like Baxter and the hated Puritans; but of all these desirable attributes, or of others equivalent, he possessed a share so respectable that, turned to the best account by a consummate rhetorician, it secured for him a place of enduring eminence in the ranks of pulpit oratory. Of learning he had enough to preserve him from mistakes and solecisms, and to supply the theme in hand with apposite facts and instructive illustrations; and his usual exemption from pedantry compels us to forgive an occasional quotation from "the fifty-second book of Dion Cassius," or a scrap of Greek from the fifty-seventh epistle of Synesius.* Nor have many preachers made a happier use of the materials supplied by mental science. In his remarks on conscience, on ingratitude, on complacency in the sins of other men, there are passages where for a moment he anticipates the masterly grasp and seer-like intuition of Bishop Butler; and there are passages not a few which set moral questions and intellectual processes in a light so entertaining, that till a hundred years afterwards, when Sidney Smith delivered his delectable course.

man itself, applying the general rule of God's law to particular cases and actions. This is truly and properly conscience." And this is truly and properly the germ of a great deal of the simplified psychology of Dr Thomas Brown and other modern metaphysicians.

* Besides, it is only fair to add that the most of the Greek and Latin occurs in sermons preached at Lincoln's Inn, or before the University.

at the Royal Institution, the like was never known: whilst of his sermon on "Man in God's Image," it is hardly too much to affirm that nothing had appeared before it in English prose, at once so beautiful in conception and so exquisite in language. In its own age, unprecedented and still unsurpassed, amongst portraits of man's mind, as yet unfallen, that wonderful discourse stands out like an Apollo Belvidere—a glorious creation, radiating a beauty of its own on the subject from which itself has borrowed immortality.

Of tender or gracious feeling there is little trace in Dr South's lively and eloquent compositions; but we must concede to Mr Cattermole,* that there is much of what is usually understood by "unction" in the following close of his sermon on conscience: "At this disconsolate time, when the busy tempter shall be more than usually apt to vex and trouble him, and the pains of a dying body to hinder and discompose him, and the settlement of worldly affairs to disturb and confound him, and, in a word, all things conspire to make his sick-bed grievous and uneasy; nothing can then stand up against these ruins, and speak life in the midst of death, but a clear conscience. And the testimony of that shall make the comforts of heaven descend upon his weary head, like a refreshing dew or shower upon a parched ground. It shall give him some lively earnest and secret anticipations of his approaching joy. It shall bid his soul go out of the body undauntedly, and lift up its head with confidence before saints and angels. Surely the comfort which it conveys at this season is something bigger than the capacities of mortality—mighty and unspeakable, and not to be understood till it comes to be felt. And now, who would not quit all the pleasures and trash and trifles which are apt to captivate the heart of man, and pursue the greatest rigours of piety and austerities of a good life, to purchase to himself such a conscience as, at the hour of death, when all the friendships of

* Literature of the Church of England, vol. ii., p. 470.

the world shall bid him adieu, and the whole creation turn its back upon him, shall dismiss his soul and close his eyes with that blessed sentence, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!'"

But, although there is little pathos, there is no want of warmth and vigour, and there are few things with which we sympathise more heartily than honest indignation. As, for instance, after quoting from Bellarmine the extraordinary proposition, "That if the Pope should, through error or mistake, command vices and prohibit virtues, the Church would be bound in conscience to believe vice to be good and virtue evil," he exclaims, "Good God! that anything that wears the name of a Christian, or but of a man, should venture to own such a villainous, impudent, and blasphemous assertion in the face of the world as this! What! must murder, adultery, theft, fraud, extortion, perjury, drunkenness, rebellion, and the like, pass for good and commendable actions, and fit to be practised? and mercy, chastity, justice, truth, temperance, loyalty, and sincere dealing be accounted things utterly evil, immoral, and not to be followed by men, in case the Pope, who is generally a weak, and almost always a wicked man, should, by his mistake and infallible ignorance, command the former and forbid the latter? Did Christ himself ever assume such a power, as to alter the morality of actions, and to transform vice into virtue, and virtue into vice by His bare word? Certainly never did a grosser paradox, or a wickeder sentence drop from the mouth or pen of any mortal man, since reason or religion had any being in the world. And, I must confess, I have often with great amazement wondered how it could possibly come from a person of so great a reputation, both for learning and virtue too, as the world allows Bellarmine to have been. But, when men give themselves over to the defence of wicked interests and false propositions, it is just with God to smite the greatest abilities with the greatest infatuations."

Unfortunately, however, much of South's indignation is lavished on men whose memory is now dear to Englishmen, and whose depressed condition should have been a powerful appeal to the forbearance of a generous foe. To trample on the fallen, or to torture a victim whose hands are tied, is no great token of chivalry; and, in his invectives against republicans and puritans, South knew full well that they could not retaliate. Had the pulpit been open, or the press been free, they might have reminded their accuser of his former connexion with themselves; and whilst they might safely have asked him to point out the sacrifices by which he had evidenced his sincerity, they might have hinted, that of all enemies the most truculent and unforgiving is a turncoat or an ungrateful protegee. With language like the following, the walls of Whitehall and Westminster Abbey used to resound on days consecrated to the "Happy Restoration of King Charles the Second:" "In the late times of confusion, how was the black decree of reprobation opened and let fly at them [loyalists] both from pulpit and press, and how were all the vials of wrath in the Revelation poured upon their head! Every mother's son of them was a reprobate and a castaway, and none to hope for the least favour hereafter who had not Cromwell or Bradshaw for his friend here. . . . Nor were these enthusiasts less liberal in denouncing God's curses upon their enemies, than in engrossing His blessings to themselves: there being none of those reverend harpies, who, by plunders and sequestrations, had scraped together three or four thousand a-year, but, presently, according to the sanctified dialect of the times, they dubbed themselves God's peculiar people and inheritance. So sure did those thriving regicides make of heaven, and so fully reckoned themselves in the high road thither, that they never so much as thought that some of their saintships were to take Tyburn in their way." Again: "Whensoever you hear any of these sly, sanctified sycophants, with turned-up eye and shrug

of shoulder, pleading conscience for or against anything or practice, you should forthwith ask them, What word of God they have to bottom that judgment of their conscience upon? . . . : And if they can produce no such thing (as they never can) then rest assured that they are arrant cheats and hypocrites, and that, for all their big words, the conscience of such men is so far from being able to give them any true 'confidence towards God' that it cannot so much as give them any true confidence towards a wise and good man; no, nor yet towards themselves, who are far from being either."

Racy and idiomatic as is our author's English, it is too often debased by slang. In the same way, his wit not rarely degenerates to ribaldry, and the temptation of a keen or humorous remark is always too powerful for his reverence. Thus: "With two or three popular, empty words, such as 'Popery and superstition,' 'right of the subject,' 'liberty of conscience,' 'Lord Jesus Christ,' well tuned and humoured, a skilful manager of the rabble may whistle them backwards and forwards, upwards and downwards, till he is weary, and get up upon their backs when he is so." Again: "The truth is, they [the Jews] were all along a cross, odd, untoward sort of people, and such as God seems to have chosen, and (as the prophets sometimes phrase it) to have espoused to Himself, upon the very same account that Socrates espoused Xantippe, only for her extreme ill conditions above all that he could find or pick out of that sex; and so the fittest argument both to exercise and declare His admirable patience to the world." And in the outset of his sermon on "The Christian Pentecost" there is a hit at the Protector of a nature so profane that it is better to leave it where we found it.

ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.

Of a very different type from Dr South was another of the royal chaplains of whom we must now give a few particulars.

JOHN TILLOTSON was a native of Sowerby in Yorkshire, where he was born in 1630. His father, a clothier, was a man of superior understanding, eminent for his piety, mighty in the Scriptures, and a zealous Calvinist. John, being destined for the ministry, was sent to college in his seventeenth year, and was admitted a pensioner of Clare Hall, Cambridge, where he had for his tutor the Rev. David Clarkson. It can, therefore, occasion no surprise that the son of such a father, and the pupil of such a master, should have commenced his ministry a Presbyterian like themselves, and the first sermon which he published was one delivered at the famous morning exercise in Cripplegate, in conjunction with associates afterwards distinguished for their nonconformity.

At the same time, it is only candid to acknowledge that influences had been at work on his mind which prevented him from coming out the zealous partisan of any denomination. Amongst his earlier associates the tendency was towards exact definition and a rigid symbolic orthodoxy; and not only was it heresy to look over the wall which skirted the theologian's path, but it was dangerous to quit the iron rail along which it was ruled that Christian experience, if genuine, ought always to travel. But the perusal of Chillingworth's masterly treatise recalled the young student to the only infallible standard, and taught him that, howsoever epitomised in the creed or confession, "the Bible alone is the religion of Protestants." Coincident with this, he enjoyed the friendship or the instructions of men who brought to the service of Christianity rare treasures of learning and intellects of unusual elevation and power, as well as lives of unwonted winsomeness; and a mind so candid and eclectic as Tillotson's could hardly fail to be influenced by the scientific expansiveness of Wilkins, the metaphysical boldness of Cudworth, the majestic moral symmetry of Whichcote, the consecrated learning and charming philosophy of John Smith and Henry More, who, in the middle of the seventeenth

century, formed at Cambridge the Broad Church, or, as it then was called, the Latitudinarian party. In the society of these gifted men, who professed to call no man master, but who all felt more or less the exegetical influence of Grotius, and the doctrinal ascendency of Episcopius, and who read their Bibles in the light of Plato and Plotinus, Tillotson was gradually withdrawn from the school in which his own earlier piety had been moulded and developed. Without losing his respect or affection for that more fervid type of Christianity, represented by Puritanism, his calm and unimpassioned nature could not sympathise with its intense emotions; and, on the other hand, the ritualism of his high-church brethren was as distasteful to his zeal for the active virtues as their exclusiveness was abhorrent to his mild and indulgent charity. The result was, that Tillotson came forth with more of Arminianism than Calvinism in his creed, and without much of either in his sermons; hoping that without party complications he might be allowed to be the lover of all good men, and, without systematic shibboleths, praying that he might be allowed to occupy a post for which there were few competitors, and minister to the English people not so much "doctrine" as "instruction in righteousness."

One extreme leads to another; and, in a free and inquiring community like Protestant Christendom, error is often a reaction against truth overstrained—a revolt from some orthodox tenet which, waxing obese and arrogant, treats other truths with disdain. Thus, the Unitarianism of Boston was a natural recoil from that high-pitched New England spiritualism which almost ignored the Saviour's humanity, and which, in its constant brooding over actual depravity, forgot those noble powers and susceptibilities with which our nature was originally endowed, and consequently assigned it to the regenerating Spirit as His work to produce, not a perfect manhood, but a sort of imperfect angelhood. And in our own day it may be

feared that a meagre and monotonous evangelism—shunning to declare the whole counsel of God, or reiterating a few favourite phrases till they grow as trite and unarresting as a cuckoo-song—has provoked that fatal falsehood which, by expunging from the Saviour's sacrifice the piacular element, leaves little meaning in the Cross, and no Mediator in Christianity. For the theology of the Puritans we confess a fond and admiring affection; but, as Puritanism was itself a protest against the ceremonies substituted for spiritual worship, and against the "opus operatum" substituted for the Saviour in the Church of Rome, so it is possible that spiritual-mindedness, or an inward experience, may have sometimes been pressed to the seeming neglect of outward conduct, and that so much time may have been spent in telling men what and how to believe, that they went their way without feeling that they had faults to cure and a work to do. Nor can we wonder that, wearied with theological wrangling and hollow profession, some sincere and conscientious men should have embraced the Arminian system as the plausible antidote. We believe that a few legitimate grafts on the good old stock would have answered the purpose better than ever so many clusters nailed to a lifeless pole; in other words, we believe that from the free grace of the gospel, proclaimed as frankly as ever, but brought to bear in more minute detail on the whole of man, it would have been easier to educe the completeness of the Christian character, than from the mercenary motives and legal compulsitors which Pelagianism borrowed from Paganism; but we can also see how amiable and virtuous men like Tillotson were led to try the new specific, and how, under the sanction of his respected name, a kind of preaching was introduced and continued for a hundred years, which, with two tables of stone covered over the cross of Christ, and which, teaching many useful lessons, at last forgot to tell sinners the new and living way to heaven.

At the Restoration, Tillotson conformed to the Church of England, and became curate of Cheshunt, near London. In 1663 he was elected preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and in the following year he obtained the Camden lectureship in the city, and thereafter every Tuesday brought to St Lawrence Jewry a concourse of distinguished personages from the remotest quarters of the town, to hear one who now began to be recognised as a model of pulpit eloquence.

As early as his first settlement in London, Tillotson found the floodgates already open, and in mingled torrent Atheism, Popery, and profligacy rushing in. Released from the stern grasp of the Puritan, and encouraged by the worst example in the highest places, the libertine was running to all excess in riot, and in literature and on the stage, as well as in taverns and low haunts of vice, the boldest licence was sure to win the loudest plaudits; whilst, as the inevitable consequence of abounding debauchery, things sacred as well as things decent became a subject of ridicule, and, sitting in the chair of Hobbes, the scorner was supplied with a song by "Hudibras." Amidst the abounding relaxation of morals and contempt of religion there could be discerned in corners of streets and college cloisters an old inhabitant who had come again, and who, all oaths and protestations to the contrary notwithstanding, did not despair of reconciling to Mother Church the jovial monarch, and who, on the principle that "the child is father to the man," in the young rakes and debauchees of London descried the progenitors of many a devout ascetic—many a hopeful Anglo-Papist in the first stage of his progress towards a penitent old age, with its beads, and its crucifix, and its father confessor.

To the ominous prospects of his Church and country Tillotson was painfully alive; and, like a patriot and a man of God, he bent all the strength of his mind and all the advantages of his position to the resistance of the incoming evil. By

far the ablest of his discourses are his arguments against transubstantiation, and his pleas in favour of natural religion and the foundations of the Christian faith; and it shews into what a Felix-like state the church-goers of London had subsided, that in his remaining discourses, which are chiefly "reasonings of temperance, righteousness, and judgment to come," he is obliged to insist on proofs such as St Paul might have urged with the heathen proconsul, but which he would have known to be centuries too late for Jerusalem.

Yet, in some respects, no preacher could be better adapted to the times. From his strong and wholesome Yorkshire he had brought away a sound English understanding, and every utterance bore the stamp of good sense and candour. A thorough master of the sacred text, his scriptural proofs were sufficiently ample to satisfy all with whom "Thus saith the Lord" makes an end of the matter; and the remainder of his audience could hardly fail to be impressed by his ample straight-forward argument, and by his affectionate appeals and persuasions. With little imagination, he had all the freshness of an earnest spirit, and, if his illustrations were sometimes so plain as to border on meanness, an excuse may be found in the intensity of his own conviction, which hoped that, if once made sufficiently clear, the truth would carry its own commendation. And although his language is now-a-days censured as slovenly, it must be allowed to be natural, and in an age which abounded in verbal conceits and balanced antitheses, it is a relief to alight on productions so free from all affectation. Accordingly, amongst the serious and sober-minded members of the Church of England, there was no preacher who drew after him a greater throng, or who left more enduring impressions. There was no divine whose published sermons were more eagerly welcomed, and none which went through such rapid editions. And for half a century after his death, if asked to point out the best specimen of sacred oratory, or to select a book for Sunday reading, few country squires, or

thriving citizens, would have thought of any other than the sermons of Dr Tillotson—so sincere, yet so temperate; so warm, yet so free from extravagance; so plain in their style, yet so weighty with thought, and so urgent in their applications of practical truth.

In 1672, Tillotson was appointed Dean of Canterbury; and when the Prince of Orange was called to the throne, much against his own will, but by a sort of state necessity, the dean was forced to become archbishop. The most popular of preachers, and the man who had done more than all others to win the city of London back to the Church of England, liberal and brotherly in his intercourse with Dissenters, and gentle towards all men, the new settlement seemed to demand his elevation to the primacy; but he foresaw the penalty, and resisted, as long as he could, the entreaties and commands of King William. His consecration took place on Whitsunday 1691, and he did not long survive his unwelcome promotion, for he died on the 22d of November 1694. His remains were deposited in the Church of St Lawrence Jewry.

Of the archbishop's sermons no estimate more correct can be given than in the words of a like-minded pupil:—"They were full of good sense, judicious, solid, close, and very intelligible; his language masculine, but not bombast; his notions for the most part very clear, lying even to the understandings of attentive hearers. Those that were duly qualified heard him with delight, for they thought they knew the things before, and yet they were not obvious to common invention. He understood human nature, and natural divinity, and true morality very well; and therefore there was something in the hearts and consciences of men not debauched, that moved them to give assent and consent to what he spoke, as being agreeable and con-natural, as I may say, to the common reason and faculties of mankind, to that law of God written and engraven upon man's heart; and there is no teaching like that of en-

abling men to teach themselves." * To this, however, must be added the charm which Lord Macaulay has not omitted to notice, as arising from "the benignity and candour which appear in every line, and which shone forth not less conspicuously in his life than in his writings." † Of the regard which surrounded his memory, and the welcome which awaited his posthumous works, we could scarcely have a more remarkable proof than that which is afforded by the fact that his widow received for the copyright two thousand five hundred guineas. It was all the fortune which her husband left to her. His hospitality, his improvements on Lambeth Palace, and the expenses attending entrance on office easily swallowed up three years of archiepiscopal income.

Tillotson and South had both of them commenced their career amongst "sectaries;" both of them joined the Church of England; both became chaplains to King Charles II.; and both were peerless in their several walks of pulpit oratory. Yet it was hardly possible for any two Englishmen to be less like-minded. With the grudge which clever people are apt to bear against matters that they do not understand, South shewed not a little spite at modern science, and the buffoonery which was not expended on fanatics was reserved for the Royal Society. On the other hand, Tillotson had a catholic taste: he could correspond about comets with Halley, and discuss questions of physics or universal grammar with his wife's stepfather, Dr Wilkins, whilst his large and truth-loving mind welcomed every accession to the realms of knowledge. Of the associates of his early life South remembered

* J. Beardmore, in Birch's Life of Tillotson, p. 424. The Rev. T. Birch was secretary to the Royal Society, and few of our great divines have been so fortunate in their biographer as Archbishop Tillotson. It is to be regretted that, instead of an abridgment of this memoir, Dr Wordsworth has inserted in his excellent collection of Ecclesiastical Biography, the narrative of a very second-rate compiler.

† Macaulay's England, chap. xiv.

no good, and always spoke of them as knaves and hypocrites; whilst Tillotson cherished for them such an affection that he longed to comprehend them in the Church of which he himself had become a distinguished ornament, nor did he even quarrel with his good old father because he continued a Dissenter, whilst his son was Dean of Canterbury. So choleric was South's temper, and such a sharp sword was his tongue, that, however terrible he might be to his adversaries, few had courage to aspire to his friendship, and if any fancied that they had gained his good-will, judging from his splenetic humour, the likelihood is that they were deceiving themselves. But from his affable and engaging manner, and his truly affectionate nature, Tillotson was rich in the love of those around him, and few were so often engaged in editing the works of friends, or in acting as guardian to their orphan families, or as executor of their testamentary wishes. So surcharged with wit was South that, like the fur of the feline race in frosty weather, every touch drew fire; but from Tillotson, so meek and so matter-of-fact, no amount of provocation could have elicited anger, nor any amount of anger, a brilliant repartee.* South's pen is too often dipped in gall: Tillotson's flows with milk and honey; though, at the same time, it is redeemed from the charge of a

* It is difficult to prove a negative, but the want of wit in Dr Tillotson is pretty well established by the two examples which his biographer adduces to prove its existence. Passing Sir John Trevor in the House of Lords, the Master of the Rolls said loud enough to be heard, "I hate a fanatic in lawn sleeves;" and the archbishop retorted in a lower voice, "and I hate a knave in any sleeves." The other was a passage of arms with Dr South himself, who had written against him in his animadversions on Sherlock. The doctor, through a mutual friend, was anxious to learn his grace's opinion of the book. The archbishop said, "Dr South writes like a man, but bites like a dog." This being duly reported to the fiery doctor, he sent, by way of retort, "I had rather bite like a dog than fawn like one;" to which poor joke the archbishop put in duplies, as Scotch lawyers would say, and sent word to his opponent, "I should choose to be a spaniel rather than a cur."—*See Birch's Life of Tillotson*, p. 348.

soft or maudlin smoothness, by his manly vigour and pastoral faithfulness. South was the favourite of Charles II., Tillotson of the sincere and conscientious Mary. South, in some respects the better theologian, and incomparably the more brilliant thinker, accomplished little or nothing for the cause of our common Christianity; whilst, in his living day, Tillotson's serious arguments and affectionate appeals were profoundly felt by listening thousands, and long after he was gone, his honoured name continued in the kingdom, a tower of strength to the Church of England.

The two together have a special claim, however, to a place among our Christian Classics, in virtue of improvements which they introduced in the art of sermonising. This claim cannot be better exhibited than in the words of Bishop Burnet, for although his statement refers to Tillotson, Lloyd, and other "latitudinarians," Dr South must, in all fairness, divide the merit:—"This set of men contributed more than can be well imagined to reform the way of preaching, which, among the divines of England before them, was overrun with pedantry, a great mixture of quotations from fathers and ancient writers, a long opening of the text with a concordance of every word of it, and a giving all the different expositions with the grounds of them, and the entering into some parts of controversy, and all concluding in some, but very short, practical application, according to the subject or the occasion. This was both long and heavy, when all was piebald, full of many sayings of different languages. The common style of sermons was either very flat and low, or swelled up with rhetoric to a false pitch of a wrong sublime. The king (Charles II.) had little or no literature, but true and good sense, and had got a right notion of style, for he was in France at a time when they were much set on reforming their language. It soon appeared that he had a true taste. So this helped to raise the value of these men, when the king approved the style their discourses generally

ran in, which was clear, plain, and short. They gave a short paraphrase of their text, unless where great difficulties required a more copious enlargement; but even then they cut off unnecessary shows of learning, and applied themselves to the matter, in which they opened the nature and reasons of things so fully, and with that simplicity, that their hearers felt an instruction of another sort than had commonly been observed before. So they became very much followed; and a set of these men brought off the city, in a great measure, from the prejudices they had formerly to the Church." *

In order to appreciate the improvement introduced by these reformers of the pulpit, it may be necessary to give a specimen or two of "the good old school." Thus, it is with the following flourish that Jeremy Taylor opens his magnificent sermon on "The Advent to Judgment:" "Virtue and vice are so essentially distinguished, and the distinction is so necessary to be observed in order to the well-being of men in private and in societies, that to divide them in themselves, and to separate them by sufficient notices, and to distinguish them by rewards, hath been designed by all laws, by the sayings of wise men, by the order of things, by their proportions of good and evil; and the expectations of men have been fixed accordingly. But it is not enough that all the world hath armed itself against vice, and, by all that is wise and sober amongst men, hath taken the part of virtue, adorning it with glorious appellatives, encouraging it by rewards, entertaining it with sweetness, and commanding it by edicts, fortifying it with defensatives, and twining it in all artificial compliances; all these are short of man's necessity, for of most actions a man can take no cognisance, so he can make no correction." Then, after quoting the Latin adage, "Facere omnia scevé non impune licet, nisi dum facis," by way of telling his Welsh peasants that great men are too strong for laws, he proceeds to discuss the Greek original, in

* Burnet's Own Time. Folio, vol. i. p. 191.

order to gain their verdict for τα ιδια του σωματος, as against the received reading, τα δια. In the same style does Barrow commence his sermon on "Keep thy heart with all diligence:" "Before we do apply ourselves to inculcate this precept, it is requisite that we should somewhat explain the terms, and settle the meaning thereof; in doing that, we begin with the last words, which qualify the action enjoined as to its degree or extent: *with all diligence;* the words (מִכָּל־מִשְׁמָר) answering to these in the Hebrew, do, according to the various use or force of the מן, admit a threefold acception. They may (1.) denote absolutely the intenseness in degree, or extension in kind, of the performance required in this precept: Πάσῃ φυλακῇ τήρει σὴν καρδίαν, *Omni custodia serva cor tuum;* keep thy heart with all custody—that is, with all sorts or with all degrees of care and diligence; so the LXX. interpreters, and the vulgar Latin following them, render those words." We forbear to trouble our readers with what follows on the "mem excellentiæ," and the conflicting views of Pegnin, and Aquila, and Theodotion.

In contrast with introductions of this elaborate and pedantic style, the reader may accept the following: (1.) 1 Cor. xi. 26—"My design in this argument is, from the consideration of the nature of this sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and of the perpetual use of it to the end of the world, to awaken men to a sense of their duty, and the great obligation that lies upon them to the more frequent receiving of it."—*Tillotson.* Acts i. 3—"These words comprehend in short the whole evidence of our Saviour's resurrection, which may be referred to these four heads," &c.—*Tillotson.* Isa. v. 20—"These words contain in them two things: 1. A woe denounced; and, 2. The sin for which it is denounced—to wit, 'the calling evil good, and good evil.'"—*South.* (2.) Ps. cxix. 59—"The two great causes of the ruin of men are infidelity and the want of consideration."—*Tillotson.* Matt. x. 33—"As the great comprehensive gospel-duty is the denial of self, so the grand gospel-

sin that confronts it is the denial of Christ."—*South.* (3.) Acts xx. 21—"To have seen St Paul in the pulpit, was one of those three things which St Augustine thought worth the wishing for. . . . But seeing it is a thing we cannot hope for, it should be some satisfaction to our curiosity to know what St Paul preached—what was the main subject of his sermons—whither he referred all his discourses, and what they tended to. This he tells you in the words that I have read to you—that the main substance of all his sermons was, 'repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ.'"—*Tillotson.* (4.) Prov. xii. 22—"I am very sensible that by discoursing of lies and falsehood, which I have pitched upon for my present subject, I must needs fall into a large commonplace, though yet not by half so large or common as the practice; nothing in nature being so universally decried, and withal so universally practised as falsehood."—*South.*

Many sermons must commence with an explanation of expressions in the text, and many it is almost inevitable to introduce with a statement of the narration or argument in which the text lies imbedded. But, to direct and earnest minds, no preamble is so natural as that straightforward entrance which, like the opening words of Gibbon or Macaulay's history, brings the reader or the hearer at once into the heart of the subject. Of this kind is the first class of the above specimens, and of this kind is the opening of Channing's sermon on Love to Christ: "I propose in this discourse to speak of love to Christ, and especially of the foundations on which it rests. I will not detain you by remarks on the importance of the subject. I trust that you feel it, and that no urgency is needed to secure your attention." Still more simply begins another of his sermons: "The example of Jesus is our topic. To incite you to follow it is the aim of this discourse." And in the same right-forward fashion, although in language not so terse, Dr Chalmers launches his discourse on "The Expulsive Power of a

New Affection:"—"There are two ways in which a practical moralist may attempt to displace from the human heart its love of the world—either by a demonstration of the world's vanity, so that the heart shall be prevailed upon simply to withdraw its regards from an object that is not worthy of it; or, by setting forth another object, even God, as more worthy of its attachment, so that the heart shall be prevailed upon, not to resign an old affection which shall have nothing to succeed it, but to exchange an old affection for a new one. My purpose is to shew from the constitution of our nature, that the former method is altogether incompetent, and that the latter method will alone suffice for the rescue and recovery of the heart from the wrong affection domineering over it." Here, with the impetuosity of a mind surcharged with its subject, he hastens to put his hearers in possession of a great principle, which it will need all his time to expound, and all their attention to master. In fact, the opening sentence is the essence of the coming sermon. It is the principle enunciated that "the way to displace from the human heart its love of the world is to set forth another object, even God, as more worthy of its attachment, so that the heart shall be prevailed upon to exchange an old affection for a new one." The subsequent discourse is nothing more than a magnificent elucidation and expansion of this principle, so simple, yet profound.

A pregnant aphorism (2), an anecdote (3), an apology for the commonness of the theme (4), and a hundred other expedients, may serve to introduce the subject on which the preacher wishes to enlarge; and to the good taste of South and Tillotson, we are mainly indebted for reviving methods of which the older masters were well aware, and which a versatile and well-furnished mind may multiply indefinitely.*

* South's sermon on Psalm lxxxvii. 2 would almost appear to be an example of a preface which comes before the *text*; a method which, in some instances, would be found singularly impressive. In those cases where the

One day, Dr South was tempted, by the fame of a Nonconformist "teacher," to steal into the audience, along with a friend. All went on well enough, till Mr Lob came to the division of his subject, when he gave out six-and-twenty heads. On this, the doctor jogged his friend on the elbow, saying, "Let 's go home and fetch our gowns and slippers, for I find this man will make night-work of it." To the doctor and his "latitudinarian" brethren, we are deeply indebted, if not for slaying the hydra, at least for lopping off some of its "heads." Even their sermons are split up into needless parts and subsections; but, compared with most of their predecessors, they may lay claim to compactness and unity.*

speaker seeks to arouse attention, an allusion to some incident of the day or of the moment might be invaluable, as in Chrysostom's sermon on the earthquake. The same end may be answered by presenting a paradox; as, after giving out "Rejoice evermore," Vinet asks, "Can joy be the object of a precept? It is not a moral disposition for which the soul is responsible," &c. Less justifiably, Laurence Sterne selects the words, "It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting;" and exclaims, "That I deny!" The boldest of all beginnings is a funeral sermon by Lavington of Bideford: "Victory! victory! Shout my fellow-Christians, my fellow-soldiers, who are engaged in the same warfare, and must one day encounter the same enemy." Nor are there many more beautiful in their simplicity than Thomas Boston's on "Compel them to come in:" "And are they not happy that are in?"

* Many good sermons have an unbroken continuity; those of the late Dr Gordon, Archer Butler, and Dr Arnold, for instance. Where they are broken up into parts and sections, and where the divisions are formally enunciated, it is essential that they should be few, and tersely worded and conducive to a real unity; otherwise they do not aid the hearer's understanding and memory. On this account exception might be taken to the following division of a preacher usually as remarkable for the clearness of his method, as for the happy precision of his language, the late Dr Wardlaw. "To preach Christ crucified," he says, "is, 1. To publish his crucifixion as a matter of fact; 2. To announce the purpose it was designed to effect; 3. To unfold the person and character of the sufferer, and their connexion with its efficiency; 4. To preach the doctrine of the cross as the sole foundation of hope to sinners; 5. As the only means of spiritual renovation; 6. As the alone medium of acceptable worship and obedience; 7. As the spirit and substance of preceding revelations; 8. As the only bond of Christian union; 9. It is to preach the doctrine of the cross in all its humiliating and offen-

A still greater service was the larger proportion of the discourse which they redeemed for the practical enforcement of the subject. Among the less earnest of their predecessors, a sermon was chiefly an exhibition of logical adroitness, or

sive peculiarities." Many of these are really distinct and independent topics, and, veiled under the heads of one discourse, we have virtually a series of nine sermons. Still worse is the following hydrocephalic division. It occurs in a sermon on "Most gladly will I glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me;" and it is from the pen of one whose masculine intellect and moral grandeur long secured for him the honours of a "master in Israel"—the late Sir Harry Moncreiff. "I shall shew, first—that the more our thoughts are accustomed to dwell on our real condition, as fallen and fallible creatures, and on our personal weakness and infirmities, we shall be so much the less inclined to give way to our natural tendency to overrate anything which we have either done or attained, and shall every day feel more sensibly our entire dependence on the grace and power of God; and, secondly—I shall shew that we shall learn to think with a reflected satisfaction, or exultation, on personal defects or infirmities, which become the occasion to bring us into close or sensible communion with God, or which operate as indirect or eventual means by which the power of Christ rests on us." Amongst many youngsters of the West Kirk the "jelly piece" at that evening's tea-table depended on the repetition of Sir Harry's "heads;" but a chain-shot like this would, "at one fell swoop," cut off all such epicurean expectations. Contrast with this the shrewd old Nestor of the modern pulpit. Mr Jay has a sermon on the text, "And David said in his heart, I shall now perish one day by the hand of Saul: there is nothing better for me than that I should speedily escape into the land of the Philistines;" and it is thus that he disposes of it: "This language consists of two parts —his fear; and his folly. First, his fear: 'David said, I shall now perish one day by the hand of Saul.' Second, his folly: 'There is nothing better for me,'" &c. What can be more simple, more exhaustive of the subject, and more easily remembered, than "David's fear and folly?" A good division occurs in Dr Welsh's sermon on, "Be sure your sin will find you out:" "Sin *may* find you out in temporal judgments—most likely it will find you out in the terrors of a guilty conscience—and it is sure to find you out at the judgment-seat of God." And we remember over an interval of many years the quaint comprehensiveness of an address on the evening of a communion Sabbath, by a venerable divine still living. The text was, "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord;" and this was the division: "This evening I wish to say, first, A word to those who this day have not seen the Saviour, and are sorry; secondly, A word to those who have not seen Him, and are not sorry; and, thirdly, A word to those who have seen Him, and are glad."

mere verbal legerdemain, and the lesson deduced from the text was a decent formality, rather than an urgent appeal; and among the more earnest, doctrinal discussion frequently occupied the hour allotted to the sermon, and the application was huddled up into a few hasty "uses" at the close. It was very much as if, at the breakfast-table, a professor had begun to prelect to his students on the composition of bread, the natural history of the cereals, the virtues of starch and gluten, and the process of fermentation, and just as the hungry alumni were about to handle the rolls, the college bell summoned them away; or, if we may confess what we have sometimes felt in surveying those immense doctrinal disquisitions finishing off in a feeble word of enforcement: as you saw the prodigious preparations, the cautious and deliberate approaches, and the huge earthworks thrown up by way of covering, you hoped that such engineering was to end in a magnificent cannonade, and the capture of some important stronghold, and were, therefore, not a little disappointed when the crack of a pop-gun, or a puff from an unshotted culverine, closed for a week the ceremony. Had the home-going, business-like vigour of South, or the practical spirit of Tillotson, pervaded the massive theology of the Commonwealth, it is likely that the results would have been greater, and more enduring; as it is also to be lamented, that from the absence of evangelical motives, the better methods of the new school of sermonisers for a long time failed to produce any material advantage to the cause of religion and morality.

Were it needful to exemplify the better system then introduced, we might contrast the careless and slovenly conclusions of the older sermons, with the impressive perorations and emphatic endings of which South and Tillotson set the example, and which were improved upon by many of their followers. —But we must not exhaust the patience of our readers.

It only remains to be added that, like the pulpit orations of

the Reformers and the old Church of England worthies, as well as of the preachers in Roman Catholic countries, South's sermons were spoken. On the other hand, heedless of royal edicts to the contrary, Tillotson persisted in reading his discourses, and, notwithstanding the popular prejudice against this method, attained a success which has found for him too many imitators.

SELECTIONS FROM DR SOUTH.

Man in Paradise.

[This discourse was delivered in St Paul's on Lord Mayor's Day, the 9th of November 1662, and before the preacher was thirty years of age; and although he lived for more than half a century afterwards, he never again equalled, much less eclipsed, this wonderful effort. We agree with Basil Montagu that "the English language affords no higher specimen of its richness and its strength than is to be found in this beautiful sermon." The text is Gen. i. 27, and in the following extracts we have sought to preserve as much continuity as is consistent with our limits. After stating that the image of God in man consisted in "that universal rectitude of all the faculties of the soul, by which they stand apt and disposed to their respective offices and operations," he goes on to take a survey of the understanding, the will, and the passions or affections.]

The UNDERSTANDING was then sublime, clear, and aspiring, and, as it were, the soul's upper region, lofty and serene, free from the vapours and disturbances of the inferior affections. It was the leading, controlling faculty; all the passions wore the colours of reason; it did not so much persuade as command; it was not consul, but dictator. Discourse was then almost as quick as intuition; it was nimble in proposing, firm in concluding; it could sooner determine than now it can dispute. Like the sun, it had both light and agility; it knew no rest but in

motion; no quiet, but in activity. It did not so properly apprehend, as irradiate the object; not so much find, as make things intelligible. It did arbitrate upon the several reports of sense, and all the varieties of imagination; not like a drowsy judge, only hearing, but also directing their verdict. In sum, it was vegete, quick, and lively; open as the day, untainted as the morning, full of the innocence and sprightliness of youth; it gave the soul a bright and a full view into all things, and was not only a window, but itself the prospect.

Adam came into the world a philosopher, which sufficiently appeared by his writing the nature of things upon their names: he could view essences in themselves, and read forms without the comment of their respective properties: he could see consequents yet dormant in their principles, and effects yet unborn and in the womb of their causes: . . . till his fall, he was ignorant of nothing but of sin; or, at least, it rested in the notion, without the smart of the experiment. Could any difficulty have been proposed, the resolution would have been as early as the proposal; it could not have had time to settle into doubt. Like a better Archimedes, the issue of all his inquiries was an Heureka, an Heureka, the offspring of his brain without the sweat of his brow. Study was not then a duty, night-watchings were needless; the light of reason wanted not the assistance of a candle. This is the doom of fallen man, to labour in the fire, to seek truth *in profundo*, to exhaust his time and impair his health, and perhaps to spin out his days and himself into one pitiful, controverted conclusion. There was then no poring, no struggling with memory, no straining for invention. His faculties were quick and expedite; they answered without knocking—they were ready upon the first summons—there was freedom and firmness in all their operations. I confess 'tis difficult for us, who date our ignorance from our first being, and were still bred up with the same infirmities about us with which we were born, to raise our

thoughts and imagination to those intellectual perfections that attended our nature in the time of innocence, as it is for a peasant bred up in the obscurities of a cottage to fancy in his mind the unseen splendours of a court. But by rating positives by their privatives, and other arts of reason, by which discourse supplies the want of the reports of sense, we may collect the excellency of the understanding then by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the building by the magnificence of its ruins. All those arts, rarities, and inventions, which vulgar minds gaze at, the ingenious pursue, and all admire, are but the relics of an intellect defaced with sin and time. We admire it now, only as antiquarians do a piece of old coin—for the stamp it once bore, and not for those vanishing lineaments and disappearing draughts that remain upon it at present. And certainly, that must needs have been very glorious, the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely when old and decrepid, surely was very beautiful when he was young. An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise.

2. The WILL was then ductile, and pliant to all the motions of right reason; it met the dictates of a clarified understanding half way. And the active informations of the intellect, filling the passive reception of the will, like form closing with matter, grew actuate into a third and distinct perfection of practice. The understanding and will never disagreed, for the proposals of the one never thwarted the inclinations of the other. Yet neither did the will servilely attend upon the understanding, but as a favourite does upon his prince, where the service is privilege and preferment; or, as Solomon's servants waited upon him, it admired its wisdom, and heard its prudent dictates and counsels, both the direction and the reward of its obedience. It is, indeed, the nature of this faculty to follow a superior guide—to be drawn by the intellect; but then it was drawn as a triumphant chariot, which at the same time both follows

and triumphs: while it obeyed this, it commanded the other faculties. It was subordinate, not enslaved, to the understanding; not as a servant to a master, but as a queen to her king—who both acknowledges a subjection, and yet retains a majesty.

3. Pass we now downward from man's intellect and will to the passions.

And first, for the grand leading affection of all, which is LOVE. This is the great instrument and engine of nature, the bond and cement of society, the spring and spirit of the universe. Love is such an affection, as cannot so properly be said to be in the soul, as the soul to be in that. It is the whole man wrapt up into one desire, all the powers, vigour, and faculties of the soul abridged into one inclination. And it is of that active, restless nature, that it must of necessity exert itself; and, like the fire, to which it is so often compared, it is not a free agent, to choose whether it will heat or no, but it streams forth by natural results, and unavoidable emanations, so that it will fasten upon an inferior, unsuitable object, rather than none at all. The soul may sooner leave off to subsist, than to love; and like the vine, it withers and dies, if it has nothing to embrace. Now this affection in the state of innocence was happily pitched upon its right object; it flamed up in direct fervours of devotion to God, and in collateral emissions of charity to its neighbour. It was not then only another and more cleanly name for lust. It had none of those impure heats, that both represent and deserve hell. It was a vestal and a virgin fire, and differed as much from that which usually passes by this name now-a-days, as the vital heat from the burning of a fever. . . . . JOY—It was not that, which now often usurps this name; that trivial, vanishing, superficial thing, that only gilds the apprehension, and plays upon the surface of the soul. It was not the mere crackling of thorns, a sudden blaze of the spirits, the exultation of a tickled fancy, or a pleased appetite. Joy was then a masculine and a severe thing: the recreation

of the judgment, the jubilee of reason. It was the result of a real good suitably applied. It commenced upon the solidities of truth, and the substance of fruition. It did not run out in voice, or indecent eruptions, but filled the soul, as God does the universe, silently and without noise. It was refreshing, but composed; like the pleasantness of youth tempered with the gravity of age; or the mirth of a festival managed with the silence of contemplation. . . . . Now, from this so exact and regular composure of the faculties, all moving in their due place, each striking in its proper time, there arose, by natural consequence, the crowning perfection of all, A GOOD CONSCIENCE. For, as in the body, when the principal parts, as the heart and liver, do their offices, and all the inferior, smaller vessels act orderly and duly, there arises a sweet enjoyment upon the whole, which we call health; so in the soul, when the supreme faculties of the will and understanding move regularly, the inferior passions and affections following, there arises a serenity and complacency upon the soul, infinitely beyond the greatest bodily pleasures, the highest quintessence and elixir of worldly delights. There is in this case a kind of fragrance and spiritual perfume upon the conscience; much like what Isaac spoke of his son's garments, "That the scent of them was like the smell of a field which the Lord had blessed." Such a freshness and flavour is there upon the soul, when daily watered with the actions of a virtuous life. Whatsoever is pure, is also pleasant.

Having thus surveyed the image of God in the soul of man, we are not to omit now those characters of majesty that God imprinted upon the body. He drew some traces of His image upon this also; as much as a spiritual substance could be pictured upon a corporeal. As for the sect of the Anthropomorphites, who from hence ascribe to God the figure of a man, eyes, hands, feet, and the like, they are too ridiculous to deserve a confutation. They would seem to draw this impiety from the letter of the Scripture sometimes speaking of God in this

manner. Absurdly; as if the mercy of Scripture expressions ought to warrant the blasphemy of our opinions, and not rather shew us, that God condescends to us only to draw us to Himself, and clothes himself in our likeness only to win us to His own. The practice of the Papists is much of the same nature, in their absurd and impious picturing of God Almighty: but the wonder in them is the less, since the image of a deity may be a proper object for that which is but the image of a religion. But to proceed: Adam was then no less glorious in his externals; he had a beautiful body, as well as an immortal soul. The whole compound was like a well-built temple, stately without, and sacred within. The elements were at perfect union and agreement in his body; and their contrary qualities served not for the dissolution of the compound, but the variety of the composure. Galen, who had no more divinity than what his physic taught him, barely upon the consideration of this so exact frame of the body, challenges any one, upon an hundred years' study, to find how any the least fibre or most minute particle might be more commodiously placed, either for the advantage of use or comeliness. His stature erect, and tending upwards to his centre; his countenance majestic and comely, with the lustre of a native beauty, that scorned the poor assistance of art, or the attempts of imitation; his body of so much quickness and agility, that it did not only contain, but also represent the soul: for we might well suppose, that where God did deposit so rich a jewel, he would suitably adorn the case. It was a fit workhouse for sprightly, vivid faculties to exercise and exert themselves in; a fit tabernacle for an immortal soul, not only to dwell in, but to contemplate upon: where it might see the world without travel; it being a lesser scheme of the creation, nature contracted, a little cosmography or map of the universe. Neither was the body then subject to distempers—to die by piecemeal, and languish under coughs, catarrhs, or consumptions. Adam knew no

disease, so long as temperance from the forbidden fruit secured him. Nature was his physician: and innocence and abstinence would have kept him healthful to immortality.

Now, the use of this point might be various, but at present it shall be only this—to remind us of the irreparable loss that we sustained in our first parents—to shew us of how fair a portion Adam disinherited his whole posterity by one single prevarication. Take the picture of a man in the greenness and vivacity of his youth, and in the latter date and declensions of his drooping years, and you will scarce know it to belong to the same person; there would be more art to discern, than at first to draw it. The same and greater is the difference between man innocent and fallen. He is, as it were, a new kind or species; the plague of sin has even altered his nature, and eaten his very essentials. The image of God is wiped out, the creatures have shook off his yoke, renounced his sovereignty, and revolted from his dominion. Distempers and diseases have shattered the excellent frame of his body; and, by a new dispensation, immortality is swallowed up of mortality. The same disaster and decay, also, has invaded his spirituals. The passions rebel, every faculty would usurp and rule; and there are so many governors, that there can be no government. The light within us is become darkness; and the understanding, that should be eyes to the blind faculty of the will, is blind itself, and so brings all the inconveniences that attend a blind follower under the conduct of a blind guide. He that would have a clear, ocular demonstration of this, let him reflect upon that numerous litter of strange, senseless, absurd opinions, that crawl about the world, to the disgrace of reason, and the unanswerable reproach of a broken intellect.

In the last place, we learn from hence the excellency of Christian religion, in that it is the great and only means that God has sanctified and designed to repair the breaches of

humanity, to set fallen man upon his legs again, to clarify his reason, to rectify his will, and to compose and regulate his affections. The whole business of our redemption is, in short, only to rub over the defaced copy of the creation, to reprint God's image upon the soul, and (as it were) to set forth nature in a second and a fairer edition.

The recovery of which lost image, as it is God's pleasure to command, and our duty to endeavour, so it is in His power only to effect:—To whom be rendered and ascribed, as is most due, all praise, might, majesty, and dominion, both now and for evermore. Amen.

Diversity of Gifts.

God has use for all the several tempers and constitutions of men, to serve the occasions and exigencies of His Church by. Amongst which some are of a sanguine, cheerful, and debonnaire disposition, having their imaginations, for the most part, filled and taken up with pleasing ideas and images of things; seldom or never troubling their thoughts either by looking too deep into them or dwelling too long upon them. And these are not properly framed to serve the Church, either in the knotty, dark, and less pleasing parts of religion, but are fitted rather for the airy, joyful offices of devotion; such as are praise and thanksgiving, jubilations and hallelujahs; which, though indeed not so difficult, are yet as pleasing a work to God as any other. For they are the noble employment of saints and angels; and a lively resemblance of the glorified and beatific state, in which all that the blessed spirits do, is to rejoice in the God who made and saved them, to sing His praises and to adore His perfections.

Again, there are others of a melancholy, reserved, and severe temper, who think much and speak little; and these are the fittest to serve the Church in the pensive, afflictive parts of religion; in the austerities of repentance and mortification,

in a retirement from the world, and a settled composure of their thoughts to self-reflection and meditation. And such also are the ablest to deal with troubled and distressed consciences, to meet their doubts, and to answer their objections, and to ransack every corner of their shifting and fallacious hearts; and, in a word, to lay before them the true state of their souls, having so frequently descended into, and took a strict account of their own. And this is so great a work, that there are not many whose mind and tempers are capable of it, who yet may be serviceable enough to the Church in other things. And it is the same thoughtful and reserved temper of spirit, which must make others to serve the Church in the hard and controversial parts of religion. Which sort of men (though they should never rub men's itching ears from the pulpit) the Church can no more be without, than a garrison can be without soldiers, or a city without walls; or than a man can defend himself with his tongue, when his enemy comes against him with his sword.

But then again, there are others beside these, who are of a warmer and more fervent spirit, having much of heat and fire in their constitution, and God may and does serve His Church even by such a kind of persons as these also, as being particularly fitted to preach the terrifying rigours and curses of the law to obstinate, daring sinners, which is a work as absolutely necessary and of as high a consequence to the good of souls, as it is that men should be driven, if they cannot be drawn, off from their sins, that they should be cut and lanced if they cannot otherwise be cured, and that the terrible trump of the last judgment should be always sounding in their ears, if nothing else can awaken them. But then, while such persons are thus busied in preaching of judgment, it is much to be wished that they would do it with judgment too; and not preach hell and damnation to sinners so as if they were pleased with what they preached; no, let them rather take heed that they mistake

not their own fierce temper for the mind of God; for some I have known to do so, and that at such a rate that it was easy enough to distinguish the humour of the speaker from the nature of the thing he spoke. Let ministers threaten death and destruction even to the very worst of men, in such a manner that it may appear to all their sober hearers that they do not desire but fear that these dreadful things should come to pass: let them declare God's wrath against the hardened and impenitent, as I have seen a judge condemn a malefactor, with tears in his eyes; for surely much more should a dispenser of the word, while he is pronouncing the infinitely more killing sentence of the Divine law, grieve with an inward bleeding compassion for the misery of those forlorn wretches whom it is like to pass upon.

The Key to Knowledge.

We learn from hence the most effectual way and means of proficiency and growth in the knowledge of the great and profound truths of religion; and how to make us all not only good Christians, but also expert divines. It is a knowledge that men are not so much to study, as to live themselves into—a knowledge that passes into the head through the heart. I have heard of some, that in their latter years, through the feebleness of their limbs, have been forced to study upon their knees; and I think it might well become the youngest and the strongest to do so too. Let them daily and incessantly pray to God for His grace; and if God gives grace, they may be sure that knowledge will not stay long behind, since it is the same Spirit and principle that purifies the heart and clarifies the understanding. Let all their inquiries into the deep and mysterious points of theology be begun and carried on with fervent petitions to God, that He would dispose their minds to direct all their skill and knowledge to the promotion of a good life, both in themselves and others; that He would use all their noblest specula-

tions and most refined notions, only as instruments to move and set a-work the great principles of action, the will and the affections; that He would convince them of the infinite vanity and uselessness of all that learning that makes not the possessor of it a better man; that He would keep them from those sins that may grieve and provoke His Holy Spirit, the fountain of all true light and knowledge, to withdraw from them, and so seal them up under darkness, blindness, and stupidity of mind. For where the heart is bent upon and held under the power of any vicious course, though Christ Himself should take the contrary virtue for His doctrine, and do a miracle before such an one's eyes for its application, yet He would not practically gain his assent, but the result of all would end in a "non persuadebis etiamsi persuaseris." Few consider what a degree of sottishness and confirmed ignorance men may sin themselves into.

This was the case of the Pharisee. And no doubt but this very consideration also gives us the true reason, and full explication, of that notable and strange passage of Scripture in Luke xvi.: "That if men will not hear Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." That is, where a strong, inveterate love of sin has made any doctrine or proposition wholly unsuitable to the heart, no argument or demonstration, no, nor miracle whatsoever, shall be able to bring the heart cordially to close with and receive it. Whereas, on the contrary, if the heart be piously disposed, the natural goodness of any doctrine is enough to vouch for the truth of it; for the suitableness of it will endear it to the will, and by endearing it to the will, will naturally slide it into the assent also; for in morals, as well as in metaphysics, there is nothing really good but has a truth commensurate to its goodness.

The truths of Christ crucified are the Christian's philosophy, and a good life is the Christian's logic—that great

instrumental introductive art, that must guide the mind into the former. And where a long course of piety, and close communion with God, have purged the heart, and rectified the will, and made all things ready for the reception of God's Spirit, knowledge will break in upon such a soul, like the sun shining in his full might, with such a victorious light, that nothing shall be able to resist it.

If now, at length, some should object here, that from what has been delivered, it will follow, that the most pious men are still the most knowing, which yet seems contrary to common experience and observation, I answer, that as to all things directly conducing and necessary to salvation, there is no doubt but they are so; as the meanest common soldier, that has fought often in an army, has truer and better knowledge of war than he that has read and writ whole volumes of it, but never was in any battle.

Practical sciences are not to be learned but in the way of action. It is experience that must give knowledge in the Christian profession, as well as in all others. And the knowledge drawn from experience is quite of another kind from that which flows from speculation or discourse. It is not the opinion, but the path of the just, that the wisest of men tells us shines more and more unto a perfect day. The obedient, and the men of practice, are those sons of light that shall outgrow all their doubts and ignorances, that shall ride upon these clouds, and triumph over their present imperfections, till persuasion pass into knowledge, and knowledge advance into assurance, and all come at length to be completed in the beatific vision, and a full fruition of those joys, which God has in reserve for them whom by His grace He shall prepare for glory.

The Lot cast into the Lap.

[In this sermon sufficient justice is done to the seemingly fortuitous element so often noticed in human affairs. We are

not so sure that equal justice is done to that Divine control or overruling which chooses the "lot of our inheritance," and which, when the lot is cast into the lap, determines the side of the die that shall come uppermost. To our apprehension, also, the closing paragraphs are flavoured with a slight *soupçon* of chagrin. Dr South was not over-much contented with the share of preferment which had fallen to his "lot."]

Then for the friendships or enmities that a man contracts in the world, than which surely there is nothing that has a more direct and potent influence upon the whole of a man's life, whether as to happiness or misery; yet chance has the ruling stroke in them all.

A man by mere peradventure lights into company, possibly is driven into an house by a shower of rain for present shelter, and there begins an acquaintance with a person, which acquaintance and endearment grows and continues, even when relations fail, and perhaps proves the support of his mind and of his fortunes to his dying day.

And the like holds in enmities, which come much more easily than the other. A word unadvisedly spoken on the one side, or misunderstood on the other, any the least surmise of neglect, sometimes a bare gesture, nay, the very unsuitableness of one man's aspect to another man's fancy, has raised such an aversion to him, as in time has produced a perfect hatred of him, and that so strong and so tenacious that it has never left vexing and troubling him, till, perhaps, at length it has worried him to his grave; yea, and after death too, has pursued him in his surviving shadow, exercising the same tyranny upon his very name and memory.

It is hard to please men of some tempers, who indeed hardly know what will please themselves; and yet if a man does not please them, which it is ten thousand to one if he does, if they can but have power equal to their malice (as sometimes, to

plague the world, God lets them have), such an one must expect all mischief that power and spite, lighting upon a base mind, can possibly do him.

As for men's employments and preferments, every man that sets forth into the world comes into a great lottery, and draws some one certain profession to act and live by, but knows not the fortune that will attend him in it.

One man, perhaps, proves miserable in the study of the law, who might have flourished in that of physic or divinity. Another runs his head against the pulpit, who might have been very serviceable to his country at the plough. And a third proves a very dull and heavy philosopher, who possibly would have made a good mechanic, and have done well enough at the useful philosophy of the spade or the anvil.

Now, let this man reflect upon the time when all these several callings and professions were equally offered to his choice, and consider how indifferent it was once for him to have fixed upon any one of them, and what little accidents and considerations cast the balance of his choice, rather one way than the other, and he will find how easily chance may throw a man upon a profession, which all his diligence cannot make him fit for.

And then for the preferments of the world. He that would reckon up all the accidents that they depended upon, may as well undertake to count the sands or to sum up infinity; so that greatness, as well as an estate, may, upon this account, be properly called a man's fortune, forasmuch as no man can state either the acquisition or preservation of it upon any certain rules—every man, as well as the merchant, being here truly an adventurer. For the ways by which it is obtained are various, and frequently contrary: one man, by sneaking and flattering, comes to riches and honour (where it is in the power of fools to bestow them); upon observation whereof, another presently thinks to arrive to the same greatness by the very

same means, but striving, like the ass, to court his master, just as the spaniel had done before him, instead of being stroked and made much of, he is only rated off and cudgelled for all his courtship.

The source of men's preferments is most commonly the will, humour, and fancy of persons in power; whereupon, when a prince or grandee manifests a liking to such a thing, such an art, or such a pleasure, men generally set about to make themselves considerable for such things, and thereby, through his favour, to advance themselves; and at length, when they have spent their whole time in them, and so are become fit for nothing else, that prince, or grandee, perhaps dies, and another succeeds him, quite of a different disposition, and inclining him to be pleased with quite different things. Whereupon these men's hopes, studies, and expectations, are wholly at an end. And besides, though the grandee whom they build upon should not die, or quit the stage, yet the same person does not always like the same things. For age may alter his constitution, humour, or appetite; or the circumstances of his affairs may put him upon different courses and counsels; every one of which accidents wholly alters the road to preferment. So that those who travel that road must be like highwaymen, very dexterous in shifting the way upon every turn: and yet their very doing so sometimes proves the means of their being found out, understood, and abhorred; and for this very cause that they are ready to do anything, are justly thought fit to be preferred to nothing.

Cæsar Borgia, base son to Pope Alexander VI., used to boast to his friend Machiavel, that he had contrived his affairs and greatness into such a posture of firmness, that whether his holy father lived or died, they could not but be secure. If he lived, there could be no doubt of them; and if he died, he had laid his interest so as to overrule the next election as he pleased. But all this while the politician never thought or

considered that he might, in the meantime, fall dangerously sick, and that sickness necessitate his removal from the court, and during that his absence, his father die, and so his interest decay, and his mortal enemy be chosen to the Papacy; as, indeed, it fell out. So that, for all his exact plot, down was he cast from all his greatness, and forced to end his days in a mean condition; as it is pity but all such politic opiniators should.

Upon much the like account, we find it once said of an eminent cardinal, by reason of his great and apparent likelihood to step into St Peter's chair, that in two conclaves he went in pope and came out again cardinal.

So much has chance the casting voice in the disposal of all the great things of the world. That which men call merit is a mere nothing. For even when persons of the greatest worth and merit are preferred, it is not their merit but their fortune that prefers them. And then, for that other so much admired thing, called policy, it is but little better. For when men have busied themselves, and beat their brains never so much, the whole result, both of their counsels and their fortunes, is still at the mercy of an accident. And, therefore, whosoever that man was that said, that he had rather have a grain of fortune than a pound of wisdom, as to the things of this life spoke nothing but the voice of wisdom and great experience.

Christ's Friendship.

The second privilege of friendship is a favourable construction of all passages between friends, that are not of so high and so malign a nature as to dissolve the relation. "Love covers a multitude of sins," says the apostle (1 Pet. iv. 8). When a scar cannot be taken away, the next office is to hide it. Love is never so blind as when it is to spy faults. It is like the painter who, being to draw the picture of a friend having a

blemish in one eye, would picture only the other side of his face. It is a noble and a great thing to cover the blemishes, and to excuse the failings of a friend; to draw a curtain before his stains, and to display his perfections; to bury his weakness in silence, but to proclaim his virtues upon the house-top. It is an imitation of the charities of Heaven, which, when the creature lies prostrate in the weakness of sleep and weariness, spreads the covering of night and darkness over it, to conceal it in that condition; but as soon as our spirits are refreshed and nature returns to its morning vigour, God then bids the sun rise and the day shine upon us, both to advance and to shew that activity.

It is the ennobling office of the understanding to correct the fallacious and mistaken reports of sense, and to assure us that the staff in the water is straight, though our eye would tell us it is crooked. So it is the excellency of friendship to rectify, or at least to qualify, the malignity of those surmises that would misrepresent a friend and traduce him in our thoughts. Am I told that my friend has done me an injury, or that he has committed any indecent action? why, the first debt that I both owe to his friendship, and that he may challenge from mine, is rather to question the truth of the report, than presently to believe my friend unworthy. Or if matter of fact break out and blazes with too great an evidence to be denied, or so much as doubted of, why, still there are other lenitives that friendship will apply before it will be brought to the decretory rigours of a condemning sentence. A friend will be sure to act the part of an advocate, before he will assume that of a judge. And there are few actions so ill (unless they are of a very deep and black tincture indeed), but will admit of some extenuation at least from those common topics of human frailty, such as are ignorance or inadvertency, passion or surprise, company or solicitation, with many other such things, which may go a great way towards an excusing of the agent,

though they cannot absolutely justify the action. All which apologies for and alleviations of faults, though they are the heights of humanity, yet they are not the favours but the duties of friendship. Charity itself commands us, where we know no ill, to think well of all. But friendship, that always goes a pitch higher, gives a man a peculiar right and claim to the good opinion of his friend. And, if we justly look upon a proneness to find faults as a very ill and a mean thing, we are to remember that a proneness to believe them is next to it.

We have seen here the demeanour of friendship between man and man; but how is it, think we now, between Christ and the soul that depends upon Him? Is He anyways short in these offices of tenderness and mitigation? No, assuredly; but by infinite degrees superior. For where our heart does but relent, His melts; where our eye pities, His bowels yearn. How many frowardnesses of ours does He smother, how many indignities does He pass by, and how many affronts does He put up with at our hands, because His love is invincible and His friendship unchangeable! He rates every action, every sinful infirmity, with the allowances of mercy, and never weighs the sin, but together with it He weighs the force of the inducement; how much of it is to be attributed to choice, how much to the violence of the temptation, the stratagem of the occasion, and the yielding frailties of weak nature.

Should we try men at that rate that we try Christ, we should quickly find that the largest stock of human friendship would be too little for us to spend long upon. But His compassion follows us with an infinite supply. He is God in His friendship as well as in His nature, and therefore we sinful creatures are not took upon advantages nor consumed in our provocations.

See this exemplified in His behaviour to His disciples, while He was yet upon earth: how ready was He to excuse and cover their infirmities! At the last and bitterest scene of His life, when He was so full of agony and horror upon the approach

of a dismal death, and so had most need of the refreshments of society and the friendly assistances of His disciples, and when also He desired no more of them, but only for a while to sit up and pray with him; yet they, like persons wholly untouched with His agonies, and unmoved with His passionate entreaties, forget both His and their own cares, and securely sleep away all concern for Him or themselves either. Now, what a fierce and sarcastic reprehension may we imagine this would have drawn from the friendships of this world, that act but to an human pitch! and yet what a gentle one did it receive from Christ, in Matt. xxvi. 40! No more than, "What, could you not watch with me for one hour?" And when, from this admonition they took only occasion to redouble their fault and to sleep again, so that upon a second and third admonition, they had nothing to plead for their unseasonable drowsiness, yet then Christ, who was the only person concerned to have resented and aggravated this their unkindness, finds an extenuation for it, when they themselves could not. "The spirit indeed is willing," says He, "but the flesh is weak." As if He had said, "I know your hearts, and am satisfied of your affection; and therefore accept your will, and compassionate your weakness." So benign, so gracious is the friendship of Christ, so answerable to our wants, so suitable to our frailties. Happy that man who has a friend to point out to him the perfection of duty, and yet to pardon him in the lapses of his infirmity!

Select Sentences.

No man's religion ever survives his morals.

That is not wit which consists not with wisdom.

No man shall ever come to heaven himself who has not sent his heart thither before him.

That man will one day find it but a poor gain who hits upon truth with the loss of charity.

What is absurd in the sanctions of right reason will never be warranted by the rules of religion.

How hard is it to draw a principle into all its consequences, and to unravel the mysterious fertility but of one proposition!

Nobody is so weak, but he is strong enough to bear the misfortunes that he does not feel.

We are beholden to nature for worth and parts, but it is to fortune that we owe the opportunities of exerting them.

Virtue is that which must tip the preacher's tongue and the ruler's sceptre with authority.

Our religion is a religion that dares to be understood: the Romish clergy deal with their religion as with a great crime —if it is discovered, they are undone.

That prince that maintains the reputation of a true, fast, generous friend, has an army always ready to fight for him, maintained to his hand without pay.

Ingratitude put the poignard into Brutus' hand, but it was want of compassion that thrust it into Cæsar's heart.

So far as truth gets ground in the world, so far sin loses it. Christ saves the world by undeceiving it, and sanctifies the will by first enlightening the understanding.

If we justly look upon a proneness to find faults as a very ill and a mean thing, we are to remember that a proneness to believe them is next to it.

Charity commands us, where we know no ill, to think well of all; but friendship, that always goes a step higher, gives a man a peculiar right and claim to the good opinion of his friend.

Whosoever has Christ for his friend shall be sure of counsel, and whosoever is his own friend will be sure to obey it.

He who fixes upon false principles treads upon infirm ground, and so sinks; and he who fails in his deductions from right principles, stumbles upon firm ground, and so falls. The

disaster is not of the same kind, but of the same mischief in both.

This happiness does Christ vouchsafe to all His, that as a Saviour He once suffered for them, and that as a friend He always suffers with them.

A blind guide is certainly a great mischief, but a guide that blinds those whom he should lead is undoubtedly a much greater.

To be resolute in a good cause is to bring upon ourselves the punishment due to a bad one. Truth indeed is a possession of the highest value, and therefore it must needs expose the owner to much danger.

Sin is usually seconded with sin, and a man seldom commits one sin to please, but he commits another to defend himself.

Religion placed in a soul of exquisite knowledge and abilities, as in a castle, finds not only habitation but defence.

Innocence is like polished armour; it adorns and it defends.

It has been seldom or never known that any great virtue or vice ever went alone, for greatness in everything will still be attended on.

Friendship consists properly in mutual offices, and a generous strife in alternate acts of kindness. But he who does a kindness to an ungrateful person, sets his seal to a flint, and sows his seed upon the sand. Upon the former he makes no impression, and from the latter he finds no production.

He that falls below pity, can fall no lower.

He that governs well, leads the blind; but he that teaches, gives his eyes.

Teaching is not a flow of words, nor the draining of an hour-glass, but an effectual procuring that a man comes to know something which he knew not before, or to know it better.

With ordinary minds, such as much the greater part of the world are, 'tis the *suitableness*, not the *evidence* of a truth, that makes it to be assented to. And it is seldom that anything practically convinces a man that does not please him first.

A friend is the gift of God, and He only who made hearts can unite them.

It is an invisible hand from heaven that ties this knot [friendship], and mingles hearts and souls by strange, secret, and unaccountable conjunctions.

As by flattery a man is usually brought to open his bosom to his mortal enemy; so by detraction, and a slanderous misreport of persons, he is often brought to shut the same even to his best and truest friends.

It is the only act of justice which envy does, that the guilt it brings upon a man it revenges upon him too, and so torments and punishes him much more than it can afflict or annoy the person who is envied by him.

Another thing that makes a governor justly despised, is a proneness to despise others. There is a kind of respect due to the meanest person, even from the greatest; for it is the mere favour of Providence that he who is actually the greatest was not the meanest. A man cannot cast his respects so low, but they will rebound and return upon him. What Heaven bestows upon the earth in kind influences and benign aspects, is paid it back again in sacrifice, incense, and adoration.

SELECTIONS FROM ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.

Was the World made by Chance?

[The following is taken from the Archbishop's first and most elaborate sermon, Job xxviii. 28. Voltaire was well acquainted with the works of Tillotson, whom he pronounces, "Le plus sage et le plus éloquent prédicateur de l'Europe;" and it would almost seem as if the sage of Ferney had profited by his intimacy with the English primate. In one of his letters, Sir James Mackintosh says, "You would scarcely suppose that Voltaire had borrowed or stolen from Tillotson; but so the

truth seems to be. Tillotson says, 'If God were not a necessary being, He might almost seem to be made for the use and benefit of man.'

'Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudroit l'inventer.'

. . . It is odd enough that the passage should have probably originated in a misrecollection of some words in the 22d chapter of the 1st book, 'De Naturâ Deorum.'"]

I come now to consider the other account, which another sort of atheists, those whom I call the epicurean, do give of the existence of the world. And 'tis this. They suppose the matter of which the world is constituted to be eternal and of itself, and then an empty space for the infinite little parts of this matter (which they call atoms), to move and play in; and that these being always in motion, did, after infinite trials and encounters, without any counsel or design, and without the disposal and contrivance of any wise and intelligent being, at last, by a lucky casualty, entangle and settle themselves in this beautiful and regular frame of the world, which we now see. And that the earth, being at first in its full vigour and fruitfulness, did then bring forth men and all other sorts of living creatures, as it does plants now.

Now I appeal to any man of reason, whether anything can be more unreasonable than obstinately to impute an effect to chance which carries in the very face of it all the arguments and characters of a wise design and contrivance? Was ever any considerable work, in which there was required a great variety of parts, and a regular and orderly disposition of those parts, done by chance? Will chance fit means to ends, and that in ten thousand instances, and not fail in any one? How often might a man, after he had jumbled a set of letters in a bag, fling them out upon the ground before they would fall into an exact poem; yea, or so much as make a good discourse in prose?

And may not a little book be as easily made by chance, as this great volume of the world? How long might a man be in sprinkling colours upon canvas with a careless hand, before they would happen to make the exact picture of a man? And is a man easier made by chance than his picture? How long might twenty thousand blind men, which should be sent out from the several remote parts of England, wander up and down before they would all meet upon Salisbury Plains, and fall into rank and file in the exact order of an army? And yet this is much more easy to be imagined, than how the innumerable blind parts of matter should rendezvous themselves into a world. A man that sees Henry the Seventh's chapel at Westminster, might with as good reason complain (yea, with much better, considering the vast difference betwixt that little structure and the huge fabric of the world), that it was never contrived or built by any man, but that the stones did by chance grow into those curious figures into which they seem to have been cut and graven; and that upon a time (as tales usually begin), the materials of that building—the stone, mortar, timber, iron, lead, and glass—happily met together and very fortunately ranged themselves into that delicate order in which we see them now so close compacted, that it must be a very great chance that parts them again. What would the world think of a man that should advance such an opinion as this, and write a book for it? If they would do him right, they ought to look upon him as mad; but yet with a little more reason than any man can have to say that the world was made by chance, or that the first men grew up out of the earth as plants do now: for can anything be more ridiculous, and against all reason, than to ascribe the production of men to the first fruitfulness of the earth, without so much as one instance and experiment in any age or history to countenance so monstrous a supposition? The thing is at first sight so gross and palpable, that no discourse about it can make it

more apparent. And yet these shameful beggars of principles, who give this precarious account of the original of things, assume to themselves to be the men of reason, the great wits of the world, the only cautious and wary persons that hate to be imposed upon, that must have convincing evidence for everything, and can admit of nothing without a clear demonstration for it.

The Folly of Irreligion.

Men generally stand very much upon the credit and reputation of their understandings, and of all things in the world hate to be accounted fools, because it is so great a reproach. The best way to avoid this imputation and to bring off the credit of our understandings is to be truly religious, to fear the Lord, and to depart from evil. For certainly there is no such imprudent person as he that neglects God and his soul, and is careless and slothful about his everlasting concernments; because this man acts contrary to his truest reason and best interest; he neglects his own safety, and is active to procure his own ruin; he flies from happiness and runs away from it as fast as he can, but pursues misery, and makes haste to be undone. Hence it is that Solomon does all along in the Proverbs give the title of "fool" to a wicked man, as if it were his proper name and the fittest character of him, because he is so eminently such: there is no fool to the sinner, who every moment ventures his soul, and lays his everlasting interest at the stake. Every time a man provokes God he does the greatest mischief to himself that can be imagined. A madman, that cuts himself, and tears his own flesh, and dashes his head against the stones, does not act so unreasonably as he, because he is not so sensible of what he does. Wickedness is a kind of voluntary frenzy and a chosen distraction, and every sinner does wilder and more extravagant things than any man can do that is crazed and out

of his wits, only with this sad difference that he knows better what he does. For to them who believe another life after this, an eternal state of happiness or misery in another world (which is but a reasonable postulatum or demand among Christians), there is nothing in mathematics more demonstrable than the folly of wicked men; for it is not a clearer and more evident principle that the whole is greater than a part, than that eternity and the concernments of it are to be preferred before time.

I will therefore put the matter into a temporal case, that wicked men who understand anything of the rules and principles of worldly wisdom may see the imprudence of an irreligious and sinful course, and be convinced that this their way is their folly, even themselves being judges.

Is that man wise, as to his body and his health, who only clothes his hands, but leaves his whole body naked? who provides only against the toothache, and neglects whole troops of mortal diseases that are ready to rush in upon him? Just thus does he who takes care only for this vile body, but neglects his precious and immortal soul, who is very solicitous to prevent small and temporal inconveniences, but takes no care to escape the damnation of hell.

Is he a prudent man, as to his temporal estate, that lays designs only for a day, without any prospect to, or provision for the remaining part of his life? Even so does he that provides for the short time of this life, but takes no care for all eternity, which is to be wise for a moment, but a fool for ever, and to act as untowardly and as crossly to the reason of things as can be imagined, to regard time as if it were eternity, and to neglect eternity as if it were but a short time.

Do we count him a wise man, who is wise in anything but in his own proper profession and employment, wise for everybody but himself, who is ingenious to contrive his own misery and to do himself a mischief, but is dull and stupid as to the

designing of any real benefit and advantage to himself? Such a one is he who is ingenious in his calling, but a bad Christian; for Christianity is more our proper calling and profession than the very trades we live upon; and such is every sinner, who is "wise to do evil, but to do good hath no understanding."

Is it wisdom in any man to neglect and disoblige him who is his best friend, and can be his sorest enemy? or with one weak troop to go out to meet him that comes against him with thousands of thousands? to fly a small danger and run upon a greater? Thus does every wicked man that neglects and contemns God, "who can save or destroy him;" who strives with his "Maker, and provoketh the Lord to jealousy," and with the small and inconsiderable forces of a man takes the field against the mighty God, the Lord of hosts; who "fears them that can kill the body, but after that have no more that they can do; but fears not him, who after he hath killed, can destroy both body and soul in hell;" and thus does he who for fear of anything in this world ventures to displease God, for in so doing he runs away from men, and "falls into the hands of the living God;" he flies from a temporal danger, and leaps into hell.

Is not he an imprudent man, who, in matters of greatest moment and concernment, neglects opportunities never to be retrieved; who, standing upon the shore, and seeing the tide making haste towards him apace, and that he hath but a few minutes to save himself, yet will lay himself to sleep there till the cruel sea rush in upon him and overwhelm him? And is he any better who trifles away this day of God's grace and patience, and foolishly adjourns the necessary work of repentance and the weighty business of religion to a dying hour?

And, to put an end to these questions, is he wise who hopes to attain the end without the means—nay, by means that are quite contrary to it? Such is every wicked man who hopes to be blessed hereafter without being holy here, and to be happy, that is, to find a pleasure in the enjoyment of God and

in the company of holy spirits by rendering himself as unsuitable and unlike to them as he can.

Wouldst thou, then, be truly wise? Be wise for thyself, wise for thy soul, wise for eternity—resolve upon a religious course of life—"fear God, and depart from evil"—look beyond things present and sensible unto things which are not seen and are eternal—labour to secure the great interests of another world—and refer all the actions of this short and dying life to that state which will shortly begin but never have an end; and this will approve itself to be wisdom at the last, whatever the world judge of it now. For not that which is approved of men now, but what shall finally be approved by God, is true wisdom—that which is esteemed so by Him who is the fountain and original of all wisdom, the first rule and measure, the best and most competent judge of it.

Eternal Happiness.

This happiness shall be eternal; and, though this be but a circumstance and do not enter into the nature of our happiness, yet it is so material a one that all the felicities which heaven affords would be imperfect without it. It would strangely damp and allay all our joys to think that they should some time have an end; and the greater our happiness were, the greater trouble it would be to us to consider that it must have a period. It would make a man sorrowful indeed to think of leaving such vast possessions. Indeed, if the happiness of heaven were such as the joys of this world are, it were fit they should be as short, for after a little enjoyment, it would cloy us, and we should soon grow weary of it; but being so excellent, it would scarce be a happiness if it were not eternal. It would embitter the pleasures of heaven, as great as they are, to see to an end of them, though it were at never so great a distance; to consider that all this vast treasure of happiness

would one day be exhausted, and that after so many years were past, we should be as poor and miserable again as we were once in this world. God hath so ordered things, that the vain and empty delights of this world should be temporary and transient, but that the great and substantial pleasures of the other world should be as lasting as they are excellent; for heaven, as it is an exceeding, so it is an eternal weight of glory. And this is that which crowns the joys of heaven, and banishes all fear and trouble from the minds of the blessed; and thus to be secured in the possession of our happiness is an unspeakable addition to it. For that which is eternal, as it shall never determine, so it can never be diminished; for to be diminished and to decay is to draw nearer to an end, but that which shall never have an end can never come nearer to it.

O vast eternity! how dost thou swallow up our thoughts and entertain us at once with delight and amazement? This is the very top and highest pitch of our happiness, upon which we may stand secure and look down with scorn upon all things here below; and how small and inconsiderable do they appear to us, compared with the vast and endless enjoyments of our future state? But oh, vain and foolish souls, that are so little concerned for eternity, that for the trifles of time, and "the pleasures of sin which are but for a season," can find in our hearts to forfeit an everlasting felicity! Blessed God! why hast thou prepared such a happiness for those who neither consider it, nor seek after it? "Why is such a price put into the hands of fools, who have no heart to make use of it;" who fondly choose to gratify their lusts, rather than to save their souls, and sottishly prefer the temporary enjoyments of sin before a blessed immortality?

Funeral Sermon for the Rev. Thomas Gouge.

[The reader is already acquainted with this good man's father,

Dr William Gouge.* The son was, until Bartholomew-Day, incumbent of St Sepulchre's, but his funeral sermon was preached in St Ann's, Blackfriars, where his venerable father had ministered for five and forty years. It is pleasant to know that the funeral sermon of such a man was preached by the Dean of Canterbury, and we cannot withhold from our readers the record of such large-hearted beneficence as marked this good man long before the days of home missions and benevolent societies.]

He was born at Bow, near Stratford, in the county of Middlesex, the 19th day of September 1605. He was bred at Eton School, and from thence chosen to King's College in Cambridge, being about twenty years of age, in the year 1626. After he had finished the course of his studies and taken his degrees, he left the university and his fellowship, being presented to the living of Colsden, near Croydon in Surrey, where he continued about two or three years, and from thence was removed to St Sepulchre's, in London, in the year 1638; and the year after, thinking fit to change his condition, matched into a very worthy and ancient family, marrying one of the daughters of Sir Robert Darcy.

Being thus settled in this large and populous parish, he did with great solicitude and pains discharge all the parts of a vigilant and faithful minister for about the space of twenty-four years; for besides his constant and weekly labour of preaching, he was very diligent and charitable in visiting the sick, and ministering not only spiritual counsel and comfort to them, but likewise liberal relief to the wants and necessities of those that were poor and destitute of means to help themselves in that condition. He did also every morning throughout the year catechise in the church, especially the poorer sort, who were generally most ignorant; and, to encourage them to come

* Christian Classics, vol. i. p. 330.

thither to be instructed by him, he did once a-week distribute money among them, not upon a certain day, but changing it on purpose as he thought good, that he might thereby oblige them to be constantly present. These were chiefly the more aged poor, who being past labour had leisure enough to attend upon this exercise. As for the other sort of poor who were able to work for their living, he set them at work upon his own charge, buying flax and hemp for them to spin, and what they spun he took off their hands, paying them for their work, and then got it wrought into cloth, and sold it as he could, chiefly among his friends, himself bearing the whole loss. And this was a very wise and well-chosen way of charity, and in the good effect of it a much greater charity than if he had given these very persons freely and for nothing so much as they earned by their work, because by this means he took many off from begging, and thereby rescued them at once from two of the most dangerous temptations of this world—idleness and poverty—and by degrees reclaimed them to a virtuous and industrious course of life, which enabled them afterwards to live without being beholden to the charity of others.

Of his piety towards God, which is the necessary foundation of all other graces and virtues, I shall only say this, that it was great and exemplary, but yet very still and quiet, without stir and noise, and much more in substance and reality than in show and ostentation, and did not consist in censuring and finding fault with others, but in the due care and government of his own life and actions, and in exercising himself continually to have a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men; in which he was such a proficient, that even after long acquaintance and familiar conversation with him it was not easy to observe anything that might deserve blame.

He particularly excelled in the more peculiar virtues of conversation, in modesty, humility, meekness, cheerfulness, and in kindness and charity towards all men.

So great was his modesty, that it never appeared either by word or action that he put any value upon himself. This I have often observed in him, that the charities which were procured chiefly by his application and industry, when he had occasion to give an account of them, he would rather impute to any one who had but the least hand and part in the obtaining of them than assume anything of it to himself. Another instance of his modesty was, that when he had quitted his living of St Sepulchre's upon some dissatisfaction about the terms of conformity, he willingly forbore preaching, saying there was no need of him here in London where there were so many worthy ministers, and that he thought he might do as much or more good in another way which could give no offence. Only in the later years of his life, being better satisfied in some things he had doubted of before, he had license from some of the bishops to preach in Wales in his progress; which he was the more willing to do, because in some places he saw great need of it, and he thought he might do it with greater advantage among the poor people, who were the more likely to regard his instructions, being recommended by his great charity, so well known to them, and of which they had so long had the experience and benefit. But where there was no such need, he was very well contented to hear others persuade men to goodness and to practise it himself.

He was clothed with humility, and had, in a most eminent degree, that ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which St Peter says, is in the sight of God of so great price; so that there was not the least appearance either of pride or passion in any of his words or actions. He was not only free from anger and bitterness, but from all affected gravity and moroseness. His conversation was affable and pleasant; he had a wonderful serenity of mind and evenness of temper, visible in his very countenance; he was hardly ever merry, but never melancholy and sad; and, for any thing I could

discern, after a long and intimate acquaintance with him, he was, upon all occasions and accidents, perpetually the same; always cheerful, and always kind; of a disposition ready to embrace and oblige all men; allowing others to differ from him, even in opinions that were very dear to him: and provided men did but fear God and work righteousness, he loved them heartily, how distant soever from him in judgment about things less necessary: in all which he is very worthy to be a pattern to men of all persuasions whatsoever.

But that virtue which, of all other, shone brightest in him, and was his most proper and peculiar character, was his cheerful and unwearied diligence in acts of pious charity. In this he left far behind him all that ever I knew, and, as I said before, had a singular sagacity and prudence in devising the most effectual ways of doing good, and in managing and disposing his charity to the best purposes, and to the greatest extent; always, if it were possible, making it to serve some end of piety and religion; as the instruction of poor children in the principles of religion, and furnishing grown persons that were ignorant with the Bible and other good books; strictly obliging those to whom he gave them to a diligent reading of them, and when he had opportunity, exacting of them an account how they had profited by them.

In his occasional alms to the poor, in which he was very free and bountiful, the relief he gave them was always mingled with good counsel, and as great a tenderness and compassion for their souls as bodies; which very often attained the good effect it was likely to have, the one making way for the other with so much advantage, and men being very apt to follow the good advice of those who give them in hand so sensible a pledge and testimony of their good will to them.

This kind of charity must needs be very expensive to him, but he had a plentiful estate settled upon him and left him by his father, and he laid it out as liberally in the most

prudent and effectual ways of charity he could think of, and upon such persons as, all circumstances considered, he judged to be the fittest and most proper objects of it.

For about nine or ten years last past, he did, as is well known to many here present, almost wholly apply his charity to Wales, because there he judged was most occasion for it. And because this was a very great work, he did not only lay out upon it whatever he could spare out of his own estate, but employed his whole time and pains to excite and engage the charity of others for his assistance in it.

And in this he had two excellent designs. One, to have poor children brought up to read and write, and to be carefully instructed in the principles of religion. The other, to furnish persons of grown age, the poor especially, with the necessary helps and means of knowledge, as the Bible, and other books of piety and devotion, in their own language; to which end he procured the "Church Catechism," the "Practice of Piety," and that best of books the "Whole Duty of Man," besides several other pious and useful treatises, some of them to be translated into the Welsh tongue, and great numbers of all of them to be printed, and sent down to the chief towns in Wales, to be sold at easy rates to those that were able to buy them, and to be freely given to those that were not.

And in both these designs, through the blessing of God upon his unwearied endeavours, he found very great success. For by the large and bountiful contributions which, chiefly by his industry and prudent application, were obtained from charitable persons of all ranks and conditions, from the nobility and gentry of Wales, and the neighbouring counties, and several of that quality in and about London; from divers of the right reverend bishops, and of the clergy; and from that perpetual fountain of charity, the city of London, led on and encouraged by the most bountiful example of the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, and the Court of Aldermen; to all which he

constantly added two-thirds of his own estate, which, as I have been credibly informed, was two hundred pounds a-year: I say, by all these together, there were every year eight hundred, sometimes a thousand, poor children educated, as I said before; and by this example, several of the most considerable towns of Wales were excited to bring up, at their own charge, the like number of poor children, in the like manner, and under his inspection and care.

He likewise gave very great numbers of the books above mentioned, both in the Welsh and English tongues, to the poorer sort, so many as were unable to buy them and willing to read them. But, which was the greatest work of all, and amounted indeed to a mighty charge, he procured a new and very fair impression of the Bible and Liturgy of the Church of England in the Welsh tongue (the former impression being spent, and hardly twenty of them to be had in all London), to the number of eight thousand; one thousand whereof was freely given to the poor, and the rest sent to the principal cities and towns in Wales to be sold to the rich at very reasonable and low rates, viz., at four shillings a-piece, well bound and clasped; which was much cheaper than any English Bible was ever sold that was of so fair a print and paper; a work of that charge, that it was not likely to have been done any other way; and for which this age, and perhaps the next, will have great cause to thank God on his behalf.

In these good works he employed all his time, and care, and pains, and his whole heart was in them, so that he was very little affected with anything else, and seldom either minded or knew anything of the strange occurrences of this troublesome and busy age, such as I think are hardly to be paralleled in any other: or, if he did mind them, he scarce ever spoke anything about them. For this was the business he laid to heart, and knowing it to be so much and so certainly the will of his heavenly Father, it was his meat and drink to be doing of it:

and the good success he had in it was a continual feast to him, and gave him a perpetual serenity both of mind and countenance. His great love and zeal for this work made all the pains and difficulties of it seem nothing to him: he would rise early and sit up late, and continued the same diligence and industry to the last, though he was in the threescore and seventeenth year of his age. And that he might manage the distribution of this great charity with his own hands, and see the good effect of it with his own eyes, he always once, but usually twice a-year, at his own charge, travelled over a great part of Wales, none of the best countries to travel in: but for the love of God and men he endured all that, together with the extremity of heat and cold (which in their several seasons are both very great there) not only with patience but with pleasure. So that all things considered there have not, since the primitive times of Christianity, been many among the sons of men to whom that glorious character of the Son of God might be better applied, that he went about doing good; and Wales may as worthily boast of this truly apostolical man as of their famous St David; who was also, very probably, a good man, as those times of ignorance and superstition went, but his goodness is so disguised by their fabulous legends and stories which give us the account of him, that it is not easy to discover it. Indeed, ridiculous miracles in abundance are reported of him: as, that upon occasion of a great number of people resorting from all parts to hear him preach, for the greater advantage of his being heard, a mountain all on a sudden rose up miraculously under his feet, and his voice was extended to that degree that he might be distinctly heard for two or three miles round about. Such fantastical miracles as these make up a great part of his history; and, admitting all these to be true (which a wise man would be loth to do), our departed friend had that which is much greater and more excellent than all these, a fervent charity to God and men, which is more than to speak (as they

would make us believe St David did) with the tongue of men and angels, more than to raise or remove mountains.

I will add but one thing more concerning our deceased brother, that though he meddled not at all in our present heats and differences as a party, having much better things to mind; yet, as a looker-on, he did very sadly lament them, and for several of the last years of his life he continued in the communion of our Church, and, as he himself told me, thought himself obliged in conscience so to do.

He died in the seventy-seventh year of his age, Oct. 29, 1681. It so pleased God that his death was very sudden—and so sudden, that in all probability he himself hardly perceived it when it happened, for he died in his sleep; so that we may say of him as it is said of David, "after he had served his generation according to the will of God, he fell asleep."

I confess that a sudden death is generally undesirable, and therefore with reason we pray against it, because so very few are sufficiently prepared for it: but to him the constant employment of whose life was the best preparation for death that was possible, no death could be sudden; nay, it was rather a favour and blessing to him, because by how much the more sudden so much the more easy: as if God had designed to begin the reward of the great pains of his life in an easy death. And indeed it was rather a translation than a death; and, saving that his body was left behind, what was said of Enoch may not unfitly be applied to this pious and good man with respect to the suddenness of his change—he "walked with God, and was not, for God took him."

The Gunpowder Plot.

[One or two expressions in this sermon shew stronger feeling—almost amounting to excitement—than is characteristic of Tillotson. He was not only roused by the subject, but by the threatening aspect of the times.]

I will not trouble you with the particular narrative of this dark conspiracy, nor the obscure manner of its discovery, which Bellarmine himself acknowledges not to have been "without a miracle." Let us thank God that it was so happily discovered and disappointed, as I hope their present design will be by the same wonderful and merciful providence of God towards a most unworthy people. And may the lameness and halting of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, never depart from that order, but be a fate continually attending all their villanous plots and contrivances.

I shall only observe to you, that after the discovery of this plot the authors of it were not convinced of the evil, but sorry for the miscarriage of it. Sir Everard Digby, whose very original papers and letters are now in my hands, after he was in prison, and knew he must suffer, calls it "the best cause;" and was extremely troubled to hear it "censured by Catholics and priests, contrary to his expectation, for a great sin. Let me tell you," says he, "what a grief it is, to hear *that* so much condemned, which I did believe would have been otherwise thought of by Catholics." And yet he concludes that letter with these words, "In how full joy should I die, if I could do any thing for the cause which I love more than my life." And in another letter he says, he could have said something to have mitigated the odium of this business, as to that point of involving those of his own religion in the common ruin: "I dare not," says he, "take that course that I could to make it appear less odious, for divers were to have been brought out of danger, who now would rather hurt them than otherwise. I do not think there would have been three worth the saving that should have been lost." And as to the rest that were to have been swallowed up in that destruction, he seems not to have the least relenting in his mind about them. All doubts he seems to have looked upon as temptations, and entreats his friends "to pray for the pardoning of his not

sufficient striving against temptations since this business was undertook."

Good God! that anything that is called religion should so perfectly strip men of all humanity, and transform the mild and gentle race of mankind into such wolves and tigers; that ever a pretended zeal for Thy glory should instigate men to dishonour Thee at such a rate. It is believed by many, and not without cause, that the Pope and his faction are the Antichrist. I will say no more than I know in this matter; I am not so sure that it is he that is particularly designed in Scripture by that name, as I am of the main articles of the Christian faith; but however that be, I challenge Antichrist himself, whoever he be, and whenever he comes, to do worse and wickeder things than these.

But I must remember my text, and take heed of imitating that spirit which is there condemned, whilst I am inveighing against it. And in truth it almost looks uncharitably to speak the truth in these matters, and barely to relate what these men have not blushed to do. I need not, nay I cannot, aggravate these things—they are too horrible in themselves, even when they are expressed in the softest and gentlest words.

I would not be understood to charge every particular person who is, or hath been in the Roman communion, with the guilt of these or the like practices; but I must charge their doctrines and principles with them: I must charge the heads of their Church, and the prevalent teaching and governing part of it, who are usually the contrivers and abettors, the executioners and applauders of these cursed designs.

I do willingly acknowledge the great piety and charity of several persons who have lived and died in that communion, as Erasmus, Father Paul, Thuanus, and many others; who had in truth more goodness than the principles of that religion do either incline men to, or allow of. And yet he that considers how universally almost the Papists in Ireland were engaged in

that massacre, which is still fresh in our memories, will find it very hard to determine how many degrees of innocency and good nature, or of coldness and indifferency in religion, are necessary to overbalance the fury of a blind zeal and a misguided conscience.

I doubt not but Papists are made like other men. Nature hath not generally given them such savage and cruel dispositions, but their religion hath made them so. Whereas true Christianity is not only the best, but the best-natured institution in the world; and so far as any Church is departed from good nature, and become cruel and barbarous, so far is it degenerated from Christianity. I am loth to say it, and yet I am confident it is very true, that many Papists would have been excellent persons, and very good men, if their religion had not hindered them; if the doctrines and principles of their Church had not perverted and spoiled their natural dispositions.

I speak not this to exasperate you, worthy patriots and the great bulwark of our religion, to any unreasonable or unnecessary, much less unchristian severities against them: no, let us not do like them; let us never do anything for religion that is contrary to it. But I speak it to awaken your care thus far, that if their priests will always be putting these pernicious principles into the minds of the people, effectual provision may be made that it may never be in their power again to put them in practice. We have found by experience, that ever since the Reformation they have been continually pecking at the foundations of our peace and religion; when, God knows, we have been so far from thirsting after their blood, that we did not so much as desire their disquiet, but in order to our own necessary safety, and indeed to theirs.

SACRED POETS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

GEORGE HERBERT.

All who have read Isaak Walton's "Lives," remember the following incident:—"In a walk to Salisbury, he saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that was fallen under his load: they were both in distress, and needed present help; which Mr Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after to load, his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man; and was so like the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse; and told him, 'That if he loved himself he should be merciful to his beast.' Thus he left the poor man: and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr George Herbert, which used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed; but he told them the occasion. And when one of the company told him, 'He had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment,' his answer was, 'That the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight; and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience, whensoever he should pass by that place; for if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practise what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or shewing mercy; and I praise God for this occasion. And now let's tune our instruments.'"

What a fine picture of the genuine man, the Christian gentleman! A heartless blockhead—and wooden heads have usually hearts to correspond — would have laughed at the poor man's perplexities; a dandy would not have soiled his fine clothes; a mere sentimentalist would have gone home and written a sonnet; and the magistrate or clergyman, conservative of his dignity, would, commander-wise, have directed the packman what to do, or at best would have sent to his assistance the first labourer he met. But the rector of Bemerton was a good Samaritan. After the canonical coat was off, there still remained a hero—that next thing to a saint—the man who loves his neighbour as himself, and who feels that whatsoever in itself is right, is always sufficiently respectable. What made the action all the more beautiful was the performer's rare refinement. Born in the ancestral castle of Montgomery, the brother of a peer, himself for many years the frequenter of the court, the guest and favourite of the king, he had withal, what courtiers sometimes lack, a noble mind, and it was within a palatial, princely homestead that his fancy lived and moved. On this occasion he was on his way to the cathedral to enjoy a feast of music—possibly composing a stanza for "The Temple," as he paced across the plain; and it is one of the rarest and loveliest combinations when practical beneficence co-exists with an exquisite idealism—when, on a moment's warning, the seraph can become the ministering spirit, and from amidst the music of the spheres he can at once descend to such deeds of mercy as are needed on our world's highways.

The incident is an epitome of Herbert's pastoral life, and it is the key to most of his poetry, in which the beauty of holiness is made to invest the most common objects and actions, and in which this world and the next are joined together in a blessed harmony.

In keeping, too, with such a life, was his departure out of it. He had reached his fortieth year, and on the Sunday be-

fore he died, he rose suddenly from his bed, and, calling for his lute, he said—

"My God, my God,
My music shall find Thee,
And every string
Shall have his attribute to sing."

Then, tuning the instrument, he played and sang—

"The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gates stand ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope."

And thus, as Walton records, "he continued meditating, and praying, and rejoicing till the day of his death." On that day he said to his friend, Mr Woodnot, who had come from London to see him, "My dear friend, I am sorry I have nothing to present to my merciful God but sin and misery; but the first is pardoned, and a few hours will now put a period to the latter." Mr Woodnot reminded him of the church which he had rebuilt, and his many other deeds of beneficence, to which the dying Christian replied, "They be good works, if they be sprinkled with the blood of Christ, and not otherwise." Afterwards he appeared to be in great agony, and when his wife asked what ailed him, he said, "I have passed a conflict with my last enemy, but have overcome him by the merits of my Master, Jesus." His last words were, "Lord, forsake me not, now my strength faileth me; but grant me mercy for the merits of my Jesus. And now, Lord—Lord, now receive my soul;" words which were hardly uttered when his spirit passed away.

Herbert was born April 3, 1593. He studied at Cambridge, became a Fellow of Trinity, and was chosen public orator to the University, in which office he obtained the notice and the

friendship of King James. He was inducted to the living of Bemerton, near Salisbury, April 1630, and died in the spring of 1633. Agreeably to his own request, he was buried with the singing service for the dead, by the singing-men of Sarum, and his funeral took place on "the 3d of March 1632," o.s.* His brother was Lord Herbert of Cherbury, well known as one of the earliest and ablest of the deistical writers of England.

In the preface to his own "Poetical Fragments," Richard Baxter says, "I know that Cowley and others far exceed Herbert in wit, and accurate composure. But (as Seneca takes with me above all his contemporaries, because he speaketh things by words, feelingly and seriously, like a man that is past jest, so) Herbert speaks to God like one that really believeth a God, and whose business in this world is most with God. Heart-work and heaven-work make up his books." Had Herbert been less like Cowley, it would have fared better with his fame during these last generations; but within the last twenty years there has been a remarkable revival of his old renown. For this he is mainly indebted to that devotional feeling, at once cheerful and serious, which runs through all his compositions, and to those fine scintillations of fancy which brighten every page; and readers who are magnanimous enough to forgive in an old author the faults of his own period, will be richly rewarded in "holy Herbert's" gentle wisdom, and in the multitude of his quaint and happy memorabilia.†

Public Worship.

Restore to God His due in tithe and time;
A tithe purloin'd, cankers the whole estate.

* Willmott's Lives of Sacred Poets, p. 276.

† Herbert's Works are now rendered of easy attainment, by the careful and almost immaculate reprints of the late Mr Pickering. Of "The Temple" there is a sumptuous edition, exquisitely illustrated by Birket Foster.

Sundays observe: think when the bells do chime,
'Tis angels' music; therefore come not late.
God then deals blessings; if a king did so,
Who would not haste, nay give, to see the show?

Twice on the day His due is understood,
For all the week thy food so oft He gave thee.
Thy cheer is mended; bate not of the food,
Because 'tis better, and perhaps may save thee.
Thwart not th' Almighty God; O be not cross.
Fast when thou wilt; but then 'tis gain, not loss.

Though private prayer be a brave design,
Yet public hath more promises, more love;
And love 's a weight to hearts, to eyes a sign.
We all are but cold suitors; let us move
Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven;
Pray with the most; for where most pray, is heav'n.

When once thy foot enters the church, be bare.
God is more there than thou: for thou art there
Only by His permission. Then beware,
And make thyself all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne'er spoil'd silk stocking: quit thy state:
All equal are within the church's gate.¶

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most:
Praying 's the end of preaching. O be drest;
Stay not for the other pin. Why, thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
And send them to thy heart; that, spying sin,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise.
Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
Who marks in church-time others' symmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part;
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasure thither.
Christ purg'd His temple; so must thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy action well,
For churches either are our heaven or hell.

Judge not the preacher, for he is thy judge:
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
The worst speak something good: if all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.
He that by being at church, escapes the ditch,
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.
He that loves God's abode, and to combine
With saints on earth, shall one day with them shine.

Jest not at preachers' language or expression:
How know'st thou but thy sins made him miscarry?
Then turn thy faults and his into confession:
God sent him whatsoe'er he be: O tarry,
And love him for his Master: his condition,
Though it be ill, makes him no ill physician.

None shall in hell such bitter pangs endure,
As those who mock at God's way of salvation.
Whom oil and balsams kill, what salve can cure?
They drink with greediness a full damnation.
The Jews refused thunder; and we folly.
Though God do hedge us in, yet who is holy?

The Holy Scriptures.

O book! infinite sweetness! let my heart
Suck every letter, and a honey gain,
Precious for any grief in any part,
To clear the breast, to mollify all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving till it make
A full eternity: thou art a mass
Of strange delights, where we may wish and take.
Ladies, look here; this is the thankful glass,

That mends the looker's eyes: this is the well
That washes what it shews. Who can endear
Thy praise too much? thou art heaven's lieger * here,
Working against the states of death and hell.

Thou art joy's handsel: heaven lies flat in thee,
Subject to every mounter's bended knee.

Oh that I knew how all thy lights combine,
And the configurations of their glory!
Seeing not only how each verse doth shine,
But all the constellations of the story.

This verse marks that, and both do make a motion
Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie.
Then, as dispersed herbs do watch a potion,
These three make up some Christian's destiny.

Such are thy secrets, which my life makes good,
And comments on thee: for in every thing
Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring,
And in another make me understood.

Stars are poor books, and oftentimes do miss:
This book of stars lights to eternal bliss.

Church Music.

Sweetest of sweets, I thank you; when displeasure
Did through my body wound my mind,
You took me thence, and in your house of pleasure
A dainty lodging me assign'd.

Now I in you without a body move,
Rising and falling with your wings:

* Resident ambassador.

We both together sweetly live and love,
  Yet say sometimes, "God help poor kings!"

Comfort, I'll die; for if you post from me,
  Sure I shall do so, and much more:
But if I travel in your company,
  You know the way to heaven's door.

Constancy.

Who is the honest man?—
He that doth still, and strongly, good pursue,
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true:
  Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due:

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy, that ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glitt'ring look it blind:
  Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind:

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks, nor shuns them; but doth calmly stay,
Till he the thing and the example weigh:
  All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay:

Whom none can work, or woo,
To use in anything a trick or sleight;
For above all things he abhors deceit;
  His words and works, and fashion too,
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight:

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations: when the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run:
  The sun to others writeth laws,
And is their virtue—Virtue is his sun:

Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way:
Whom others' faults do not defeat;
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play:

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias, from his will
To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend the ill.—
This is the mark-man, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

Peace.

Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave,
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And ask'd if Peace were there.
A hollow wind did seem to answer, No;
Go, seek elsewhere.

I did; and going, did a rainbow note:
Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of Peace's coat:
I will search out the matter;
But while I look'd, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,
The Crown Imperial: Sure, said I,
Peace at the root must dwell;
But when I digg'd, I saw a worm devour
What shew'd so well.

At length I met a reverend good old man:
Whom, when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began:
There was a Prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.

He sweetly lived; yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes,
But after death out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat;
Which many wondering at, got some of those
To plant and set.

It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth:
For they that taste it do rehearse
That virtues lie therein;
A secret virtue, bringing Peace and Mirth
By flight of sin.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you:
Make bread of it, and then repose;
And Peace, which everywhere
With so much earnestness you do pursue,
Is only there.

Sunday.

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
Th' indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood;
The couch of time; care's balm and bay;
The week were dark, but for thy light:
Thy torch doth shew the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The working-days are the back-part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death; but thou dost pull,

And turn us round to look on One,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still;
Since there is no place so alone
The which He doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are
On which heaven's palace arched lies:
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden: that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gates stand ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for His:
That as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our Creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at His passion
Did th' earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence;
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at His expense,

Whose drops of blood paid the full price
That was requir'd to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth:
Oh! let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven!

Employment.

He that is weary, let him sit:
My soul would stir
And trade in courtesies and wit,
Quitting the fur,
To cold complexions needing it.

Man is no star, but a quick coal
Of mortal fire:
Who blows it not, nor doth control
A faint desire,
Lets his own ashes choke his soul.

When th' elements did for place contest
With Him whose will
Ordain'd the highest to be best,
The earth sat still,
And by the others is opprest.

Life is a business, not good cheer;
Ever in wars.
The sun still shineth there or here,
Whereas the stars
Watch an advantage to appear.

Oh, that I were an orange tree,
That busy plant!

Then should I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for him that dresseth me.

But we are still too young or old;
The man is gone,
Before we do our wares unfold:
So we freeze on,
Until the grave increase our cold.

Virtue.

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave;
And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie—
My music shews ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

Life.

I made a posy, while the day ran by:
"Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band."
But Time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And wither'd in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart;
I took, without more thinking, in good part
Time's gentle admonition;
Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,
Yet sugaring the suspicion.

Farewell, dear flowers; sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit, while ye liv'd, for smell or ornament,
And after death for cures.
I follow straight, without complaints or grief;
Since, if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.

Prayer.

Of what an easy quick access,
My blessed Lord, art Thou! how suddenly
May our requests Thine ear invade!
To shew that state dislikes not easiness,
If I but lift mine eyes, my suit is made:
Thou canst no more not hear, than Thou canst die.

Of what supreme almighty power
Is Thy great arm, which spans the east and west,
And tacks the centre to the sphere!
By it do all things live their measur'd hour:
We cannot ask the thing which is not there,
Blaming the shallowness of our request.

Of what unmeasurable love
Art Thou possess'd, who when Thou couldst not die,
Wert fain to take our flesh and curse,
And for our sakes in person sin reprove!
That by destroying that which tied Thy purse,
Thou might'st make way for liberality.

Since then these three wait on Thy throne,
Ease, Power, and Love; I value prayer so,
That were I to leave all but one,
Wealth, fame, endowments, virtues, all should go:

I, and dear prayer, would together dwell,
And quickly gain, for each inch lost, an ell.

Providence.

O sacred Providence, who from end to end
Strongly and sweetly movest! shall I write,
And not of Thee, through whom my fingers bend
To hold my quill? Shall they not do Thee right?

Of all the creatures both in sea and land
Only to man Thou hast made known Thy ways,
And put the pen alone into his hand,
And made him secretary of Thy praise.

Beasts fain would sing; birds ditty to their notes;
Trees would be tuning on their native lute
To Thy renown: but all their hands and throats
Are brought to man, while they are lame and mute.

Man is the world's high-priest; he doth present
The sacrifice for all; while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent,—
Such as springs use that fall, and winds that blow.

He that to praise and laud Thee doth refrain
Doth not refrain unto himself alone,
But robs a thousand, who would praise Thee fain;
And doth commit a world of sin in one.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present,
For me and all my fellows, praise to Thee:
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

We all acknowledge both Thy power and love
To be exact, transcendent, and divine;
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
While all things have their will, yet none but Thine.

For either Thy command or Thy permission
Lay hands on all; they are Thy right and left;

The first puts on with speed an expedition;
The other curbs sin's stealing pace and theft:

Nothing escapes them both; all must appear,
And be dispos'd, and dress'd, and tun'd by Thee,
Who sweetly temper'st all. If we could hear
Thy skill and art, what music would it be!

Thou art in small things great, not small in any;
Thy even praise can neither rise nor fall.
Thou art in all things one, in each thing many:
For Thou art infinite in one, and all.

Tempests are calm to Thee, they know Thy hand,
And hold it fast, as children do their father's,
Which cry and follow. Thou hast made poor sand
Check the proud sea, even when it swells and gathers.

Thy cupboard serves the world; the meat is set,
Where all may reach; no beast but knows his feed.
Birds teach us hawking; fishes have their net:
The great prey on the less, they on some weed.

Nothing engender'd doth prevent his meat;
Flies have their tables spread, e'er they appear;
Some creatures have in winter what to eat;
Others do sleep, and envy not their cheer.

How finely dost Thou times and seasons spin,
And make a twist checker'd with night and day!
Which as it lengthens, winds, and winds us in,
As bowls go on, but turning all the way.

Each creature hath a wisdom for his good.
The pigeons feed their tender offspring, crying,
When they are callow; but withdraw their food,
When they are fledged, that need may teach them flying.

Bees work for man; and yet they never bruise
Their master's flower, but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever, and as fit to use:
So both the flower doth stay, and honey run.

Sheep eat the grass, and dung the ground for more:
Trees after bearing drop their leaves for soil:
Springs vent their streams, and by expense get store:
Clouds cool by heat, and baths by cooling boil.

Who hath the virtue to express the rare
And curious virtues both of herbs and stones?
Is there an herb for that? O that Thy care
Would shew a root that gives expressions!

And if an herb hath power, what have the stars!
A rose, besides his beauty, is a cure.
Doubtless our plagues and plenty, peace and wars,
Are there much surer than our art is sure.

Thou hast hid metals: man may take them thence,
But at his peril; when he digs the place,
He makes a grave; as if the thing had sense,
And threaten'd man, that he should fill the space.

Ev'n poisons praise Thee. Should a thing be lost?
Should creatures want, for want of heed, their due?
Since where are poisons, antidotes are most;
The help stands close, and keeps the fear in view.

The sea, which seems to stop the traveller,
Is by a ship the speedier passage made.
The winds, who think they rule the mariner,
Are rul'd by him, and taught to serve his trade.

And as Thy house is full, so I adore
Thy curious art in marshalling Thy goods.
The hills with health abound, the vales with store;
The south, with marble; north, with furs and woods.

Hard things are glorious; easy things good cheap;
The common all men have; that which is rare,
Men therefore seek to have and care to keep.
The healthy frosts with summer fruits compare.

Light without wind is glass; warm without weight
Is wool and furs; cool without coldness, shade;

Speed without pains, a horse; tall without height,
A servile hawk; low without loss, a spade.

All countries have enough to serve their need:
If they seek fine things, Thou dost make them run
For their offence; and then dost turn their speed
To be commerce and trade from sun to sun.

Nothing wears clothes but man; nothing doth need
But he to wear them. Nothing useth fire,
But man alone, to shew his heavenly breed:
And only he hath fuel in desire.

When the earth was dry, Thou mad'st a sea of wet;
When that lay gather'd, Thou didst broach the mountains;
When yet some places could no moisture get,
The winds grew gard'ners, and the clouds good fountains.

Rain, do not hurt my flowers; but gently spend
Your honey-drops; press not to smell them here;
When they are ripe, their odour will ascend,
And at your lodging with their thanks appear.

But who hath praise enough? nay, who hath any?
None can express Thy works but he that knows them;
And none can know Thy works, which are so many,
And so complete, but only He that owns them.

All things that are, though they have several ways,
Yet in their being join with one advice
To honour Thee; and so I give Thee praise
In all my other hymns, but in this twice.

Each thing that is, although in use and name
It go for one, hath many ways in store
To honour Thee: and so each hymn thy fam
Extolleth many ways; yet this, one more.

The Flower.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are Thy returns! ev'n as the flowers in spring:

To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frost's tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivell'd heart
Could have recover'd greenness? It was gone
Quite under ground, as flowers depart
To see their mother root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power!
Killing and quick'ning, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an hour;
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.
We say amiss,
'This or that is:'
Thy word is all, if we would spell.

Oh, that I once past changing were;
Fast in Thy Paradise, where no flow'r can wither!
Many a spring I shot up fair,
Offering at heav'n, growing and groaning thither:
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring-shower,
My sins and I joining together.

But, while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline:
What frost to that? What pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When thou dost turn,
And the least frown of thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again;
After so many deaths I live and write,
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing. O my only light,

It cannot be
That I am he,
On whom Thy tempests fell at night!

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love!
To make us see we are but flow'rs that glide:
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us where to 'bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

William Crashaw was a celebrated preacher at the Temple, and his son Richard, who was born in London, was a student of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. He was afterwards elected a Fellow of Peterhouse. With a pensive and poetical temperament, and, at the same time, with feelings deeply devotional, he was ill at home amidst the wranglings and tumults of the Parliamentary era, and at last, when ejected from his fellowship, he took refuge in the Church of Rome. He seems to have died in Italy; but the exact period of his death, as well as of his birth, is unknown.

Mystical, enthusiastic, artificial, Crashaw is a poet by no means English. He seldom sees either an object in nature or a truth in revelation, as it offers itself to Anglo-Saxon eyes; but everything has a halo or nimbus around it, and is painted in mediæval proportions. But the less that we sympathise with this style, the stronger is the testimony implied in the homage which we are constrained to yield to the author's genius; and no one can read such effusions as the following without feeling that the harp is in the hand of a master, and, we might almost add, without envying the fervour of the enraptured minstrel, whose motto was—

"Live, Jesus, live, and let it be
My life to die for love of Thee."

Hymn to the Name of Jesus.

I sing the Name which none can say
But touch'd with an interior ray;
The name of our new peace; our good;
Our bliss, and supernatural blood;
The name of all our lives and loves:
Hearken, and help, ye holy doves!
The high-born brood of day; you bright
Candidates of blissful light,
The heirs elect of love; whose names belong
Unto the everlasting life of song;
All ye wise souls, who in the wealthy breast
Of this unbounded Name build your warm nest.
Awake, my glory! soul (if such thou be,
And that fair word at all refer to thee),
Awake and sing
And be all wing!
Bring hither thy whole self; and let me see,
What of thy parent heaven yet speaks in thee.
O thou art poor
Of noble powers, I see,
And full of nothing else but empty me;
Narrow and low, and infinitely less
Than this great morning's mighty business.
One little world or two,
Alas, will never do;
We must have store,
Go, soul, out of thyself, and seek for more,
Go and request
Great Nature for the key of her huge chest
Of heav'ns, the self-involving set of spheres,
(Which dull mortality more feels than hears),
Then rouse the nest
Of nimble art, and traverse round
The airy shop of soul-appeasing sound:
And beat a summons in the same
All-sovereign name,
To warn each several kind
And shape of sweetness—be they such

As sigh with supple wind
Or answer artful touch—
That they convene and come away
To wait at the love-crowned doors of that illustrious day.
Wake, lute and harp,
And every sweet-lipp'd thing
That talks with tuneful string!
Start into life, and leap with me
Into a hasty fit-tun'd harmony.
Nor must you think it much
To obey my bolder touch:
I have authority, in love's name, to take you
And to the work of love this morning wake you.
Wake! in the name
Of Him who never sleeps, all things that are,—
Or, what's the same,
Are musical;
Answer my call,
And come along;
Help me to meditate mine immortal song.
Come, ye soft ministers of sweet sad mirth!
Bring all your household-stuff of heaven on earth.
Oh you, my soul's most certain wings,
Complaining pipes, and prattling strings,
Bring all the store
Of sweets you have; and murmur that you have no more.
Come, ne'er to part,
Nature and Art!
Come; and come strong,
To the conspiracy of our spacious song.
Bring all the powers of praise
Your provinces of well-united worlds can raise;
Bring all your lutes and harps of heaven and earth,
Whate'er co-operates to the common mirth;
Vessels of vocal joys,
Or you, more noble architects of intellectual noise,
Cymbals of heav'n, or human spheres,
Solicitors of souls or ears:
And when you are come, with all
That you can bring or we can call,

Oh may you fix
For ever here, and mix
Yourselves into the long
And everlasting series of a deathless song;—
Mix all your many worlds, above,
And loose them into one, of love.
Cheer thee, my heart!
For thou too hast thy part,
And place, in the great throng
Of this unbounded all-embracing song.
Powers of my soul, be proud!
And speak aloud
To all the dear-bought nations this redeeming name,
And in the wealth of one rich word proclaim
New similes to nature.
May it be no wrong,
Blest heav'ns! to you, and your superior song,
That we, dark sons of dust and sorrow,
Awhile dare borrow
The name of your delights and our desires,
And fit it to so far inferior lyres.
Our murmurs have their music too,
Ye mighty orbs! as well as you;
Nor yields the noblest nest
Of warbling seraphim, to th' ears of love,
A choicer lesson than the joyful breast
Of a poor panting turtle-dove.
And we, low worms, have leave to do
The same bright business, ye third heav'ns! with you.
Gentle spirits, do not complain;
We will have care
To keep it fair,
And send it back to you again.
Come, lovely name! appear from forth the bright
Regions of peaceful light;
Look from thine own illustrious home,
Fair King of names, and come:
Leave all thy native glories in their gorgeous nest,
And give thyself awhile the gracious guest
Of humble souls, that seek to find

The hidden sweets
Which man's heart meets
When thou art master of the mind.
Come, lovely name! life of our hope!
Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope!
Unlock thy cabinet of day,
Dearest sweet, and come away.
Lo, how the thirsty lands
Gasp for thy golden showers, with long stretch'd hands!
Lo, how the labouring earth
That hopes to be
All heaven by thee,
Leaps at thy birth!
The attending world, to wait thy rise,
First turn'd to eyes;
And then, not knowing what to do,
Turn'd them to tears, and spent them too.
Come, royal name! and pay the expense
Of all this precious patience:
Oh, come away
And kill the death of this delay.
Oh see, so many worlds of barren years
Melted and measur'd out in seas of tears!
Oh, see the weary lids of wakeful hope
(Love's eastern windows) all wide ope
With curtains drawn,
To catch the daybreak of the dawn.
Oh dawn at last, long-look'd for day!
Take thine own wings and come away.
Lo, where aloft it comes! It comes, among
The conduct of adoring spirits, that throng
Like diligent bees, and swarm about it.
Oh, they are wise,
And know what sweets are suck'd from out it.
It is the hive
By which they thrive,
Where all their hoard of honey lies.
Lo, where it comes, upon the snowy dove's
Soft back, and brings a bosom big with loves.
Welcome to our dark world, thou womb of day!

Unfold thy fair conceptions; and display
The birth of our bright joys.
Oh, thou compacted
Body of blessings! spirit of souls extracted!
Oh dissipate thy spicy powers,
Cloud of condensed sweets! and break upon us
In balmy showers!
Oh, fill our senses, and take from us
All force of so profane a fallacy,
To think aught sweet but that which smells of thee.
Fair, flowery name! in none but thee,
And thy nectareal fragrancy,
Hourly there meets
An universal synod of all sweets;
By whom it is defined thus—
That no perfume
For ever shall presume
To pass for odoriferous,
But such alone whose sacred pedigree
Can prove itself some kin, sweet name! to thee.
Sweet name, in thy each syllable
A thousand blest Arabias dwell;
A thousand hills of frankincense;
Mountains of myrrh, and beds of spices,
And ten thousand paradises,
The soul, that tastes thee, takes from thence.
How many unknown worlds there are
Of comforts, which thou hast in keeping!
How many thousand mercies there
In pity's soft lap lie a-sleeping!
Happy he who has the art
To awake them,
And to take them
Home, and lodge them in his heart.
Oh, that it were as it was wont to be,
When thy old friends of fire, all full of thee,
Fought against frowns with smiles; gave glorious chase
To persecutions; and against the face
Of death and fiercest dangers, durst with brave
And sober pace march on to meet a grave.

On their bold breasts about the world they bore thee,
And to the teeth of hell stood up to teach thee;
In centre of their inmost souls they wore thee,
Where racks and torments strived in vain to reach thee.
Little, alas! thought they
Who tore the fair breasts of thy friends,
Their fury but made way
For thee, and served them in thy glorious ends.
What did their weapons, but with wider pores
Enlarge thy flaming-breasted lovers,
More freely to transpire
That impatient fire
The heart that hides thee hardly covers?
What did their weapons, but set wide the doors
For thee? fair purple doors, of love's devising;
The ruby windows which enrich'd the east
Of thy so oft-repeated rising.
Each wound of theirs was thy new morning,
And re-enthroned thee in thy rosy nest,
With blush of thine own blood thy day adorning:
It was the wit of love o'erflow'd the bounds
Of wrath, and made the way through all these wounds.
Welcome, dear, all-adored name!
For sure there is no knee
That knows not thee;
Or if there be such sons of shame,
Alas! what will they do,
When stubborn rocks shall bow,
And hills hang down their heav'n-saluting heads
To seek for humble beds
Of dust, where, in the bashful shades of night,
Next to their own low nothing they may lie,
And couch before the dazzling light of thy dread Majesty.
They that by love's mild dictate now
Will not adore thee,
Shall then, with just confusion, bow
And break before thee.

The Hymn, "Dies Iræ."

Hear'st thou, my soul, what serious things
Both the psalm and sybil sings
Of a sure Judge, from whose sharp ray
The world in flames shall fly away?

O that fire! before whose face
Heav'n and earth shall find no place:
O these eyes! whose angry light
Must be the day of that dread night.

O that trump! whose blast shall run
An even round with the circling sun,
And urge the murmuring graves to bring
Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

Horror of nature, hell and death!
When a deep groan from beneath
Shall cry, "We come! we come!" and all
The caves of night answer one call.

O that book! whose leaves so bright
Will set the world in severe light:
O that Judge! whose hand, whose eye
None can endure—yet none can fly.

Ah, then, poor soul, what wilt thou say?
And to what patron choose to pray?
When stars themselves shall stagger, and
The most firm foot no more then stand.

But Thou giv'st leave, dread Lord, that we
Take shelter from Thyself, in Thee;
And, with the wings of Thine own dove,
Fly to the sceptre of soft love.

Dear Lord! remember in that day
Who was the cause Thou cam'st this way:

Thy sheep was stray'd, and Thou wouldst be
Even lost thyself in seeking me.

Shall all that labour, all that cost
Of love, and ev'n that loss, be lost?
And this loved soul, judged worth no less
Than all that way and weariness?

Just Mercy, then, thy reckoning be
With my price, and not with me:
'Twas paid at first with too much pain,
To be paid twice, or once in vain.

Mercy, my Judge, mercy I cry
With blushing cheek and bleeding eye:
The conscious colours of my sin
Are red without and pale within.

O let Thine own soft bowels pay
Thyself; and so discharge that day.
If sin can sigh, love can forgive:—
O say the word, my soul shall live.

Those mercies which Thy Mary found,
Or who Thy cross confess'd and crown'd,
Hope tells my heart, the same loves be
Still alive and still for me.

Though both my pray'rs and tears combine,
Both worthless are; for they are mine:
But Thou Thy bounteous self still be,
And shew Thou art, by saving me.

O, when Thy last frown shall proclaim
The flocks of goats to folds of flame,
And all Thy lost sheep found shall be,
Let "Come, ye blessed," then call me.

When the dread "*Ite*" shall divide
Those limbs of death from Thy left side,
Let those life-speaking lips command
That I inherit Thy right hand.

Oh, hear a suppliant heart, all crush'd
And crumbled into contrite dust!
My hope, my fear! my Judge, my Friend!
Take charge of me, and of my end.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

The style of which Crashaw and Herbert are examples, culminated in Abraham Cowley.* Like the old fashion of gilding green leaves, it must be lamented that the most versatile poet in the seventeenth century wasted on ephemeral themes so much of the fine gold of his genius; and it is equally lamentable that, in his graver efforts, "never pathetic, and rarely sublime, but always either ingenious or learned, either acute or profound," the taste of his readers is constantly offended by extravagance, and their patience tried by pedantry. Still, it must be admitted, in the words of the great critic, that "he brought to his poetic labours a mind replete with learning, and that his pages are embellished with all the ornaments which books could supply; that he was the first who imparted to English numbers the enthusiasm of the greater ode, and the gaiety of the less; that he was equally qualified for sprightly sallies and for lofty flights; and that he was among those who freed translation from servility, and, instead of following his author at a distance, walked by his side." †

The first of the following specimens is from "Davideis," an epic poem on the Triumphs of David, of which only the first four books were written:—

Gabriel.

Thus dress'd, the joyful Gabriel posts away,
And carries with him his own glorious day

* Born 1618; died May 2, 1667.
† Johnson's Lives of the Poets.

Through the thick woods; the gloomy shades awhile
Put on fresh looks, and wonder why they smile;
The trembling serpents close and silent lie,
The birds obscene far from his passage fly.
A sudden spring waits on him as he goes,
Sudden as that which by creation rose.
Thus he appears to David; at first sight
All earth-born fears and sorrows take their flight.
In rushes joy divine, and hope, and rest;
A sacred calm shines through his peaceful breast.
Hail, man beloved! From highest heaven (said he)
My mighty Master sends thee health by me.
The things thou sawest are full of truth and light,
Shaped in the glass of the Divine foresight.
Ev'n now old Time is harnessing the years
To go in order thus. Hence, empty fears!
Thy fate's all white; from thy blest seed shalt spring
The promised Shiloh, the great mystic King.
Round the whole earth His dreaded name shall sound,
And reach the worlds that must not yet be found.
The Southern clime Him her sole Lord shall style;
Him all the North, ev'n Albion's stubborn isle.

The Ecstacy.

I leave mortality, and things below;
I have no time in compliments to waste,
Farewell to ye all in haste,
For I am call'd to go.
A whirlwind bears up my dull feet,
The officious clouds beneath them meet,
And lo! I mount, and lo!
How small the biggest parts of earth's proud tittle show!

Where shall I find the noble British land?
Lo! I at last a northern speck espy,
Which in the sea does lie,
And seems a grain o' th' sand!
For this will any sin, or bleed?
Of civil wars is this the meed?

And is it this, alas! which we,
Oh, irony of words! do call Great Britannie?

I pass'd by th' arched magazines, which hold
Th' eternal stores of frost, and rain, and snow;
Dry and secure I go,
Nor shake with fear, or cold.
Without affright or wonder
I meet clouds charged with thunder,
And lightnings in my way
Like harmless lambent fires about my temples play.

Now into a gentle sea of rolling flame
I'm plunged, and still mount higher there,
As flames mount up through air,
So perfect, yet so tame,
So great, so pure, so bright a fire
Was that unfortunate desire,
My faithful breast did cover,
Then, when I was of late a wretched mortal lover.

Through several orbs which one fair planet bear,
Where I behold distinctly as I pass
The hints of Galileo's glass,
I touch at last the spangled sphere.
Here all the extended sky
Is but one galaxy,
'Tis all so bright and gay,
And the joint eyes of night make up a perfect day.

Where am I now? angels and God is here:
An unexhausted ocean of delight
Swallows my senses quite,
And drowns all what, or how, or where.
Not Paul, who first did thither pass,
And this great world's Columbus was,
The tyrannous pleasure could express;
Oh, 'tis too much for man! but let it ne'er be less.

The mighty Elijah mounted so on high,
That second man, who leap'd the ditch where all

The rest of mankind fall,
And went not downwards to the sky.
With much of pomp and show,
As conquering kings in triumph go,
Did he to heav'n approach,
And wondrous was his way, and wondrous was his coach.

'Twas gaudy all, and rich in every part,
Of essences of gems, and spirit of gold
Was its substantial mould;
Drawn forth by chymic angels' art.
Here with moon-beams 'twas silvered bright,
There double-gilt with the sun's light,
And mystic shapes cut round in it,
Figures that did transcend a vulgar angel's wit.

The horses were of temper'd lightning made,
Of all that in heav'n's beauteous pastures feed
The noblest, sprightful'st breed,
And flaming manes their necks array'd.
They all were shod with diamond,
Not such as here are found,
But such light solid ones as shine
On the transparent rocks o' the heavenly crystalline.

Thus mounted the great prophet to the skies:
Astonish'd men, who oft had seen stars fall,
Or that which so they call,
Wonder'd from hence to see one rise.
The soft clouds melted him away,
The snow and frosts which in it lay
Awhile the sacred footsteps bore,
The wheels and horses' hoofs hiss'd as they past them o'er.

He past by the moon and planets, and did fright
All the worlds there, which at this meteor gazed,
And their astrologers amazed
With the unexampled sight.
But where he stopp'd will ne'er be known,
'Till Phœnix nature, aged grown,
To a better being do aspire,
And mount herself, like him, to eternity on fire.

GEORGE WITHER.

George Wither was born in 1588. After two years at Oxford, he came to Lincoln's Inn to study law; but, making the acquaintance of William Brown, the poet, his thoughts were turned to literature, and he commenced the career of authorship. His publications are very numerous, and they are distinguished by a force and depth of thought, and a sweetness of versification, which entitle them to more attention than they have received during the last hundred and fifty years. His life was one of many virtues and great vicissitudes. During a great plague which ravaged London in 1625, he devoted himself to the care of the sick and dying, and his habits were of "almost patriarchal simplicity."* But for the freedom with which he satirised the vices of the times, in one of his earlier volumes, he was thrown into Newgate; and, owing to his puritanism, on the restoration of Charles II., he was committed to the Tower, where he had well-nigh ended his days. He died May 2, 1667.

The Suffering Saviour.

You that like heedless strangers pass along,
  As if nought here concerned you to-day;
Draw nigh, and hear the saddest passion-song,
  That ever you did meet with in your way:
So sad a story ne'er was told before,
Nor shall there be the like for evermore.

The greatest king that ever wore a crown,
  More than the basest vassal was abused;
The truest lover that ever was known,
  By them He loved was most unkindly used:

* Introduction to Wither's "Hymns and Songs of the Church." Edited by E. Farr. London: 1856.

And He that lived from all transgressions clear,
Was plagued for all the sins that ever were.

Oh! could we but the thousandth part relate,
Of those afflictions which they made Him bear,
Our hearts with passion would dissolve thereat,
And we should sit and weep for ever here;
Nor should we glad again hereafter be,
But that we hope in glory Him to see.

For while upon the cross He pained hung,
And was with soul-tormentings also grieved
(Far more than can be told by any tongue,
Or in the hearts of mortals be conceived);
Those for whose sake He underwent such pain,
Rejoiced thereat, and held Him in disdain.

One offer'd to Him vinegar and gall;
A second did His pious works deride;
To dicing for His robes did others fall;
And many mock'd Him, when to God He cried;
Yet He, as they His pain still more procured,
Still loved, and for their good the more endured.

But, though his matchless love immortal were,
It was a mortal body He had on,
That could no more than mortal bodies bear;
Their malice, therefore, did prevail thereon:
And lo, their utmost fury having tried,
This Lamb of God gave up the ghost, and died.

Whose death, though cruel, unrelenting man
Could view, without bewailing or affright;
The sun grew dark, the earth to quake began,
The temple veil did rend asunder quite;
Yea, hardest rocks therewith in pieces brake,
And graves did open, and the dead awake.

Oh, therefore, let us all that present be,
This innocent with moved souls embrace;
For this was our Redeemer, this was He,
Who thus for our unkindness used was;

E'en He, the cursed Jews and Pilate slew,
Is He alone, of whom all this is true.

Our sins of spite were part of those that day,
  Whose cruel whips and thorns did make Him smart,
Our lusts were those that tired Him in the way,
  Our want of love was that which pierced His heart;
And still, when we forget, or slight His pain,
We crucify and torture Him again.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, which in heaven art,
We sanctify Thy name:
Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done,
In heaven and earth the same:
Give us this day our daily bread:
And us forgive Thou so,
As we on them that us offend
Forgiveness do bestow:
Into temptation lead us not,
But us from evil free:
For Thine the kingdom, power, and praise,
Is, and shall ever be.*

EDWARD BENLOWES.

Edward Benlowes was born of an old and opulent family, at Brent Hall, Essex, in 1602. After passing through the curriculum at St John's College, Cambridge, he took a lengthened tour on the continent, and came home with a mind expanded

* The above is remarkable for its compactness. It contains only two words more than the prose of the authorised version. The same is the case with a metrical version composed by the late Dr Judson, in prison at Ava, and published in the tenth chapter of his Life.

and enriched beyond most of his contemporaries. His tastes were literary, and his dispositions generous; and he became the patron, not only of men of merit, like Quarles, but of indigent parasites and adventurers, who at last exhausted his resources, and involved him in responsibilities which even his ample heritage could not meet. The consequence was that, in his old age, he found himself the inmate of a debtor's prison; and the remaining eight years of his life he spent in Oxford, in the extreme of poverty. There he died, Dec. 18, 1676.

Shortly after the appearance of Beaumont's "Psyche," Benlowe published (1652) a poem on a similar subject—"Theophila, or Love's Sacrifice." Like a late author, who combined the agreeable vocations of bard and banker, Mr Benlowe spared no expense in introducing his work to the public; but it came forth embellished with engravings, some of them by Hollar, remarkably elaborate and beautiful, in a style of sumptuous typography, and prefaced by a long array of encomiums on the author. Perfect copies are now excessively rare, and it is partly as a matter of curiosity, that we quote a specimen from an author who, although so much extolled in his time, has been over-looked in almost every subsequent survey of our Christian literature. At the same time, if we do not greatly mistake, such stanzas as the following, indicate a considerable share of poetic taste and feeling:—

Rural Retirement.

From public roads to private joy's our flight;
To view God's love we leave man's sight,
Rich in the purchase of a friend who gilds delight.

That sea-dividing Prince, whose sceptred rod
Wrought freedom to the Church of God,
Made in the Mount of Horeb forty days' abode.

In wilderness the Baptist shin'd more clear;
In life's night starry souls appear:
They who themselves eclipse are to heaven's court more dear.

The low-built fortune harbours peace, when as
Ambitious high-roofed Babels pass
Through storms: content with thankfulness each blessing has.

So fragrant violets, blushing strawberries,
Close-shrouded lurk from lofty eyes,
The emblem of sweet bliss, which low and hidden lies.

Though in rough shells our bodies kernell'd are,
Our roof is neat, and sweet our fare;
Banish'd are noisome vapours to the pent-up air.

No subtle poison in our cup we fear—
Goblets of gold such horrors bear;
No palace-furies haunt, O rich content! thy cheer.

When early Phosphor lights from eastern bed
The grey-ey'd morn, with blushes red;
When opal colours prank the orient tulip's head:

Then walk we forth, where twinkling spangles shew,
Entinselling like stars the dew;
Where buds like pearls, and where we leaves like em'ralds view.

Birds by grovets in feather'd garments sing
New ditties to the non-ag'd spring:
Oh! how those traceless minstrels cheer up everything!

While teeming earth flower'd satin wears, emboss'd
With trees, with bushes shagg'd, with most
Clear riv'lets edged, by rocky winds each gently toss'd,

The branching standards of the chirping grove,
With rustling boughs, and streams that move
In murm'ring rage, seem Nature's concert tun'd by love.

Ourselves, here steal we from ourselves, by qualms
Of pleasure rais'd from new-coin'd psalms,
When skies are blue, earth green, and meadows flow with balms.

We there, on grassy tufted tapestries,
  In guiltless shades, by full-hair'd trees,
Leaning unpillow'd heads view Nature's ants and bees:

Justly admiring more those agile ants,
  Than castle-bearing elephants;
Where industry epitomiz'd no vigour wants.

More than at tusks of boars we wonder at
  This moth's strange teeth. Legs of this gnat
Pass large-limb'd griffins. Then on bees we musing sate:

How colonies, realms' hope, they breed, proclaim
  Their king, how nectar courts they frame,
How they, in waxen cells, record their princes' fame.

Thinking—which some deem idleness—to me
  It seems life's heaven on earth to be;
By observation God is seen in all we see.

Our books are heav'n above us, air and sea
  Around, earth under; faith's our stay,
And grace our guide, the Word our light, and Christ our way.

Friend, view that rock, and think from rock's green wound
  How thirst-expelling streams did bound;
View streams, and think how Jordan did become dry ground.

View seas, and think how waves, like walls of glass,
  Stood fix'd, while Hebrew troops did pass;
But clos'd the Pharian host in one confused mass.

These flow'rs we see to-day, like beauty brave,
  At ev'n will be shut up, and have
Next week their death, then buried soon in stalks, their grave.

Beauty 's a flower, fame puff, high state a gaze,
  Pleasure a dance, and gold a blaze;
Greatness a load. These soon are lost in time's short maze.

Thoughts, dwell on this. Let's be our own death's head.
  The glorious martyr lives though dead,
Sweet rose, in his own fadeless leaves enveloped.

Time in eternity's immense book is
But as a short parenthesis;
Man's life a point, God's day is never-setting bliss.

Such mental buds we from each object take,
And for Christ's spouse of them we make
Spiritual wreaths; nor do we her own words forsake:

"Arise, O north, and thou, O south wind blow;
Let scent of flow'rs and spices flow,
That the Beloved may into His garden go:"

Whose beauty flow'rs, whose height made lofty trees,
Whose permanence made time, and these
Pay tribute by returns to Him, as springs to seas.

DR JOSEPH BEAUMONT.

Dr Joseph Beaumont* was an alumnus of Peterhouse, Cambridge, where he became a Fellow, and continued to prosecute his favourite studies until he was twenty-eight. By that time the Parliamentary war had broken out, and Beaumont, being a Royalist, was deprived of his fellowship, and was obliged to leave the University. His early patron, Bishop Wren of Ely, still befriended him, and in 1650 he married the Bishop's step-daughter. The Restoration obtained for him an immediate appointment as one of his Majesty's chaplains, besides the restitution of his former livings; and in 1663 he was promoted to the mastership of Peterhouse. To this, in 1670, was added the professorship of divinity. The duties of his several offices he appears to have discharged with spirit and efficiency, and he was seized with his last illness on November 5, 1699—the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot—after the exertion of preaching in his turn before the University in the eighty-fourth year of his age. This good old age he seems to have

* Born at Hadleigh, Suffolk, March 13, 1615; died at Cambridge, Nov. 23, 1699.

attained without the advantage of a robust constitution: for in 1662, we find him obtaining from the Vice-Chancellor a dispensation to eat flesh during the season of Lent, alleging, like Erasmus, that fish did not agree with him.

During the Parliamentary wars he resided at his native Hadleigh, and here he beguiled a year of leisure with the composition of a poem longer than the "Fairy Queen." In April 1647, he began, and in the following March he finished, "Psyche, or Love's Mystery: displaying the Intercourse betwixt Christ and the Soul." The first edition appeared in the same year, 1648; and the second, enlarged by four additional cantos, and published in 1702, extends to 370 folio pages of double columns, or nearly 40,000 lines. The nine cantos devoted to the life of our Lord are the most interesting portion; but if any one has read the whole poem, it cannot have been the attraction of the story or the charm of the style which allured him to proceed: for few works of genius convey such a sense of prolixity, or try so severely the patience of a fastidious reader. But any devotee, who can pardon the intermingling of scriptural fact with heroic fable, and the frequent recurrence of wild hyperboles and provoking conceits amidst genuine pathos and sublimity, will be rewarded for his diligence. Its value was known to that most judicious of pilferers, Pope, who found in it "a great many flowers worth gathering," and said that "a man who has the art of stealing wisely will find his account in reading it."

As characteristic of the age, as well as of our bard, we may mention one or two of those exaggerations which they mistook for poetry. For instance, describing the Advent, and the effect which the angels' song produced on the "jolly birds" and "merry wolves," which joined the lambs and lions in "a friendly galliard," he adds—

> "The stones look'd up, and seem'd to wish for feet;
> The trees were angry that they stood so fast."

In the same way, when the wise men presented their offering at the manger of Bethlehem—

> "The pious incense smelled the sweeter child,
> And chang'd its usual path, with Him to meet:
> It soar'd not up, but to the door inclin'd,
> To heav'n the shortest passage so to find."

His fine account of the Transfiguration ends in the departure of Moses and Elias. The prophet is made to leap into his chariot of fire, whilst, in the absence of such accommodation,

> "Moses, spreading out his ready veil,
> Homeward to Abraham's blessed port set sail;"

And a highly-wrought description of the storm on the Lake of Galilee, is spoiled by the disciples exclaiming—

> "How is His promise wash'd away! since we,
> Whom for men-fishers He designed had,
> To fishes now a booty must be made!"

But Beaumont's greatest fault is diffuseness. Every bit of gold he beats into foil, and on his brighter and more beautiful thoughts he dwells, till all but himself are weary. So inveterate is this tendency to make the most of everything, that he constantly spreads out in prosaic platitudes, or spins into long catalogues, the allusion or the name, which a more skilful master of the lyre would have been fain to skip over lightly. Thus, a banquet becomes a bill of fare—

> "The smelt, the perch, the ruff, the roach, the dare,
> The carp, pike, tench, lump, gurnet, herring, bream,
> The mullet, trout, dorse, cod, eel, whiting, mole,
> Plaice, salmon, lamprey, sturgeon, sole,
> The turbot, cuttle, flounder, mackerel,
> Yea, lobsters, oysters, and all kinds of fishes,
> Which lust's soft fuel treasure in their shell,
> Had left their troubled deeps to swim in dishes."

And the other courses are described with equal minuteness. As if to eclipse the second book of Homer, he occasionally

gives a tremendous catalogue. For instance, five stanzas are devoted to heretics, of which the following is one :—

"Tertullianists, Arabics, Symmachists,
Homousiasts, Elxites, Origenians,
Valesians, Agrippinians, Catharists,
Hydroparastates, Patripassians,
Apostolics, Angelics, Chiliasts,
Samosatenian Paulianists."

But the very rankness of the weeds indicates the fertility of the soil; and in Beaumont our imagination is frequently dazzled where our taste or our judgment is grievously offended; nor can the reader fail to carry away from his work an impression of ardent personal piety, as well as extraordinary mental opulence. "Psyche" resembles an inter-tropical forest, where everything is too vast and too profuse, and where creatures, as grotesque as the monkey, are intermingled with the brightest of pinions and the fairest of flowers.

The Feeding of the Multitude.

The day, now grown decrepit (for the sun
Bow'd to the west), made His disciples pray
Their Lord to give the crowd dismission,
That in the desert's bordering burroughs they
Might get their suppers. No, said bounteous He—
They are my friends, and they shall sup with me.

Before these numerous mouths what will you set?
Cried they. Alas! two hundred pence in bread
Will not the sorry pittance of a bite
To every one afford; and furnished
How shall this mighty banquet be with dishes,
Since here's but five poor loaves and two small fishes?

As yet, they knew not that their Lord was He
Who able made the petty spring to feed,
And fill the river's vast capacity;
He who the single taper taught to breed

That fertile flame, which lights a thousand more
Without diminishing its native store.

He, by whose power Elijah could command
The final handful of the wasted meal
To grow upon the widow's hand,
From whom no scarceness could her bounty steal,
And by a springing harvest more than turn
The pined barrel to a plenteous barn.

But now they learn'd it: Go, said He, and make
My guests by fifty on a row sit down.
Which done, in His creating hands He took
The fish and bread, and lifting to His own
Fair heav'n His eyes, said grace; when, lo, His sweet
And mighty blessings swelled in the meat.

For, as He brake the bread, each fragment He
Made greater than the whole; no crumb did fall
But rose into a loaf as readily
As when you cut a line, whose products all
Are lines as well as it, though you for ever
The new emergent particles dissever.

Then His disciples' service he commands
To be officious to this growing feast,
And distribute into the people's hands
The teeming bread and fish: strait every guest
Fell to, admiring how that simple meat
Made them forget all honey to be sweet.

Satiety at length, not nauseous,
But soberly accomplish'd, put a close
To this strange banquet: when thy generous
Yet thrifty Lord, enjoins them not to lose
His bounty's surplusage, nor scorn the meat
Because He gave them more than they could eat.

Straightway the fragments all collected were,
Which fifty hundred feasted men had left:
When, lo, the total was exceeded far
By those remaining parts: the springing gift

Pursued its multiplication still,
And with the relics stuff'd twelve baskets full.

Know Psyche, that thy wise Redeemer by
This wonder, to a greater op'd the way;
The long-designed and precious mystery
Of His dear body, which He meant to lay
On every Christian altar, there to be
The endless feast of Catholic piety.

A feast which shall increase upon its guests,
And keep entire when millions filled are:
A feast of miracles, a feast of feasts,
Not to a desert tied, but everywhere
Dispers'd abroad, yet everywhere complete,
That all the world may freely come and eat.

Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration.

As His disciples wonder'd at the sight
Which peeping through their fingers they beheld,
They spied two strangers, whom with courteous light
The surplusage of Jesus' beams did gild.
They wistfully lookéd on them, musing who
The men might be, and what they came to do.

The first wore horned beams (though something dim
In this more radiant presence) on his face:
Full was his beard; his countenance 'twixt grim
And pleasant, breathing meek but stately grace;
His robes were large and princely; in his hand
He held a mystic and imperious wand.

A golden plate both deck'd and arm'd his breast
In which the two great words enamell'd were;
A grave, a goodly man he was, and drest
In such attire, that they no longer are
In doubt about him, but conclude that he,
Moses the legislator must needs be.

The other, sagely solemn in his look,
But coarse and homespun in his garb appear'd;
Nor had he any mantle's help to cloak
That vileness which in his poor raiment star'd;
The serious beams which darted from his eye
Spake eremitical severity.

Two ravens, whose plumes taught blackness how to shine,
Upon his venerable shoulders sat:
And, ravenous now no more, did freely join
Their services in purveying for his meat;
For in their faithful beaks they ready had
The one a piece of flesh, the other bread.

Behind him stood a flaming chariot,
With steeds all of the same fierce element;
Nor was their fire more than courage hot,
And much ado they had to stand content.
Which tokens being well observ'd, they knew
Those indications must Elias shew.

These two grand prophets, whom the Lord gave leave
To wear some glorious beams, though He were by,
Their reverend discourses interwove
Of His humanity's economy,
With high ecstatic words displaying how
At Salem He death's power should overthrow.

JOHN MASON.

In his "Christian Poet," Mr Montgomery, noticing a volume entitled "Spiritual Songs; or, Songs of Praise, with Penitential Cries," &c., remarks: "The extracts hereunder given are from the twelfth edition, 1725. From the discreditable incorrectness of this copy, it cannot be supposed to have been printed under the eye of the author. Indeed, whoever he might be, it is probable that he had been long dead in that year. These compositions evidently belong to the preceding

century; and the author probably flourished between the age of Quarles and that of Watts, his style being a middle tint between the raw colouring of the former and the daylight clearness of the latter. His talent is equally poised between both, having more vigour and less versatility than that of either his forerunner or his successor. That such writings should once have been exceedingly popular (as the multitude of editions proves), and now be nearly forgotten, is little creditable to the admirers of sacred literature in this country. Dr Watts, Mr Pope, and the Wesleys, appear to have been familiar with the contents of this volume, sundry lines and phrases in verses of theirs being evidently borrowed from passages in it."

The author of the hymns which thus commended themselves to the taste and piety of the bard of Sheffield, was John Mason, the grandfather of the better-known John Mason who wrote the treatise on "Self-Knowledge." He died in 1694. His "Spiritual Songs" retained a measure of popular favour till the middle of last century. The edition which we have used is the fourteenth, dated 1750. Dr Watts's brother, Enoch, speaks of them as attaining only to a sort of "yawning indifferency;"* but a later critic speaks of them more generously, and much more truly, as "equalled by few writers of hymns," and "remarkable for a pure and sound, though high-toned devotion."†

"Surely I come quickly."

I sojourn in a vale of tears,
  Alas, how can I sing?
My harp doth on the willows hang,
  Distun'd in every string.

* Milner's Life of Watts, p. 177.

† Cattermole's Sacred Poetry of the Seventeenth Century, vol. ii. p. 387.

My music is a captive's chains,
  Harsh sounds my ears do fill;
How shall I sing sweet Sion's song
  On this side Sion's hill?

Yet, lo! I hear a joyful sound:
  "Surely I quickly come:"
Each word much sweetness doth distil,
  Like a full honey-comb.

And dost Thou *come*, my dearest Lord?
  And dost Thou *surely* come?
And dost Thou *surely quickly* come?
  Methinks I am at home!

My Jesus is gone up to heaven
  To get a place for me:
For 'tis His will that where He is,
  There should His servants be.

Canaan I view from Pisgah's top,
  Of Canaan's grapes I taste;
My Lord, who sends unto me here,
  Will send for me at last.

I have a God that changeth not,
  Why should I be perplext?
My God that owns me in this world,
  Will own me in the next.

Go fearless, then, my soul, with God
  Into another room:
Thou, who hast walked with Him here,
  Go see thy God at home.

My dearest friends, they dwell above,
  Them will I go to see;
And all my friends in Christ below
  Will soon come after me.

Fear not the trump's earth-rending sound,
  Dread not the day of doom:

For He that is to be thy Judge,
Thy Saviour is become.

A Song of Praise for the Morning.

My God was with me all this night,
And gave me sweet repose:
My God did watch, even whilst I slept,
Or I had never rose.
How many groan'd and wish'd for sleep,
Until they wish'd for day;
Measuring slow hours with their quick pains,
Whilst I securely lay!

Whilst I did sleep, all dangers slept,
No thieves did me affright;
Those evening wolves, those beasts of prey,
Disturbers of the night.
No raging flames nor storms did rend
The house that I was in;
I heard no dreadful cries without,
No doleful groans within.

What terrors have I 'scap'd this night,
Which have on others fell!
My body might have slept its last,
My soul have waked in hell.
Sweet rest hath gain'd that strength to me,
Which labour did devour:
My body was in weakness sown,
But it is raised in power.

Lord, for the mercies of the night,
My humble thanks I pay;
And unto Thee I dedicate
The first-fruits of the day.
Let this day praise Thee, O my God,
And so let all my days:
And, O let mine eternal day
Be thine eternal praise.

A Song of Praise for the Evening.

Now from the altar of my heart
  Let incense-flames arise:
Assist me, Lord, to offer up
  Mine evening sacrifice.
Awake, my love; awake, my joy;
  Awake, my heart and tongue;
Sleep not when mercies loudly call,
  Break forth into a song.

Man's life 's a book of history,
  The leaves thereof are days;
The letters mercies closely join'd,
  The title is Thy praise.
This day God was my sun and shield,
  My keeper and my guide;
His care was on my frailty shewn,
  His mercies multiply'd.

Minutes and mercies multiply'd,
  Have made up all this day:
Minutes came quick; but mercies were
  More fleet and free than they.
New time, new favour, and new joys,
  Do a new song require:
Till I shall praise Thee as I would,
  Accept my heart's desire.

A Song of Praise for a Gospel Ministry.

Fair are the feet which bring the news
  Of gladness unto me:
What happy messengers are these
  Which my bless'd eyes do see!
These are the stars which God appoints
  For guides unto my way,
To lead me unto Bethlem-town,
  Where my dear Saviour lay.

These are my God's ambassadors,
By whom His mind I know;
God's angels in His lower heaven,
God's trumpeters below.
The trumpet sounds, the dead arise,
Which fell by Adam's hand:
Again the trumpet sounds, and they
Set forth for Canaan's land.

Thy servants speak; but Thou, Lord, dost
An hearing ear bestow:
They smite the rock; but Thou, my God,
Dost make the waters flow:
They shoot the arrow; but Thy hand
Doth drive the arrow home:
They call; but, Lord, Thou dost compel,
And then Thy guests are come.

Angels that fly, and worms that creep,
Are both alike to Thee:
If Thou mak'st worms Thine angels, Lord,
They bring my God to me.
As sons of thunder, first they come,
And I the lightning fear;
But then they bring me to my home,
And sons of comfort are.

Lord, Thou art in them of a truth,
That I might never stray;
The clouds and pillars march before,
And shew me Canaan's way.
I bless my God, who is my guide;
I sing in Sion's ways:
When shall I sing on Sion's hill
Thine everlasting praise?

THE PSALMISTS OF ENGLAND.

THE reader is already somewhat acquainted with Sternhold, and Hopkins, and others, who translated the Psalms in the sixteenth century.* To that list should have been added Sir Philip Sidney and his sister, the Countess of Pembroke. As the latter lived through the first twenty years of the seventeenth century, we may, without any gross anachronism, give here a specimen of a version which, in music and energy, has been seldom surpassed. Many copies of the work have long been known to exist in manuscript; but it was not till 1823 that it found its way into print, when a small impression was issued from the Chiswick Press. Sir Philip is said to have gone no further than the 43d Psalm: our quotation is, therefore, from the pen of the countess:—

Psalm cxxxvii.

Nigh seated where the river flows
That watereth Babel's thankful plain,
Which then our tears in pearled rows
Did help to water with their rain;
The thought of Zion bred such woes,
That though our harps we did retain,
Yet useless, and untouched there
On willows only hang'd they were.

Now while our harps were hanged so,
The men, whose captives then we lay,
Did on our griefs insulting go,
And more to grieve us thus did say:

*See Christian Classics, vol. I., pp. 126–133.

You that of music make such show,
  Come sing us now a Zion lay.
O no, we have nor voice, nor hand,
For such a song, in such a land.

Though far I lie, sweet Zion hill,
  In foreign soil exil'd from thee,
Yet let my hand forget his skill,
  If ever thou forgotten be:
Yet let my tongue fast glued still
  Unto my roof lie mute in me:
If thy neglect within me spring,
Or aught I do but Salem sing.

But Thou, O Lord, wilt not forget
  To quit the pains of Edom's race,
Who causelessly, yet hotly set
  Thy holy city to deface.
Did thus the bloody victors whet
  What time they entered first the place:
Down down with it at any hand,
Make all flat plain, let nothing stand.

And Babylon, that did us waste,
  Shall one day wasted be;
And happy he, who what thou hast
  Unto us done, shall do to thee,
Like bitterness shall make thee taste,
  Like woful objects cause thee see:
Yea happy, who thy little ones
Shall take and dash against the stones.

LORD BACON.

Of his long dark evening this illustrious philosopher* spent a portion in versifying the Psalms of David. He published seven, and inscribed them "to his very good friend, George Herbert." A Latin poem which Herbert addressed to Bacon

* Born at London, January 22, 1561: died there, April 9, 1626.

in return, is included in some editions of Herbert's works; and the original autograph is now in the possession of a learned friend of our own, rich in similar curiosities. Regarding this version, a recent critic* has thus given his judgment:—

"No one knew better than Bacon the difference between writing verses and poetry. The former, says he, 'is but a character of style, and belongeth to arts of speech,' the latter 'is one of the principal portions of learning, and is nothing else but feigned history, which may be styled as well in prose as in verse.' Bacon therefore proposes to translate these Psalms of David into English verse, capable of being united to music, to form a holy song. How faithfully he has discharged his duty as a translator any one may ascertain by comparing his version with that in the Bible or Prayer Book. But the great difficulty he had to encounter was so to adapt his verse that the accompanying music should mend, not mar the sense. In reading, the emphasis and the cadence may be varied to help the sense without injury to the rhythm; but in a tune, as the notes return in uniform and regular order, the cadence and expression of the verse must be arranged so as to correspond with it. To this end, it is of the first importance that the sense should be so complete in each line as to admit of a pause at the close. It is either because our writers do not understand, or else are not able to effect this, that in listening to vocal music, we are often compelled to detach our attention from, and totally disregard the words—if, indeed, they are intelligible—and abandon ourselves to the mere sensuous indulgence of listening to the sweet sounds. Bacon, in this 'Translation of Certain Psalms into English Verse,' has triumphed over all the difficulties which beset this style of composition."

* Mr W. H. Smith, in *The Athenæum*, Jan. 24, 1857.

Psalm xc.

O Lord, Thou art our home, to whom we fly,
And so hast always been from age to age:
Before the hills did intercept the eye,
Or that the frame was up of earthly stage,
One God Thou wert, and art, and still shalt be;
The line of time, it doth not measure Thee.

Both death and life obey Thy holy lore,
And visit in their turns, as they are sent;
A thousand years with Thee they are no more
Than yesterday, which, ere it is, is spent;
Or as a watch by night, that course doth keep,
And goes and comes, unwares to them that sleep.

Thou carry'st man away as with a tide:
Then down swim all his thoughts that mounted high:
Much like a mocking dream, that will not bide,
But flies before the sight of waking eye;
Or as the grass, that cannot term obtain,
To see the summer come about again.

At morning, fair it musters on the ground;
At ev'n it is cut down, and laid along:
And though it spared were, and favour found,
The weather would perform the mower's wrong.
Thus hast Thou hang'd our life on brittle pins,
To let us know it will not bear our sins.

Thou bury'st not within oblivion's tomb
Our trespasses, but ent'rest them aright;
Ev'n those that are conceiv'd in darkness' womb,
To thee appear as done at broad day-light.
As a tale told, which sometimes men attend,
And sometimes not, our life steals to an end.

The life of man is threescore years and ten,
Or, if that he be strong, perhaps fourscore;

Yet all things are but labour to him then,
New sorrows still come on, pleasures no more.
Why should there be such tormoil and such strife,
To spin in length this feeble line of life?

But who considers duly of Thine ire?
Or doth the thoughts thereof wisely embrace?
For Thou, O God, art a consuming fire:
Frail man, how can he stand before Thy face?
If Thy displeasure Thou dost not refrain,
A moment brings all back to dust again.

Teach us, O Lord, to number well our days,
Thereby our hearts to wisdom to apply;
For that which guides man best in all his ways
Is meditation of mortality.
This bubble light, this vapour of our breath,
Teach us to consecrate to hour of death.

Return unto us, Lord, and balance now
With days of joy our days of misery;
Help us right soon; our knees to Thee we bow,
Depending wholly on Thy clemency;
Then shall Thy servants, both with heart and voice,
All the days of their life in Thee rejoice.

Begin Thy work, O Lord, in this our age,
Shew it unto Thy servants that now live;
But to our children raise it many a stage,
That all the world to Thee may glory give.
Our handiwork likewise, as fruitful tree,
Let it, O Lord, blessed, not blasted be.

GEORGE WITHER.

In 1631, this versatile and productive poet gave forth a version of the Psalms, which is now become so scarce that we have never met with a copy. The 137th Psalm we reprint from a modern collection, and the somewhat free trans-

lation of the 148th we transcribe from Wither's "Preparation to the Psalter." They give us a high idea of the powers of the author.

Psalm cxxxvii.

As nigh Babel's streams we sat,
  Full of grief and unbefriended,
Minding Sion's poor estate,
  From our eyes the tears descended;
And our harps we hanged high
On the willows growing nigh.

For (insulting on our woe)
  They that had us here enthralled,
Their imperious power to shew,
  For a song of Sion called;
Come, ye captives, come, said they,
Sing us now an Hebrew lay.

But, oh Lord, what heart had we,
  In a foreign habitation,
To repeat our songs of Thee,
  For our spoilers' recreation?
Ah, alas! we cannot yet
Thee, Jerusalem, forget.

Oh, Jerusalem, if I
  Do not mourn, all pleasure shunning,
Whilst thy walls defaced be,
  Let my right hand lose his cunning,
And for ever let my tongue
To my palate fast be clung.

Psalm cxlviii.

Come, O come; with sacred lays,
Let us sound th' Almighty's praise.
Hither bring, in true consent,
Heart, and voice, and instrument.
Let the Orphurion sweet
With the harp and viol meet.

To your voices tune the lute;
Let nor tongue nor string be mute;
Nor a creature dumb be found,
That hath either voice or sound.

Let such things as do not live,
In still-music praises give.
Lowly pipe, ye worms that creep
On the earth, or in the deep.
Loud, aloft, your voices strain,
Beasts and monsters of the main.
Birds, your warbling treble sing.
Clouds, your peals of thunder ring.
Sun and moon, exalted higher,
And you stars, augment the quire.

Come, ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take your place,
And amid the mortal throng,
Be you masters of the song.
Angels, and celestial powers,
Be the noblest tenor your's.
Let (in praise of God) the sound
Run in a never-ending round,
That our holy hymn may be
Everlasting, as is He.

From the earth's vast hollow womb
Music's deepest bass shall come.
Seas and floods, from shore to shore,
Shall the counter-tenor roar.
To this concert (when we sing)
Whistling winds, your descant bring,
Which may bear the sound above,
Where the orb of fire doth move;
And so climb from sphere to sphere,
Till our song th' Almighty hear.

So shall He, from heaven's high tower,
On the earth His blessing shower:
All this huge, wide orb we see,
Shall one quire, one temple be.

There our voices we will rear,
Till we fill it everywhere,
And enforce the fiends that dwell
In the air, to sink to hell.
Then, O come, with sacred lays,
Let us sound th' Almighty's praise.

GEORGE SANDYS.

Ever since the psalms of George Sandys* were pronounced by Montgomery "incomparably the most poetical in the English language," they have received a large measure of attention. The eulogy is not extravagant, but many are rendered in metres altogether unadapted to congregational worship.

The first edition, a small folio, appeared in 1638. It was one of a few books with which Charles I. solaced his captivity in Carisbrook Castle.

Besides two psalms, properly so called, we give, on account of its fine elegiac strain, "David's Lament for Saul and Jonathan."

Psalm xv.

Who shall in Thy tent abide?
On Thy holy hill reside?
He that 's just and innocent,
Tells the truth of his intent;
Slanders none with venom'd tongue;
Fears to do his neighbour wrong;
Fosters not base infamies;
Vice beholds with scornful eyes;
Honours those who fear the Lord;
Keeps, though to his loss, his word;
Takes no bribes for wicked ends,
Nor to use his money lends.
Who by these directions guide
Their pure steps, shall never slide.

* Sandys has been already noticed, vol. i. p. 321; where, however, he is mentioned by mistake as Hooker's visitor at Drayton-Beauchamp, instead of his brother Edwin.

Psalm lxi.

My God, thy servant hear;
lend a willing ear!
In exile my sad heart,
From earth's remotest part,
O'erwhelm'd with miseries,
To Thee for succour cries.
To that high Rock, O lead,
So far above my head!
Thou wert, and art my tower,
Against oppressing power.
For to Thy sacred court
I ever shall resort;
Secure beneath Thy wings,
From all their menacings:
Even Thou my suit hast sign'd;
A king by Thee design'd,
To govern such as will
Thy holy law fulfil.
Whom Thou long life wilt give,
He ages shall outlive;
His throne shall stand before
Thy face for evermore.
Thy mercy, Lord, extend;
Him for Thy truth defend.
Then I in cheerful lays
Will celebrate Thy praise;
And to Thee every day
My vows devoutly pay.

The Dirge of King David for Saul and Jonathan.

Thy beauty, Israel, is fled,
Sunk to the dead.
How are the valiant fall'n! the slain
Thy mountains stain.

O let it not in Gath be known;
Nor in the streets of Ascalon!

Lest that sad story should excite
Their dire delight:
Lest in the torrent of our woe,
Their pleasure flow:
Lest their triumphant daughters ring
Their cymbals, and cursed pæans sing.

You hills of Gilboa, never may
You offerings pay;
No morning dew nor fruitful showers
Clothe you with flowers:
Saul and his arms there made a spoil,
As if untouch'd with sacred oil.

The bow of noble Jonathan
Great battles won:
His arrows on the mighty fed
With slaughter red.
Saul never raised his arm in vain;
His sword still glutted with the slain.

How lovely! O how pleasant! when
They lived with men!
Than eagles swifter; stronger far
Than lions are:
Whom love in life so strongly tied
The stroke of death could not divide.

Sad Israel's daughters, weep for Saul;
Lament his fall:
Who fed you with the earth's increase,
And crown'd with peace,
With robes of Tyrian purple deck'd,
And gems, which sparkling light reflect.

How are thy worthies by the sword
Of war devour'd!
O Jonathan, the better part
Of my torn heart!

The savage rocks have drunk thy blood,
My brother! O how kind! how good!

Thy love was great; O never more
To man, man bore!
No woman, when most passionate,
Loved at that rate!
How are the mighty fall'n in fight!
They and their glory set in night!

FRANCIS ROUSE.

Francis Rouse* was a member of the long Parliament; and after the removal of John Hales, he became Provost of Eton. In 1641 he published a version of the Psalms, which was adopted by the Assembly of Divines, at Westminster, as the basis of a national psalmody. On the subject, Robert Baillie, one of the Scotch commissioners, thus writes:—"Ane old, most honest member of the House of Commons, Mr Rous, hes helped the old Psalter in most places faultie. His friends are verie pressing in the Assemblie that his book may be examined, and helped by the author in what places it shall be found meet, and then be commended to the Parliament, that they may injoin the publick use of it. One of their considerations is, the great private advantage that would thereby come to their friend. But manie do oppose the motion—the most because the work is not so well done as they think it might. . . . We, underhand, will mightilie oppose it; for the Psalter is a great part of our uniformitie, which we cannot let pass till our Church be well advysed with it."† However, the matter passed so far, that in 1645 Mr Rouse's version, as revised by the Assembly, was printed by order of Parliament, and recommended to general acceptance. The Church of Scotland, nevertheless, retained the privileges of which Baillie was so

* Born at Halton, Cornwall, 1579; died at Acton, Middlesex, Jan. 7, 1659.

† Baillie's Letters and Journal, vol. ii., p. 120.

jealous, and in 1647 appointed a committee to revise the Parliamentary Psalter, instructing them to avail themselves of the versions of Sir William Mure, Zachary Boyd, and others, and especially of their own time-honoured translation. In August 1649, the business of revision was re-committed to six brethren, some of whose names are still familiar—viz., James Hamilton, John Smith, Hugh M'Kail, Robert Trail, George Hutchison, and Robert Laurie. On the 23d of November, in that year, the amended version was adopted by the Commission of Assembly, who authorised it as "the only paraphrase of the Psalms to be sung in the Kirk of Scotland, discharging the old paraphrase, and any other than this new paraphrase, to be made use of in any congregation or family, after the first day of May, in the year 1650." *

The chief merit of Rouse is fidelity; and, although the Scottish version is in some places sufficiently hard and dry, it will be allowed that it has considerably improved upon the rugged strains of the Cornish Provost of Eton. This will be seen by comparing a specimen of each:—

Psalm xcv.

(Rouse.)

Come, let us sing to God, to the rock
Of our health shout with noise.
Come we before His face with thanks,
To Him in psalms rejoice.

For God 's a great God, and great King,
Above all gods He is.
Depths of the earth are in His hand,
And the hills' strength is His.

The sea is His, He it made; dry land
From His hands did being take.

* Holland's Psalmists of Britain, vol. i., 57–60.

Come let 's adore, bow, kneel before
The Lord that did us make.

For He 's our God, the people we
That in His pasture feed,
And sheep of His own hand; to-day
If ye His voice will heed.

Then harden not your hearts, as once
In the provocation;
As in the desert on the day
Of the temptation;

When me your fathers tempted, prov'd,
And did my working see,
Ev'n for the space of forty years
This race hath grieved me.

I said, This people errs in heart,
My ways they do not know.
To whom I sware in wrath, that to
My rest they should not go.

Psalm xcv.

(*Scotch Version.*)

O come, let us sing to the Lord:
Come, let us ev'ry one
A joyful noise make to the Rock
Of our salvation.
Let us before His presence come
With praise and thankful voice;
Let us sing psalms to Him with grace,
And make a joyful noise.

For God, a great God, and great King,
Above all gods He is.
Depths of the earth are in His hand,
The strength of hills is His.

To Him the spacious sea belongs,
For He the same did make;
The dry land also from His hands
Its form at first did take.

O come, and let us worship Him,
Let us bow down withal,
And on our knees before the Lord
Our Maker let us fall.
For He's our God, the people we
Of His own pasture are,
And of His hand the sheep; to-day
If ye His voice will hear.

Then harden not your hearts, as in
The provocation,
As in the desert, on the day
Of the tentation:
When Me your fathers tempt'd and prov'd,
And did My working see;
Ev'n for the space of forty years
This race hath grieved Me.

I said, This people errs in heart,
My ways they do not know:
To whom I sware in wrath, that to
My rest they should not go.

WILLIAM BARTON.

In the Assembly of Divines Rouse had at least two rivals. One of them, Barton, who was minister of St Martin's, Leicester, and during the time of the Assembly, "minister of John Zecharies, London,"* published in 1645 his metrical translation. The following is a favourable specimen:—

Psalm xlvi.

God is our strength and present aid,
Our refuge in our need:

* He died in 1678, aged seventy-four.

Therefore we will not be afraid,
Nor tottering earthquakes heed.
Tho' midst of seas huge hills be hurled,
Though troubled waters roar;
And swellings of the billows curl'd
Make mountains tremble sore.

A river there with crystal stream
Shall glad that city of His,
The sacred tents of God supreme:
The Lord amidst her is.
Right early God shall help her there,
She shall not once be mov'd;
The heathen kingdoms moved were,
And most outrageous proved.

He uttering then that voice of His,
The earth did melt away;
The Lord of hosts with Israel is,
And Jacob's God our stay.
Come, see the works of God's own hand,
What desolations made;
How wars are hush'd in all the land,
And how He breaks the blade.

He burns the chariot, breaks the bow;
Be still and know, saith He,
That I am God on earth below,
And there extoll'd will be:
Among the heathens magnified
Shall be My glorious power.
The Lord of hosts is on our side,
And Jacob's God our tower.

JOHN WHITE.

The "Patriarch of Dorchester" was the projector of the colony of Massachusetts, New England, but did not himself join the expedition Like Barton, he was a member of the Westminster Assembly; but his psalms do not appear to have

been published till 1655. With a short interruption, he was minister of Dorchester, in Dorsetshire, from 1606 till his death in 1648; and during this period he expounded the entire Bible to his parishioners, and had gone half through it a second time, when he was interrupted by death. Through his "wisdom and ministerial labours," Fuller says, "Dorchester was much enriched with knowledge, piety, and industry."

Psalm cxxxiii.

How pleasant and how good is it,
  How doth that grace excel,
When in the unity of love,
  Brethren together dwell.

'Tis like that precious fragrant oil,
  That once was poured out
On Aaron's head, and ran his beard
  And collar round about.

Like Hermon's dew, or that which doth
  On Zion's hills descend,
For there the blessing God commands,
  Ev'n life without an end.

RICHARD BAXTER.

Here, too, we may notice the "Paraphrase" of Baxter, although it was a posthumous work, and did not see the light till 1692. By a curious device—the omission of the words within parenthesis in the alternate lines—its long metre can be converted into common.

Psalm cxxi.

Unto the hills, from whence my help
  Doth come, I (will) lift (up) mine eyes.

In God, who made both heaven and earth,
My only (help and) succour lies.
He will not let thy foot be moved,
Nor slumbers who thee (always) keeps.
Behold, He that keeps Israel,
He slumbers not, nor (ever) sleeps.

The mighty Lord thy keeper is,
And He doth (always) by thee stand,
To be a shade and a defence
(Daily) to thee at thy right hand.
The scorching sun, in summer heat,
Shall not by day thee (hurt or) smite;
Nor the moon's hurtful influence
Annoy thee in the (darksome) night.

The Lord shall keep thee from all ill;
Thy soul He shall keep (safe and) sure;
Thy going out and coming in
The Lord shall still (to thee) secure.

DR WOODFORD.

Dr Samuel Woodford, born at London in 1636, and educated at Wadham College, Oxford, was originally intended for the bar; and, during his sojourn in the Inner Temple, he occupied the same chambers with the poet Flatman. After the Restoration, he took orders, and was presented to the rectory of Hartley-Maudet, in Hampshire. He died in 1700.

The style of Woodford's Paraphrase—a quarto, published in 1668—is free, ambitious, and Pindaric-looking; but, like Merrick, in the following century, he often enfeebles the text by an excessive expansion.

Psalm vi.

I.

Lord, in Thy wrath rebuke me not,
Nor in Thy fury chasten me

For such weak things that furnace is too hot,
And by my clay no more endured can be
Than my injustice and repeated wrongs by Thee.

II.

Uphold me, Lord, for I am weak,
Whilst Thou Thy hand doth on me lay;
My bones are shaken, and my heart will break:
Heal me with speed, and take Thy hand away,
Or let me know how long, and I'll with patience stay!

III.

Return, and for Thy mercy sake
My soul from this affliction save!
Oh, now some pity on Thy servant take,
For Thou in death canst not Thy praises have,
But they and I shall be forgotten in the grave!

IV.

I weary out the day with sighs,
And when that 's done, the night with tears;
So vast a deep comes rolling from my eyes,
That down its tide my bed it almost bears;
Yet, though it wash my couch, it cannot drown my fears.

V.

My eyes are hollow and decayed,
And from their windows hardly see;
Quite buried in the graves my tears have made,
They only shew where they were wont to be,
So that, what age to others, grief has done for me.

VI.

But hold; why do I thus complain
Like one whom God does never hear?
For God has heard me, and I'll pray again.
Avoid profane, avoid, least, while you 're near,
That wickedness, which hardens yours, should stop His ear!

VII.

The Lord has heard me, and my tears
Have found acceptance in His eyes;

My sighs already have blown o'er my fears,
And scatter'd with their breath my enemies.
So let them fly with shame all who against me rise!

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

A less paraphrastic version was executed about the same time by Sir John Denham, although not published till 1714—forty years after the author's death.* As might be expected from such a master of versification, many passages are distinguished by a pleasing melody; but its claims were not so dazzling or decisive, as to induce people to set aside in its favour the "New Version," sent forth by authority shortly before its publication.

Psalm cii.

O Lord, receive my doleful cries,
Nor turn Thy face away,
But look upon my miseries,
And hear me when I pray.
When in my grief I Thee invoke,
Make me a quick return;
For all my days consume in smoke,
My bones to ashes burn.

My heart like wither'd grass seems dead,
My voice is lost in groans,
My flesh consum'd for want of bread,
And I can count my bones.
So walks the pelican distrest,
The bird of night so shrieks,
So the sad sparrow from his nest
His lost companion seeks.

All day my foe renews his threat,
Against my life he swears;

* Born at Dublin, 1615; died at London, March 1668.

Ashes instead of bread I eat,
And mix my drink with tears.
Only in wrath Thou didst me raise,
To throw me down again.
I, like a shadow, end my days,
Like grass that thirsts for rain.

BRADY AND TATE.

If the Scotch version of the Psalms is English, the English version is Irish, in as far as both of its authors were natives of the sister isle.

Dr Nicholas Brady was born at Bandon, in the county of Cork, October 28, 1659, and after an education begun at Westminster School and Christ Church College, and completed at the University of Dublin, he became successively minister of St Catharine Cree, London, and Stratford-upon-Avon, and died rector of Clapham, as well as minister of Richmond, Surrey, May 20, 1726.

Nahum Tate, a native of Dublin, and son of a clergyman, was born 1652. What profession he followed, if any, does not appear, and although promoted to the rank of poet-laureate, his place in literature never was high. He died in deep poverty, at the Mint in Southwark, a place of refuge for debtors, Aug. 12, 1715.

The divine and the laureate together compiled the "New Version," now almost universally employed in the worship of the Church of England. Occasionally feeble, and never sublime, it is usually smooth and melodious, and its evenly cadence is not unfrequently relieved by some forcible turn or elegant expression; and, in order to appreciate it rightly, nothing more is needful than to compare it with the efforts of acknowledged masters of the lyre, few of whom, in this difficult enterprise, have been equally successful.

Psalm cxxxix.

Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known
  My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
  Known long before conceiv'd by me.
Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
  My public haunts and private ways;
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
  My yet unutter'd words' intent.

Surrounded by Thy power I stand,
  On every side I find Thy hand:
O skill, for human reach too high!
  Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!
O could I so perfidious be,
  To think of once deserting Thee,
Where, Lord, could I Thy influence shun?
  Or whither from Thy presence run?

If up to heaven I take my flight,
  'Tis there Thou dwell'st enthroned in light;
Or dive to hell's infernal plains,
  'Tis there Almighty vengeance reigns.
If I the morning's wings could gain,
  And fly beyond the western main,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
  And there arrest Thy fugitive.

Or should I try to shun Thy sight
  Beneath the sable wings of night;
One glance from Thee, one piercing ray,
  Would kindle darkness into day.
The veil of night is no disguise,
  No screen from Thy all-searching eyes;
Thro' midnight shades Thou find'st Thy way,
  As in the blazing noon of day.

Thou know'st the texture of my heart,
  My reins, and every vital part;

Each single thread in nature's loom
  By Thee was cover'd in the womb.
I'll praise Thee, from whose hands I came,
  A work of such a curious frame;
The wonders Thou in me hast shown,
  My soul with grateful joy must own.

Thine eyes my substance did survey,
  While yet a lifeless mass it lay;
In secret how exactly wrought,
  Ere from its dark inclosure brought.
Thou didst the shapeless embryo see,
  Its parts were register'd by Thee;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
  Form'd by the model of Thy book.

Let me acknowledge too, O God,
  That, since this maze of life I trod,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
  The power of numbers to recount.
Far sooner could I reckon o'er
  The sands upon the ocean's shore.
Each morn, revising what I've done,
  I find th' account but new begun.

The wicked Thou shalt slay, O God:
  Depart from me, ye men of blood,
Whose tongues heaven's Majesty profane,
  And take th' Almighty's Name in vain.
Lord, hate not I their impious crew,
  Who Thee with enmity pursue?
And does not grief my heart oppress,
  When reprobates Thy laws transgress?

Who practise enmity to Thee
  Shall utmost hatred have from me;
Such men I utterly detest,
  As if they were my foes profest.
Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
  If mischief lurks in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
  And guide me in Thy perfect way.

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, AND ITS BIBLICAL SCHOLARSHIP.

Of all the British centuries, the richest in religious authorship is the one of which we are now to take leave—the century illustrated by the earnestness of Baxter, the profundity of Owen, the lofty idealism of Howe, the masculine energy of Barrow, the oriental opulence of Jeremy Taylor, the magnificence of Milton, the bright realisations of Bunyan—the century which produced the Authorised Version of the Bible, which compiled the Westminster Standards, and which has bequeathed to us "The Saint's Rest," and "Holy Living and Dying," "Paradise Lost," and "The Pilgrim's Progress."

Our survey has been almost entirely confined to its more popular Christian literature, but it would leave our sketch very incomplete if we did not glance for a moment at its SACRED SCHOLARSHIP.

The forty-seven translators of the Bible were, most of them, mighty in the knowledge of the original languages; and from the beginning to the close of the century, names like Hugh Broughton, Henry Ainsworth, Joseph Mede, Henry Hammond, James Ussher, John Selden, Patrick Young, and Simon Patrick, retained for England a rank which drew towards it the respectful regards of Biblical interpreters on the Continent, like Grotius and Voetius, Marckius and Buxtorf, Bochart, De Dieu, and the Spanheims.

Pre-eminent amongst them was Dr EDWARD POCOCK. In 1630, when he was in his six-and-twentieth year, and when

he had already distinguished himself by the publication of the first complete edition of the Syriac New Testament, he was appointed chaplain to the English factory at Aleppo. Here he found himself all at once in the midst of an Illustrated Bible—the dogs "going about the city" and "making a noise," the husbandman winnowing corn with a trident or shovel, and thrashing it out with an instrument of iron, &c.; and with the alertness of an enlightened observer, he noted down elucidations of Scripture, which were still practically unknown to Europe. Over and above he applied himself with a noble enthusiasm to the mastery of the Arabic language, and at last not only spoke it with fluency, but, like his own contemporary Golius of Leyden, and like Burckhardt in our own generation, he became as learned in its niceties as if it had been his native tongue, and his tutor at last pronounced him no whit inferior to the Mufti of Aleppo. One fruit of his industry was a collection of six thousand Arabic proverbs, which he translated, and eventually deposited in the Bodleian Library. On his return to England, six years afterwards, Archbishop Laud founded an Arabic lectureship at Oxford, and gave Pocock the first appointment. Soon afterwards he paid a second visit to the East, chiefly in search of Oriental manuscripts, and returned to find the kingdom in the incipient confusion of the Parliamentary war. In 1643 he obtained, in addition to his lectureship, the living of Childrey, a country parish twelve miles from Oxford.

Here his discourses were a great contrast to the elaborate and critical sermons which he preached before the University. As stated by his biographer, Dr Twells, they "were plain and easy, having nothing in them which he conceived to be above the capacities even of the meanest of his auditors. And as he carefully avoided the shows and ostentation of learning, so he would not, by any means, indulge himself in the practice of those arts which at that time were very common and much

admired by ordinary people. Such were distortions of the countenance and strange gestures, a violent and unnatural way of speaking, and affected words and phrases, which, being out of the ordinary way, were therefore supposed to express somewhat very mysterious, and in a high degree spiritual." But he was too plain and too practical for his own popularity. Some of his hearers complained of him as "a malignant, and popishly inclined;" and, passing through Childrey, one of his Oxford friends asked some of the parishioners, "Who is your minister? and how do you like him?" and received for answer, "Our parson is one Mr Pocock, a plain, honest man; but, master, he is no Latiner."

In 1648 he had the good fortune to be appointed professor of Hebrew and a canon of Christ Church, both by Charles I. and the Committee of Parliament; but this and all his preferment were soon afterwards endangered by his refusing to take "the engagement." As he wrote to his learned correspondent, Hornius of Harderwyk, "My affairs are reduced to such a crisis, that unless I meddle in things wherein I am resolved never to intermeddle, I shall be turned out of all professorships in the University. I have learned, and made it an unalterable principle, to keep peace, as far as in me lies, with all men—to pay due reverence and obedience to the higher powers, and to avoid all things that are foreign to my profession or studies; but to do anything that may ever so little molest the quiet of my conscience, would be more grievous than the loss not only of my fortunes, but of my life. But please, sir, to be assured that I never followed these studies with mercenary views; and, therefore, when it shall please God to grant me a safe and obscure retirement, I will, with greater alacrity than ever, apply myself to these researches, and promote them with my best endeavours." It is pleasing to add that, as on a former occasion he had been protected by the intervention of Selden, so now the remonstrances of Drs Wallis, Wilkins, and others,

saved the Commonwealth from the scandal of deposing the greatest Orientalist in Europe, and preserved to the University one of the brightest of its ornaments.

The Restoration brought no promotion to Dr Pocock, and no encouragement to Oriental literature; but the amiable student pursued his chosen path quietly and cheerfully in the congenial seclusion of Christ Church till within ten months of completing his eighty-seventh year. He died Sept. 10, 1691. It was a green old age. Even his memory shewed little failure, and, like the palm-tree, his mind was fruitful to the last. He had reached his eightieth year before he published his ponderous and profoundly learned commentary on Hosea, and in the year in which he died he followed it up with a companion work on Joel. These, with his expositions of Micah and Malachi, his translations into Arabic of the Liturgy, and of his friend Grotius's work on the Truth of Christianity, and many other laborious undertakings, are amongst the monuments of an Eastern erudition which few Englishmen have ever equalled, and which hardly any German scholar has excelled.

Coeval with Pocock, and adorning the sister University of Cambridge, was Dr JOHN LIGHTFOOT. The son of the vicar of Uttoxeter, in Staffordshire, he had passed through the University a good scholar, but without any particular zeal for Biblical learning, when it was his good fortune to become private chaplain to Sir Rowland Cotton, at Bellaport, in Shropshire. In his patron he found not only an accomplished Christian gentleman, but a first-rate Hebraist. His father's house in London had been often the home of the fantastic but learned Hugh Broughton, and from this half-Jewish tutor, young Cotton had learned his lesson so well, that at eight years of age he not only could read any chapter in the Hebrew Bible, but could speak the language. The enthusiasm of the learned knight infected the young divine, who

became so devoted to these new studies, that when Sir Rowland left Shropshire, Mr Lightfoot removed to Hornsey, near London, that he might have constant access to the stores of Hebrew literature accumulated in Sion College Library. In 1630, and when he had only completed his twenty-eighth year, his kind friend presented him to the rectory of Ashley, in the county of Stafford. Here he did not neglect the duties of the pastorate, but at the same time he gave himself to his chosen pursuit with the ardour of a devotee. In order to command uninvaded leisure, he bought a garden not far from the parsonage, and in the midst of it built a small house, with a study below and a bed-room above; and here, away from the racket created by Anastasius and Cottonus, and the other juvenile Lightfoots, he pored over the Babylonian and Jerusalem Talmuds for days and nights together. It was a much more agreeable hermitage than the cell of St Jerome at Bethlehem; and as his admirable constitution and great abilities enabled him to discharge with unusual efficiency his parochial duties, none but his gentle and affectionate Joyce had reason to complain of his devotion to the muse of Solyma. He had already set his heart on a work new to English literature—a Harmony of the Four Gospels; and, in order to execute this to his own satisfaction, he resolved not only to arrange the verses in their true historical sequence, but he determined to master the chronology of Scripture, along with the topography of Jerusalem and the Holy Land, and to gain all the knowledge of the state and customs of the Jews at the period of the Advent, which could be derived from their own and other writers. Like every "*magnum opus*," it was a boundless undertaking, and for long and happy years he went on filling up one folio after another with quotations from Josephus and Philo, Maimonides and Kimchi, the Fathers of the Church, and his much-loved Talmuds, by way of apparatus for his arduous work.

After twelve years he was torn away from this charming retreat, and in 1643 we find him a member of the Assembly of Divines meeting at Westminster. In its deliberations he took an active and useful part, and to his pen we are indebted for a detailed and lively account of its proceedings. In the same year he was made Master of Catharine Hall, Cambridge, and Vicar of Much Munden, Hertfordshire—preferments which the Restoration did not disturb, and which he held till his death, December 6, 1675. He had reached his seventy-fourth year. Like his contemporary, Dr Pocock, he enjoyed good health and a cheerful spirit. For this he was no doubt in some degree indebted to his habitual temperance. Even small beer he seldom tasted, and his last illness was ascribed by his physicians to a very slight deviation from his habitual abstinence. In a journey from Cambridge to Ely he caught a cold, and, in order to cure it, his friends persuaded him to eat a red herring and drink a few glasses of claret. The wine gave a stimulus to the fever, and brought on congestion of the brain, and after a fortnight, for the most part spent in unconsciousness, the venerable scholar expired.

The recent labours of Robinson and Greswell have gone far to antiquate Lightfoot's "Harmony," and in his "Horæ Talmudicæ," along with much that is curious and suggestive, there is a good deal of rabbinical rubbish; but many a text received a new elucidation from his learned labours, and we cannot feel sufficiently grateful for that ardour which kept this student, for nearly fifty years, working a mine which yields its golden grains so slowly, and which, if important, is also to most men uninviting.

Of the Biblical zeal of that generation, the monument most magnificent is the "London Polyglott." Its projector and editor, Dr Brian Walton, was a native of Seymour, in Yorkshire, where he was born in 1600, so that he was two years older than Lightfoot, and four years older than Pocock. For some

years he had been rector of St Margaret's Orgar, a prebendary of St Paul's, and chaplain to the king, when the confusions of the kingdom stripped him of all his preferment, and compelled him to seek an asylum in the house of his father-in-law, Dr Thomas Fuller, in Cripplegate, London. He there devoted his "unwilling leisure" to the carrying out of his noble project—an edition of the Scriptures in the original tongues, with all the earlier versions in parallel columns, and each accompanied by a Latin translation so literal as to convey its import to the less learned reader. Works of a similar character had already appeared in other countries. The Complutensian, published in Spain in 1520, at the cost of Cardinal Ximenes; the Antwerp Polyglott in 1572, under the auspices of Philip II.; and the Paris Polyglott, 1645, edited by Le Jay and others, under the patronage of Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarine. But Dr Walton's plan included a variety of ancient versions omitted by his predecessors, and in the use of "various readings" it not only advanced on all previous Polyglotts, but it introduced a new era in the criticism of the sacred text.* In setting about his great undertaking, he was fortunate in securing first-rate coadjutors. Archbishop Ussher supplied his collation of sixteen manuscripts of the Septuagint, Dr Pocock contributed the Psalms in Ethiopic, the Syriac Old Testament, and the Gospels in Persian, which last had never before been published. Besides Syriac manuscripts, Dr Lightfoot furnished an elaborate dissertation on Scriptural topography; and scholars like Pierce, Clarke, and Selden, vied with one another in communicating their literary treasures, with their remarks and various readings, and in revising the sheets as they passed through the press. Subscriptions to the amount of at least nine thousand pounds were obtained; Cromwell remitted the duty on the paper which should be required for the work, and in 1657, four years after the first sheet went to press, the whole six volumes were com-

* See Dr Tregelles in the tenth edition of Horne's "Introduction," vol. iv. p. 124.

pleted; and now with its Hebrew and Greek, its Samaritan and Chaldee, its Syriac, Persic, Arabic, Ethiopic, and Vulgate Latin, and its elaborate apparatus, Walton's Polyglott is the corner-stone in the collection of every Biblical scholar who can afford the twenty or thirty pounds which it usually costs.

The original preface made grateful mention of "Serenissimus D. Protector" and his Council, who had supplied the paper duty-free; but after the death of Cromwell, this preface was cancelled, and another was substituted omitting his name. At the same time, Dr Walton dedicated the work to Charles II., apologising for not doing it sooner, "as that great dragon, who had profaned his Majesty's sceptre, would have suppressed the work if it had been inscribed to any patron but himself." Considering that he had been deprived of his benefices and silenced by republican rulers, there is some excuse for the keen feelings of the venerable scholar; but it surely exceeds the ordinary limits of ingratitude to call a man "great dragon" on paper supplied by himself.

Dr Walton's merits were recognised by the restored monarchy, and in 1661 he was appointed to the see of Chester. In these days, when an express train carries a bishop from Euston Square to the old Roman city in six hours, it is amusing to read the progress of Dr Walton, which occupied from Tuesday the 3d of September till Wednesday the 11th. And it was as eventful as it was long. The coach upset, and Mrs Walton's face was severely bruised. Two troops of horse, sent to escort the bishop, quarrelled, and were ready to draw their swords on one another. An officer's wife, making up to him with a present, fell and broke her arms; a ringer was nearly killed by the stroke of a bell; and a stranger, in the act of accosting him, dropped dead before him. However, all dangers were surmounted at last, and, amidst a tumult of loyal excitement, and with the loudest acclamations, the new prelate was conducted first to his cathedral, and then to the palace. But in less than

three months this triumphal procession was succeeded by a pageant of a very different description; and on the 5th of December the coffin of Bishop Walton was followed by a concourse of mourning peers, scholars, and clergy, from his residence in Aldersgate Street to his grave in the south aisle of St Paul's.*

Dr Walton's most devoted coadjutor was Dr EDMUND CASTELL. This eminent scholar was born at East Hatley, in Cambridgeshire, in 1606, and was an alumnus of Emmanuel College. When Dr Walton projected the Polyglott, Dr Castell undertook to compile, as a needful accompaniment, a lexicon of its various languages. To this herculean task he devoted seventeen years, usually working sixteen hours a-day. As his assistants, he employed seven English secretaries, and seven foreigners; and, besides wearing away his own frame to a shadow, he expended on the undertaking his personal estate, amounting to twelve thousand pounds. Unfortunately the "Lexicon Heptaglotton," in two folio volumes, did not appear till 1669, and before that time the love of Oriental learning, which marked the Commonwealth, had ebbed away; and, eighteen hundred pounds in debt, the editor had to petition the king "that a jail might not be his reward for so much labour and expense." The sale of the work was slow; and when he died in 1689, it is believed that five hundred copies remained on hand. These, his niece and executrix, Mrs Crisp, stowed away in some empty room or barn in Surrey. There the rats devoured them; and when they were at last examined, it was found hardly possible to complete a single copy, and the whole mass of learned rags was sold for seven pounds.

Another gigantic enterprise of this Bible-loving era was the

* A full account of the London Polyglott, as well as of its learned editor, will be found in Todd's "Memoirs of Walton," 2 vols., London: 1821—a somewhat dry, but documentary and painstaking book.

collection of ninety commentators on the entire Scripture, or its several portions, published by Cornelius Bee, a bookseller, in 1660, in nine huge volumes, under the well-known title of "CRITICI SACRI."

On this work an improvement was made by MATTHEW POOL,* a silenced Nonconformist minister. His plan was to give the substance of each commentator embraced in the "Critici Sacri," along with a number besides; and to those who were not anxious to possess the *ipsissima verba* of each interpreter, this digest had the recommendation of greater comprehensiveness combined with economy. It was prepared with remarkable rapidity. The first volume appeared in 1669, and the fifth and concluding one in 1676; and during this period, with very little copy provided beforehand, the author kept two presses in constant employment. His rule was to rise "very early in the morning, about three or four o'clock, and take a raw egg about eight or nine, and another about twelve," and then continue his studies till the afternoon was pretty far advanced, when he went abroad, and spent the evening at some friend's house in cheerful conversation." And its success was not a little wonderful. To their lasting honour, the work of the learned Nonconformist was recommended to public favour by many of the bishops, and by Tillotson, Patrick, Stillingfleet, and other lights of the Church of England; and before the fifth volume was published, an impression of four thousand copies was exhausted, all save two hundred. Before the end of the century, three other editions had appeared, two of them at Frankfort and one at Leyden.

The generation which produced these colossal commentators must have been mighty in the Scriptures, and the ministers who had time to study the "Critici Sacri" and Walton's Polyglott, must have possessed an enviable amount of learned leisure. They had not a dozen committees to attend in a

* Born at York, 1624; died at Amsterdam, 1679.

week, and some thousands of letters to answer in a year. Their mornings were not devoted to the miscellaneous affairs which now-a-days engross the care and divide the energies of the parochial or congregational factotum, nor were their evenings bespoken for *conversaziones* and lectures, soirees and public dinners. And although it would be a silly peevishness to complain of a state of matters which is mainly the result of the evangelistic and philanthropic zeal evolved in the present century, we sometimes wish that religious activity left more time for sacred scholarship. Except during the few weeks of his annual holiday, there is many a clergyman who never knows the luxury of a day's unbroken retirement; and, for the quiet study of the Bible, city merchants are often more favourably circumstanced than city ministers. No doubt, a sensible man will conform to existing exigencies, and will do his best to produce, from Sunday to Sunday, discourses, fresh, practical, and impressive; but extemporised, as these usually are, in hasty moments at the end of a laborious week, he often sighs to perceive that there are broad tracts of revelation on which he dare not adventure, and important truths in "the counsel of God" which he must "shun to declare," lest Christianity itself be compromised by crude expositions or unguarded statements. And that which aggravates the evil is the early age at which the student now enters on the active ministry—spending in his first charge the six or eight years which the aspirant two hundred years ago devoted, in his quiet chambers at Oxford or Cambridge, to the investigation of the original Scriptures and the mastery of systematic divinity. It may be that some of the Commonwealth worthies were too much recluses and book-worms, and it will be allowed that a modern Lightfoot would be as little in his element presiding at a vestry, as a resuscitated Charnock at a modern tea-meeting; but, happily, the Church is now so rich in active and accomplished laymen, and in men of business who are withal men of piety,

that we believe the interests of Christianity would be subserved by pastors being allowed to give themselves more entirely to "prayer and to the ministry of the word." In such an event, it is to be hoped that the standard of personal devotedness and spiritual attainment might rise higher, first among pastors, and then among people; and that, with more effort concentrated on pulpit ministrations, the members of the Christian community would be gainers, in the extending range of their scriptural knowledge, in the growing strength of their religious convictions, and in the more powerful impulses from time to time imparted to their personal piety.

THE CHRISTIAN LAITY.

LORD BACON.

Overshadowed as were the last years of this illustrious Englishman by his own sad confession that, in the administration of justice, he had been guilty of "corruption," there is no admirer of genius who is not anxious to find for the fallen chancellor every extenuation afforded by the venality of his contemporaries and predecessors; and, although some may demur to our giving a place in religious authorship to one in whose career there was so much to condemn, charitable readers will recall to remembrance the inspired author of those psalms, some of which Bacon translated,* and, however much they may regret that a loftier morality was not combined with mental powers so transcendent, they will be reluctant to forego the homage paid to Christianity by one of the most imperial intellects among the sons of men, and they will be anxious to hope that, amidst manifold infirmities, "the root of the matter was found" in him.

Of Riches.

I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue. The Roman word is better—*impedimenta*. For, as the baggage is

* See *ante*, page 124.

to an army, so are riches to virtue. It cannot be spared, nor left behind; but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory. Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit. So, saith Solomon, "Where much is there are many to consume it; and what hath the owner, but the sight of it with his eyes?" The personal fruition in any man cannot reach to feel great riches: there is a custody of them, or a power of dole and donative of them, or a fame of them, but no solid use to the owner. Do you not see what feigned prices are set upon little stones and rarities? and what works of ostentation are undertaken, because there might seem to be some use of great riches? But then, you will say, they may be of use, to buy men out of dangers and troubles. As Solomon saith, Riches are as a stronghold in the imagination of the rich man. But this is excellently expressed—that it is in imagination, and not always in fact: for, certainly, great riches have sold more men than they have bought out. Seek not proud riches; but such as thou mayst get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly. The poets feign, that when Plutus, which is riches, is sent from Jupiter, he limps, and goes slowly; but when he is sent from Pluto, he runs, and is swift of foot: meaning, that riches gotten by good means and just labour, pace slowly; but when they come by the death of others, as by the course of inheritance, testaments, and the like, they come tumbling upon a man. But it might be applied likewise to Pluto, taking him for the devil; for when riches come from the devil, as, by fraud, and oppression, and unjust means, they come upon speed. The ways to enrich are many, and most of them foul. Parsimony is one of the best, and yet is not innocent; for it withholdeth men from works of liberality and charity. The improvement of the ground is the most natural obtaining of riches; for it is our great mother's blessing, the earth's: but it is slow.

And yet, where men of great wealth stoop to husbandry, it multiplieth riches exceedingly. I knew a nobleman in England that had the greatest audits of any man in my time; a great grazier, a great sheep-master, a great timber-man, a great collier, a great corn-master, a great lead-man, and so of iron and a number of the like points of husbandry, so as the earth seemed a sea to him, in respect of the perpetual importation. It was truly observed by one, that himself came very hardly to a little riches, and very easily to great riches. For when a man's stock is come to that, that he can expect the prime of markets, and overcome those bargains which, for their greatness, are few men's money, and be partner in the industries of younger men, he cannot but increase mainly. The gains of ordinary trades and vocations are honest, and furthered by two things—chiefly by diligence, and by a good name for good and fair dealings. The fortune in being the first in an invention or in a privilege, doth cause sometimes a wonderful overgrowth in riches, as it was with the first sugar-man in the Canaries. Therefore, if a man can play the true logician, to have as well judgment as invention, he may do great matters, especially if the times be fit. He that resteth upon gains certain, shall hardly grow to great riches; and he that puts all upon adventures, doth oftentimes break, and come to poverty: it is good, therefore, to guard adventures with certainties that may uphold losses. Believe not much them that seem to despise riches; for they despise them that despair of them, and none worse when they come to them. Be not penny-wise: riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves; sometimes they must be set flying, to bring in more. Men leave their riches either to their kindred or to the public; and moderate portions prosper best in both. A great estate left to an heir, is as a lure to all the birds of prey round about, to seize on him, if he be not the better established in years and judgment. Likewise, glorious gifts and foundations are

like sacrifices without salt, and but the painted sepulchres of alms, which soon will putrify and corrupt inwardly. Therefore, measure not thine advancements by quantity, but frame them by measure; and defer not charities till death: for, certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's than of his own.

The Student's Prayer.

To God the Father, God the Word, God the Spirit, we pour forth most humble and hearty supplications, that He, remembering the calamities of mankind, and the pilgrimage of this our life, in which we wear out days few and evil, would please to open to us new refreshments out of the fountains of His goodness, for the alleviating of our miseries. This also we humbly and earnestly beg, that human things may not prejudice such as are divine; neither that from the unlocking of the gates of sense, and the kindling of a greater light, anything of incredulity or intellectual night may arise in our minds towards Divine mysteries. But rather, that by our mind thoroughly cleansed and purged from fancy and vanities, and yet subject and perfectly given up to the Divine oracles, there may be given unto faith the things that are faith's. Amen.

The Writer's Prayer.

Thou, O Father, who gavest the visible light as the first-born of Thy creatures, and didst pour into man the intellectual light as the top and consummation of Thy workmanship, be pleased to protect and govern this work, which coming from Thy goodness returneth to Thy glory. Thou, after Thou hadst reviewed the works which Thy hand made, beheldest that everything was very good, and Thou didst rest with complacency in them. But man, reflecting on the works which he

had made, saw that all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and could by no means acquiesce in them. Wherefore, if we labour in Thy works with the sweat of our brows, Thou wilt make us partakers of Thy vision and Thy sabbath. We humbly beg that this mind may be steadfastly in us, and that Thou, by our hands, and also by the hands of others on whom Thou shalt bestow the same spirit, wilt please to convey a largess of new alms to Thy family of mankind. These things we commend to Thy everlasting love, by our Jesus, Thy Christ, God with us. Amen.

JOHN SELDEN.

The most erudite of Englishmen—an encyclopædia of knowledge, antiquarian, historical, legal—master of many languages, dead and living—the author of works which had filled Europe with his fame—and possessor of a collection of 8000 volumes, now among the most precious treasures of the Bodleian Library, —when Selden lay dying, he said to Archbishop Ussher and Dr Langbain:—"I have surveyed most of the learning that is among the sons of men, and my study is filled with books and manuscripts on various subjects, but at present I cannot recollect any passage out of all my books and papers whereon I can rest my soul, save this from the sacred Scriptures: 'The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us, that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.'"

The confession is interesting, as the eventual landing-place of one of the most learned of mankind; and its meekness

contrasts affectingly with the hale-heartedness and arrogance of his healthier days. For Selden's was a mind by no means naturally devout or reverential, and the style in which controversy was conducted in his day did not tend to deepen his veneration for religion or its ministers. Still, his confidence in fundamental truths remained unshaken, and when the king of terrors stared him in the face, he was thankful to have for his retreat the simple and unchanging "faithful saying."

It was a boast of Selden, that "laymen have best interpreted the hard places in the Bible, such as Joannes Picus, Scaliger, Grotius, Salmasius, Heinsius." With the cross-lights of his immense general and legal erudition, he was enabled to throw much elucidation on subjects lying out of the theologian's ordinary track; and his Latin treatises on "The Syrian Gods," "The Hebrew Wife," "The Sanhedrim," are magazines from which students of sacred antiquities will long continue to draw their materials. In an early work, "The History of Tithes," he laboured to shew that a legal maintenance for the ministry is not obligatory under the Christian dispensation. The book, however, not only excited many angry rejoinders, but entailed on the author the displeasure of the Court. The upshot was, that, in order to escape graver consequences, he signed an apology, scarcely retracting its doctrines, but expressing regret for its publication.

Selden was born December 16, 1584, near Tarring, in Sussex, where we believe that the cottage of his father is still standing. From the Free School of Chichester he passed to Hart-hall, Oxford, and afterwards to the Inner Temple, London. By his publications, and in the friendship of men like the antiquaries, Camden and Spelman, and Archbishop Ussher, he soon attained a vast reputation; and in 1621, when King James, in a speech to Parliament, asserted that their privileges were originally grants from the crown, Selden was the lawyer whom the House of Lords consulted; and as his opinion was

adverse to the royal doctrine, as soon as a dissolution took place he was thrown into prison—an incarceration, however, which was of very short continuance. On the accession of Charles I. he was elected member for Bedwin, in Wiltshire; and by pleading for Hampden in the Court of King's Bench, and opposing absolute measures, he made himself so obnoxious to the king, that he was committed to the Tower for eight months, and spent a still longer period in the King's Bench and Gatehouse prisons. In 1643 he was appointed one of the lay members of the Westminster Assembly. His death took place at Whitefriars, November 30, 1654.

In the hearty words of the Earl of Clarendon: "Mr Selden was a person whom no character can flatter, or transmit in any expressions equal to his merit and virtue. He was of so stupendous learning in all kinds, and in all languages (as may appear in his excellent and transcendent writings), that a man would have thought he had been entirely conversant amongst books, and had never spent an hour but in reading and writing; yet his humanity, courtesy, and affability was such, that he would have been thought to have been bred in the best courts, but that his good nature, charity, and delight in doing good, and in communicating all he knew, exceeded that breeding. His style in all his writings seems harsh, and sometimes obscure, which is not wholly to be imputed to the abstruse subjects of which he commonly treated, out of the paths trod by other men, but to a little undervaluing the beauty of a style, and too much propensity to the language of antiquity; but in his conversation he was the most clear discourser, and had the best faculty of making hard things easy, and presenting them to the understanding, of any man that hath been known."*

Of such conversational remarks, his amanuensis, Richard Milward, has preserved an interesting selection in "The Table-

* Life of Clarendon.

Talk of John Selden." This book has been lately reprinted.* It does not raise our moral estimate of the author, and it contains too many indications of paradox and special pleading; but on some topics its sayings are valuable, as the utterances of a mind rarely shrewd and wonderfully well-informed.

Occasional Sayings.

Popery.—Catholics say, we, out of our charity, believe they of the Church of Rome may be saved; but they do not believe so of us; therefore their Church is better according to ourselves. First, some of them, no doubt, believe as well of us as we do of them, but they must not say so. Besides, is that an argument their Church is better than ours, because it has less charity?

Faith and Works.—'Twas an unhappy division that has been made between faith and works. Though in my intellect I may divide them, just as in the candle I know there is both light and heat; but yet, put out the candle, and they are both gone; one remains not without the other. So 'tis betwixt faith and works; nay, in a right conception, *fides est opus;* † if I believe a thing because I am commanded, that is *opus.*

Humility.—Humility is a virtue all preach, none practise, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.

Excessive Humility.—There is *humilitas quædam in vitio.* If a man does not take notice of that excellency and perfection that is in himself, how can he be thankful to God, who is the author of all excellency and perfection? Nay, if a man hath too mean an opinion of himself, 'twill render him unserviceable both to God and man.

* Edited by David Irving, LL.D. Edinburgh: 1854.

† Faith is work.

Romish Idolatry.—Though the learned Papists pray not to images, yet it is to be feared the ignorant do, as appears by that story of St Nicholas in Spain. A countryman used to offer daily to St Nicholas's image. At length, by mischance, the image was broken, and a new one made of his own plum-tree; after that the man forbore. Being complained of to his ordinary, he answered, 'Tis true he used to offer to the old image, but to the new one he could not find in his heart, because he knew it was a piece of his own plum-tree. You see what opinion this man had of the image; and to this tended the bowing of their images, the twinkling of their eyes, the Virgin's milk, &c. Had they only meant representations, a picture would have done as well as these tricks. It may be with us in England, they do not worship images; because, living amongst Protestants, they are either laughed out of it, or beaten out of it by shock of argument.

Ministerial Apparatus.—There be four things a minister should be at—the concionary part, ecclesiastical story, school divinity, and the casuists.

1. In the concionary part he must read all the chief fathers, both Latin and Greek, wholly—St Austin, St Ambrose, St Chrysostom, both the Gregories, Tertullian, Clemens, Alexandrinus, and Epiphanius, which last have more learning in them than all the rest, and writ freely.

2. For ecclesiastical story let him read Baronius, with the Magdeburgenses, and be his own judge—the one being extremely for the Papists, the other extremely against them.

3. For school divinity let him get Cavellus's edition of Scotus or Mayco, where there be quotations that direct you to every schoolman, where such and such questions are handled. Without school divinity a divine knows nothing logically, nor will he be able to satisfy a rational man out of the pulpit.

4. The study of the casuists must follow the study of the schoolmen, because the division of their cases is according to

their divinity; otherwise, he that begins with them will know little, as he that begins with the study of the reports and cases in the common law will thereby know little of the law. Casuists may be of admirable use, if discreetly dealt with, though among them you shall have many leaves together very impertinent. A case well decided would stick by a man, they would remember it whether they will or no, whereas a quaint position dieth in the birth. The main thing is to know where to search; for talk what they will of vast memories, no man will presume upon his own memory for anything he means to write or speak in public.

Moral Honesty.—They that cry down moral honesty, cry down that which is a great part of religion—my duty towards God, and my duty towards man. What care I to see a man run after a sermon, if he cozens and cheats as soon as he comes home? On the other side, morality must not be without religion; for if so, it may change as I see convenience. Religion must govern it. He that has not religion to govern his morality is not a dram better than my mastiff-dog; so long as you stroke him, and please him, and do not pinch him, he will play with you as finely as may be—he is a very good moral mastiff; but if you hurt him, he will fly in your face and tear out your throat.

Preaching.—First in your sermons use your logic, and then your rhetoric. Rhetoric without logic is like a tree with leaves and blossoms, but no root; yet, I confess, more are taken with rhetoric than logic, because they are catched with a free expression, when they understand not reason. Logic must be natural, or it is worth nothing at all; your rhetoric figures may be learned. That rhetoric is best which is most seasonable and most catching. An instance we have in that old blunt commander at Cadiz, who shewed himself a good orator; being to say something to his soldiers, which he was not used to do, he made them a speech to this purpose: "What a shame will

it be, you Englishmen, that feed upon good beef and brewess, to let those rascally Spaniards beat you, that eat nothing but oranges and lemons!" and so put more courage into his men than he could have done with a more learned oration. Rhetoric is very good, or stark naught—there 's no medium in rhetoric. If I am not fully persuaded, I laugh at the orator.

Transubstantiation.—The fathers, using to speak rhetorically, brought up transubstantiation, as if, because it is commonly said, "amicus est alter idem,"* one should go about to prove a man and his friend are all one. That opinion is only rhetoric turned into logic.

IZAAK WALTON.

Born at Stafford in 1593, Izaak Walton (for, like all his admirers, we must retain his own antique spelling of his name) came early to London, and spent in it the great part of a long and happy life as a shopkeeper, a scholar, and a Christian. His first premises, in Cornhill, were seven and a-half feet long by five feet wide. In those quiet times, a draper or "sempster" was able to earn a competence without an immense establishment. Besides plying his calling, he often found leisure for a day's fly-fishing on the Lea or the Wandle, and in 1653 he published "The Complete Angler," a lively and endearing old book, in which he has embalmed the freshness of the fields and bottled up the sunshine of two hundred years ago. At the same time, his piety, his genius, and his attachment to monarchy, gained him the friendship of Hammond and Fuller, Hales of Eton, Archbishop Ussher, and many others of the great men who adorned the Church of England, and, after his retirement from business, he beguiled a portion of his leisure writing accounts of some of his contemporary worthies—Sir Henry Wotton, Richard Hooker, George Herbert, and Bishop Sanderson. The life of Dr Donne he had written as early as 1640.

* A friend is another self.

When he transferred his shop from Cornhill to Fleet Street, he became an inhabitant of St Dunstan's, and one of Dr Donne's parishioners.

These exquisite biographies are above all praise, unless it be such praise as Wordsworth's:—

> "There are no colours in the fairest sky,
> So fair as these; the feather whence the pen
> Was shaped, that traced the lives of these good men,
> Dropped from an angel's wing: with moistened eye,
> We read of faith, and purest charity,
> In statesman, priest, and humble citizen.
> Oh! could we copy their mild virtues then,
> What joy to live, what blessedness to die!
> Methinks their very names shine still and bright;
> Apart—like glow-worms on a summer night;
> Or, lonely tapers, when from far they fling
> A guiding ray; or seen—like stars on high,
> Satellites burning in a lucid ring
> Around meek Walton's heavenly memory."

The life of Bishop Sanderson was the last which Walton wrote. It concludes with these touching words: "'Tis now too late to wish that my life may be like his; for I am in the eighty-fifth year of my age: but I humbly beseech Almighty God, that my death may; and do as earnestly beg of every reader to say, Amen." Our extract will shew how green was his old age, and how fresh to the last his faculty of relating a story. The passage on Thankfulness is taken from "The Angler."

Walton died in the house of one of the prebendaries of Winchester, "in the great frost," December 15, 1683, and was buried in the cathedral.

The Country Parson.

Being now resolved to set down his rest in a quiet privacy at Boothby Pannell, and looking back with some sadness upon

his removal from his general acquaintance left in Oxford, and the peculiar pleasures of a University life, he could not but think the want of society would render this of a country parson the more uncomfortable, by reason of that want of conversation; and therefore he did put on some faint purposes to marry. For he had considered, that though marriage be cumbered with more worldly care than a single life; yet a complying and a prudent wife changes those very cares into so mutual a content, as makes them become like the sufferings of St Paul (Col. i. 24), which he would not have wanted because they occasioned his rejoicing in them. And he, having well considered this, and observed the secret, unutterable joys that children beget in parents, and the mutual pleasures and contented trouble of their daily care, and constant endeavours to bring up those little images of themselves, so as to make them as happy as all those cares and endeavours can make them: he having considered all this, the hopes of such happiness turned his faint purposes into a positive resolution to marry. And he was so happy as to obtain Anne, the daughter of Henry Nelson, bachelor in divinity, then rector of Haugham, in the county of Lincoln, a man of noted worth and learning. And the Giver of all good things was so good to him as to give him such a wife as was suitable to his own desires; a wife, that made his life happy by being always content when he was cheerful; that divided her joys with him, and abated of his sorrow, by bearing a part of that burden; a wife, that demonstrated her affection by a cheerful obedience to all his desires, during the whole course of his life, and at his death too, for she outlived him.

And in this Boothby Pannel, he either found or made his parishioners peaceable, and complying with him in the decent and regular service of God. And thus his parish, his patron, and he lived together in a religious love, and a contented quietness; he not troubling their thoughts by preaching high and

useless notions, but such plain truths as were necessary to be known, believed, and practised, in order to their salvation. And their assent to what he taught was testified by such a conformity to his doctrine, as declared they believed and loved him. For he would often say, that, without the last, the most evident truths—heard as from an enemy, or an evil liver—either are not, or are at least the less effectual, and do usually rather harden than convince the hearer.

And this excellent man did not think his duty discharged by only reading the Church prayers, catechising, preaching, and administering the sacraments seasonably; but thought—if the law or the canons may seem to enjoin no more—yet that God would require more than the defective laws of man's making can or do enjoin; the performance of that inward law, which Almighty God hath imprinted in the conscience of all good Christians, and inclines those whom He loves to perform. He, considering this, did therefore become a law to himself, practising what his conscience told him was his duty, in reconciling differences, and preventing lawsuits, both in his parish and in the neighbourhood. To which may be added, his often visiting sick and disconsolate families, persuading them to patience, and raising them from dejection by his advice and cheerful discourse, and by adding his own alms, if there were any so poor as to need it; considering how acceptable it is to Almighty God, when we do as we are advised by St Paul (Gal. vi. 2), "Help to bear one another's burden," either of sorrow or want; and what a comfort it will be, when the Searcher of all hearts shall call us to a strict account for that evil we have done, and the good we have omitted, to remember we have comforted and been helpful to a dejected or distressed family.

And that his practice was to do good, one example may be, that he met with a poor dejected neighbour, that complained he had taken a meadow, the rent of which was £9 a-year; and when the hay was made ready to be carried into his barn, seve-

ral days' constant rain had so raised the water, that a sudden flood carried all away, and his rich landlord would bate him no rent; and that unless he had half abated, he and seven children were utterly undone. It may be noted, that in this age there are a sort of people so unlike the God of Mercy, so void of the bowels of pity, that they love only themselves and children: love them so, as not to be concerned whether the rest of mankind waste their days in sorrow or shame; people that are cursed with riches, and a mistake that nothing but riches can make them and their's happy. But it was not so with Dr Sanderson; for he was concerned, and spoke comfortably to the poor dejected man; bade him go home and pray, and not load himself with sorrow, for he would go to his landlord next morning; and if his landlord would not abate what he desired, he and a friend would pay it for him.

To the landlord he went the next day; and, in a conference, the Doctor presented to him the sad condition of his poor dejected tenant; telling him how much God is pleased when men compassionate the poor, and told him, that though God loves sacrifice, yet He loves mercy so much better, that He is pleased when called the God of Mercy. And told him, the riches he was possessed of were given him by that God of Mercy, who would not be pleased if he, that had so much given, yea, and forgiven him too, should prove like the rich steward in the gospel, that took his fellow-servant by the throat to make him pay the utmost farthing. This he told him: and told him, that the law of this nation—by which law he claims his rent—does not undertake to make men honest or merciful; but does what it can to restrain men from being dishonest or unmerciful, and yet was defective in both; and that taking any rent from his poor tenant, for what God suffered him not to enjoy, though the law allowed him to do so, yet if he did so, he was too like that rich steward which he had mentioned to him; and told him that riches so gotten, and added to his

great estate, would, as Job says, prove like gravel in his teeth: would in time so corrode his conscience, or become so nauseous when he lay upon his death-bed, that he would then labour to vomit it up, and not be able; and therefore advised him, being very rich, to make friends of his unrighteous mammon, before that evil day come upon him; but, however, neither for his own sake, nor for God's sake, to take any rent of his poor, dejected, sad tenant; for that were to gain a temporal, and lose his eternal happiness. These, and other such reasons were urged with so grave and compassionate an earnestness, that the landlord forgave his tenant the whole rent.

The reader will easily believe that Dr Sanderson, who was so meek and merciful, did suddenly and gladly carry this comfortable news to the dejected tenant; and we believe, that at the telling of it there was a mutual rejoicing. It was one of Job's boasts, "that he had seen none perish for want of clothing; and that he had often made the heart of the widow to rejoice" (Job xxxi. 19). And doubtless Dr Sanderson might have made the same religious boast of this, and very many like occasions. But, since he did not, I rejoice that I have this just occasion to do it for him; and that I can tell the reader, I might tire myself and him, in telling how like the whole course of Dr Sanderson's life was to this which I have now related.

A Thankful Spirit.

Well, scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High Cross, I will, as we walk towards it in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for our happiness. And that our present happiness may ap-

pear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and tooth-ache; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy; and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunder-strucken; and we have been freed from these and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature: let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the insupportable burden of an accusing, tormenting conscience—a misery that none can bear; and therefore let us praise Him for His preventing grace, and say, Every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have eat, and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again, which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich;" and it is true indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy: for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, "That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them." And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful! Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys

that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silk-worm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have probably unconscionably got. Let us therefore be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience.

Let me tell you, scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair, where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gim-cracks; and having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend, "Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!" And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God that He hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want, though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will; it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbour, for not worshipping or not flattering him: and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not shew her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And I knew another to whom God had given health and plenty, but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she en-

gaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a law-suit with a dogged neighbour, who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other; and this law-suit begot higher oppositions and actionable words, and more vexations and law-suits; for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well, this wilful purse-proud law-suit lasted during the life of the first husband, after which his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into her grave; and so the wealth of these poor rich people was cursed into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts, for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready-furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another; and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, "It was to find content in some one of them." But his friend knowing his temper, told him, "If he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul." And this may appear, if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St Matthew's Gospel, for He there says, "Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth." Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven; but, in the meantime, he, and he only, possesses the earth, as he goes toward that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better; nor is vexed when he sees others possessed of more honour or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his

share; but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and to himself.

My honest scholar, all this is told to incline you to thankfulness; and, to incline you the more, let me tell you, that though the prophet David was guilty of murder and adultery, and many other of the most deadly sins, yet he was said to be a man after God's own heart, because he abounded more with thankfulness than any other that is mentioned in Holy Scripture, as may appear in his book of Psalms, where there is such a commixture of his confessing of his sins and unworthiness, and such thankfulness for God's pardon and mercies, as did make him to be accounted, even by God himself, to be a man after His own heart: and let us, in that, labour to be as like him as we can; let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value, or not praise Him, because they may be common; let not us forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains, that we have met with since we met together? I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in his full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a fishing.

Well, scholar, I have almost tired myself, and, I fear, more than almost tired you. But I now see Tottenham High Cross, and our short walk thither will put a period to my too long discourse, in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labour to possess my own soul—that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have shewed you that riches without them (meekness and thankfulness) do not make any man happy. But let me tell you that riches with them remove many fears and cares. And, therefore, my advice is, that you endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor; but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all; for it is well said by Caussin, "He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping." Therefore, be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health, and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of—a blessing that money cannot buy—and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. As for money (which may be said to be the third blessing), neglect it not; but note, that there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you there may be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them; and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, scholar, I have heard a grave divine say that God has two dwellings, one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart; which Almighty God grant to me and to my honest scholar! And so you are welcome to Tottenham High Cross.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

Milton himself not excepted, there is no author so poetical in his prose, so enigmatical in his expositions, so Latin in his English, as the sage of Norwich; nor, we may add, are there many authors at once so fantastic and so sublime, so exact in

their learning, and so unrestrained in the flights of their imagination. Indeed, the boldness of his excursions, and his fondness for paradox, brought into question the soundness of his faith, and the cabalistic style of his composition repels many readers to this day; but for those who have the patience of translators, and who are not ashamed of being occasionally puzzled, a rich reward is provided in the "Religio Medici," the "Hydriotaphia," and "Christian Morals." As a recent critic has remarked—"He seems like no other writer, and his vast and solitary abstractions, stamped with his peculiar style, like the hieroglyphic characters of the East, carry the imagination back into the primeval ages of the world, or forward into the depths of eternity."* At the same time, far from impeaching the sincerity of his faith, we could almost envy that willingness to be "unclothed," partly the result of superiority to sensual enjoyments, and partly the impatience of a spirit strong in the excess of immortality, which bursts through many noble passages. The conclusion of Dr Johnson, will be the conclusion of the candid student of his works in connexion with his history, "that he was a zealous adherent to the faith of Christ, that he lived in obedience to His laws, and died in confidence of His mercy."

Sir Thomas Browne was born in London, Oct. 19, 1605, and in 1636, settled as a physician in the city of Norwich, where he attained to a large practice and a great reputation, and where he died Oct. 19, 1682.

Immortality.

There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end, which is the peculiar of that necessary essence which cannot destroy itself, and the highest strain of omnipotency to be so power-

* Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature, vol. i. p. 300.

fully constituted, as not to suffer even from the power of itself. All others have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God, who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names, hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration; and to hold long subsistence, seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnising nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us. A small fire sufficeth for life, great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected precious pyres, and to burn like Sardanapalus; but the wisdom of funeral laws found the folly of prodigal blazes, and reduced undoing fires unto the rule of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner, and an urn.

Five languages* secured not the epitaph of Gordianus. The man of God lives longer without a tomb than any by one, invisibly interred by angels, and adjudged to obscurity, though not without some remarks directing human discovery. Enoch and Elias, without either tomb or burial, in an anomalous state of being, are the great examples of perpetuity, in their long and living memory in strict account being still on this side death, and having a late part yet to act upon this stage of earth. If in the decretory term of the world, we shall not all die but be changed, according to received translation, the last day will make but few graves; at least, quick resurrections will anticipate lasting sepultures. Some graves will be opened

* Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Egyptian, and Arabic, defaced by Licinius the Emperor.

before they be quite closed, and Lazarus be no wonder. When many that feared to die shall groan that they can die but once, the dismal state is the second and living death, when life puts despair on the damned; when men shall wish the coverings of mountains, not of monuments, and annihilation shall be courted.

While some have studied monuments, others have studiously declined them; and some have been so vainly boisterous, that they durst not acknowledge their graves; wherein Alaricus seems more subtle, who had a river turned to hide his bones at the bottom. Even Sylla, who thought himself safe in his urn, could not prevent revenging tongues, and stones thrown at his monument. Happy are they whom privacy makes innocent, who deal so with men in this world, that they are not afraid to meet them in the next; who, when they die, make no commotion among the dead, and are not touched with that poetical taunt of Isaiah.

Pyramids, arches, obelisks, were but the irregularities of vain-glory, and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity; but the most magnanimous resolution rests in the Christian religion, which trampleth upon pride, and sits on the neck of ambition, humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity, unto which all others must diminish their diameters, and be poorly seen in angles of contingency.

To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names and predicament of chimeras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysium. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live, indeed, is to be again ourselves, which being not only a hope but an evidence in noble believers, it is all one to lie in St Innocent's churchyard,* as in the sands of Egypt: ready to be anything, in the ecstacy of being ever, and as content with six feet as the *Moles* of Adrianus.

* In Paris, where bodies soon consume.

A Letter to a Friend on the Death of his Intimate Acquaintance.

[The moral maxims with which this letter concludes were afterwards expanded into "Christian Morals." They are, therefore, omitted in the edition of Browne's works edited by Mr Wilkin in 1835.]

Avarice, which is not only infidelity but idolatry, either from covetous progeny or questuary education, had no root in his breast who made good works the expression of his faith, and was big with desires unto public and lasting charities; and surely, where good wishes and charitable intentions exceed abilities, theoretical beneficiency may be more than a dream. They build not castles in the air who would build churches on earth; and though they leave no such structures here, may lay good foundations in heaven. In brief, his life and death were such, that I could not blame them who wished the like, and almost to have been himself; almost, I say: for though we may wish the prosperous appurtenances of others, or to be another in his happy accidents, yet so intrinsical is every man unto himself, that some doubt may be made, whether any would exchange his being, or substantially become another man.

He had wisely seen the world at home and abroad, and thereby observed under what variety men are deluded into the pursuit of that which is not here to be found. And although he had no opinion of reputed felicities below, and apprehended men widely out in the estimate of such happiness; yet his sober contempt of the world wrought no Democratism or Cynicism, no laughing or snarling at it, as well understanding there are not felicities in this world to satisfy a serious mind. And, therefore, to soften the stream of our

lives, we are fain to take in the reputed contentations of this world, to unite with the crowd in their beatitudes, and to make ourselves happy by consortion, opinion, or co-existimation; for strictly to separate from received and customary felicities, and to confine unto the rigour of realities, were to contract the consolation of our beings into too uncomfortable circumscriptions.

Not to fear death, nor desire it, was short of his resolution; to be dissolved, and be with Christ, was his dying ditty. He conceived his thread long, in no long course of years, and when he had scarce outlived the second life of Lazarus,* esteeming it enough to approach the years of his Saviour, who so ordered His own human state, as not to be old upon earth.

But to be content with death may be better than to desire it; a miserable life may make us wish for death, but a virtuous one to rest in it; which is the advantage of those resolved Christians, who, looking on death not only as the sting, but the period and end of sin, the horizon and isthmus between this life and a better, and the death of this world but as the nativity of another, do contentedly submit unto the common necessity, and envy not Enoch nor Elias.

Not to be content with life, is the unsatisfactory state of those which destroy themselves; who, being afraid to live, run blindly upon their own death, which no man fears by experience. And the Stoics had a notable doctrine to take away the fear thereof; that is, in such extremities to desire that which is not to be avoided, and wish what might be feared; and so made evils voluntary, and to suit with their own desires, which took off the terror of them.

But the ancient martyrs were not encouraged by such fallacies; who, though they feared not death, were afraid to be their own executioners; and, therefore, thought it more wisdom

* Which, tradition says, was thirty years.

to crucify their lusts than their bodies, to circumcise than stab their hearts, and to mortify than kill themselves.

His willingness to leave this world about that age, when most men think they may best enjoy it, though paradoxical unto worldly ears, was not strange unto mine, who have so often observed, that many, though old, oft stick fast unto the world, and seem to be drawn like Cacus's oxen, backward, with great struggling and reluctance, into the grave. The long habit of living makes mere men more hardly to part with life, and all to be nothing, but what is to come. To live at the rate of the old world, when some could scarce remember themselves young, may afford no better-digested death than a more moderate period. Many would have thought it a happiness to have had their lot of life in some notable conjuncture of ages past; but the uncertainty of future times hath tempted few to make a part in ages to come. And surely, he that hath taken the true altitude of things, and rightly calculated the degenerate state of this age, is not likely to envy those that shall live in the next, much less three or four hundred years hence, when no man can comfortably imagine what face this world will carry. And, therefore, since every age makes a step unto the end of all things, and the Scripture affords so hard a character of the last times, quiet minds will be content with their generations, and rather bless ages past than be ambitious of those to come.

Though age had set no seal upon his face, yet a dim eye might clearly discover fifty in his actions; and, therefore, since wisdom is the gray hair, and an unspotted life old age, although his years came short, he might have been said to have held up with longer livers, and to have been Solomon's * old man. And surely if we deduct all those days of our life which we might wish unlived, and which abate the comfort of those we now live; if we reckon up only those days which

* Wisdom, chap. iv.

God hath accepted of our lives, a life of good years will hardly be a span long: the son, in this sense, may outlive the father, and none be climacterically old. He that early arriveth unto the parts and prudence of age, is happily old without the uncomfortable attendants of it; and 'tis superfluous to live unto gray hairs, when in a precocious temper we anticipate the virtues of them. In brief, he cannot be accounted young who outliveth the old man. He that hath early arrived unto the measure of a perfect stature in Christ, hath already fulfilled the prime and longest intention of his being; and one day lived after the perfect rule of piety, is to be preferred before sinning immortality.

Although he attained not unto the years of his predecessors, yet he wanted not those preserving virtues which confirm the thread of weaker constitutions. Cautelous chastity, and crafty sobriety, were far from him; those jewels were paragon, without flaw, hair, ice, or cloud in him; which affords me a hint to proceed in these good wishes, and few mementoes unto you.

Tread softly and circumspectly in this funambulous track and narrow path of goodness; pursue virtue virtuously; be sober and temperate, not to preserve your body in a sufficiency to wanton ends; not to spare your purse; not to be free from the infamy of common transgressors that way, and thereby to balance or palliate obscurer and closer vices, nor simply to enjoy health, by all which you may leaven good actions, and render virtues disputable; but, in one word, that you may truly serve God, which, every sickness will tell you, you cannot well do without health. The sick man's sacrifice is but a lame oblation. Pious treasures, laid up in healthful days, excuse the defect of sick non-performances, without which we must needs look back with anxiety upon the lost opportunities of health, and may have cause rather to envy than pity the ends of penitent malefactors, who go with clear parts unto the

last act of their lives, and in the integrity of their faculties return their spirit unto God that gave it.

Consider whereabout thou art in Cebes his table, or that old philosophical pinax of the life of man; whether thou art still in the road of uncertainties; whether thou hast yet entered the narrow gate, got up the hill and asperous way which leadeth unto the house of sanity, or taken that purifying potion from the hand of sincere erudition, which may send thee clear and pure away unto a virtuous and happy life.

In this virtuous voyage, let not disappointment cause despondency, nor difficulty despair. Think not that you are sailing from Lima * to Manilla, wherein thou mayest tie up the rudder, and sleep before the wind; but expect rough seas, flaws, and contrary blasts; and it is well if by many cross tacks and veerings thou arrivest at thy port. Sit not down in the popular seats and common level of virtues, but endeavour to make them heroical. Offer not only peace-offerings but holocausts unto God. To serve Him singly to serve ourselves were too partial a piece of piety, nor likely to place us in the highest mansions of glory.

Be charitable before wealth makes thee covetous, and lose not the glory of the mitre. If riches increase, let thy mind hold pace with them; and think it not enough to be liberal, but munificent. Though a cup of cold water from some hand may not be without its reward, yet stick not thou for wine and oil for the wounds of the distressed; and treat the poor as our Saviour did the multitude, to the relics of some baskets.

Trust not to the omnipotency of gold, or say unto it, Thou art my confidence; kiss not thy hand when thou beholdest that terrestrial sun, nor bore thy ear unto its servitude. A slave unto Mammon makes no servant unto God; covetousness cracks the sinews of faith, numbs the apprehension of anything above sense, and, only affected with the certainty of

* Through the Pacific Sea, with a constant gale from the east.

things present, makes a peradventure of things to come; lives but unto one world, nor hopes but fears another; makes our own death sweet unto others, bitter unto ourselves; gives a dry funeral, scenical mourning, and no wet eyes at the grave.

If avarice be thy vice, yet make it not thy punishment; miserable men commiserate not themselves, bowelless unto themselves, and merciless unto their own bowels. Let the fruition of things bless the possession of them, and take no satisfaction in dying but living rich; for since thy good works, not thy goods, will follow thee, since riches are an appurtenance of life, and no dead man is rich, to famish in plenty, and live poorly to die rich, were a multiplying improvement in madness, and use upon use in folly.

Persons lightly dipped, not grained in generous honesty, are but pale in goodness, and faint-hued in sincerity; but be thou what thou virtuously art, and let not the ocean wash away thy tincture. Stand magnetically upon that axis where prudent simplicity hath fixed thee, and let no temptation invert the poles of thy honesty; and that vice may be uneasy, and even monstrous unto thee, let iterated good acts, and long-confirmed habits, make virtue natural, or a second nature in thee. And since few or none prove eminently virtuous but from some advantageous foundations in their temper and natural inclinations, study thyself betimes, and early find what nature bids thee to be, or tells thee what thou mayest be. They who thus timely descend into themselves, cultivating the good seeds which nature hath set in them, and improving their prevalent inclinations to perfection, become not shrubs, but cedars in their generation; and to be in the form of the best of the bad, or the worst of the good, will be no satisfaction unto them.

Let not the law of thy country be the *non ultra* of thy honesty, nor think that always good enough which the law will make good. Narrow not the law of charity, equity, mercy; join gospel righteousness with legal right; be not a mere

Gamaliel in the faith; but let the Sermon on the Mount be thy Targum unto the law of Sinai.

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

Sir Thomas Browne died on his birth-day; Sir Matthew Hale died at his birth-place, for he was born at Alderley in Gloucestershire, Nov. 1, 1609, and it was there that, having returned to breathe his native air, he expired on Christmas-day 1676.

Of one of the most unimpeachable characters in English history, so many accounts have been written, from the brief but solid life by Burnet to the lively and rather flippant sketch by Lord Campbell, that for our purpose it is enough to remind the reader, that as the leading barrister of his day, he pled the cause alike of Archbishop Laud and Christopher Love; that as a judge under the Protectorate, and as Chief Justice of England in the reign of Charles II., he was equally inaccessible to intimidation or corrupt influence; that as a private Christian he lived on terms of affectionate intimacy with Richard Baxter, as well as with Tillotson and Stillingfleet; and that his pure and impartial memory is now not more precious to the Church which he adorned, than to the Dissenters from it, whose ancestors he protected, as much as in him lay, from the excessive pressure of unjust and cruel laws.

The following letter, addressed by this excellent man, when absent on circuit, to his children, is more interesting than any passage which we can detach from his well-known "Contemplations," and we reprint it with the greater pleasure, inasmuch as it is still a word in season.

Directions for Keeping the Lord's-Day.

I am now come well to Farringdon, from whence I wrote to you my former instructions, concerning your words and speech;

and I now intend to write something to you of another subject, viz., your observation of the Lord's-day, commonly called Sunday; and this I do for these reasons.

1. Because it hath pleased God to cast my lot so that I am to rest at this place upon that day, and the consideration, therefore, of that duty is proper for me and for you; it is "opus diei in die suo," the work fit and proper for the day.

2. Because I have, by long and sound experience, found that the due observance of this day, and of the duties of it, has been of singular comfort and advantage to me; and I doubt not but it will prove so to you. God Almighty is the Lord of our time, and lends it to us, and as it is but just we should consecrate this part of that time to Him; so I have found, by a strict and diligent observation, that a due observation of the duty of this day hath ever had joined to it a blessing upon the rest of my time, and the week that hath been so begun hath been blessed and prosperous to me; and, on the other side, when I have been negligent of the duties of this day, the rest of the week hath been unsuccessful and unhappy to my own secular employments; so that I could easily make an estimate of my successes in my own secular employments the week following, by the manner of my passing of this day; and this I do not write lightly or inconsiderately, but upon a long and sound observation and experience.

3. Because I find in the world much looseness and apostasy from this duty. People begin to be cold and careless in it, allowing themselves sports and recreations, and secular employments in it, without any necessity, which is a sad spectacle and an ill presage. It concerns me, therefore (that am your father), as much as I may, to rescue you from that sin which the examples of others, and the inclination and inconsiderateness of youth are otherwise apt to lead you into.

I shall therefore set down unto you particularly these things, 1. What is the reason and ground of your observation of this day; 2. What things ought not to be done upon this day, which possibly may be lawful upon another day; 3. What things may be done upon this day; 4. What things are either fit or necessary to be done in order to the sanctification of this day.

I. Touching the first of these, viz., the reason of the observation and sanctification of this day; and the reasons are these:

1. It is a moral duty, that since the glorious God gives me my time, I should consecrate and set apart some portion of that time in a special manner to His service.

2. And because the glorious God best knows what portion of time is fit to be peculiarly dedicated to His service, that so the morality of that time might be determined unto some certainty, He hath, by His express precept given to His ancient people the Jews, limited one day of seven, to be that special portion of time which He would have peculiarly dedicated to His service, and so to include into it the morality of that duty.

3. This seventh portion of time, under the old law given to the Jews, was determined by the precept and command of God, in the fourth command, and likewise by His own example, confined to the seventh day from the creation, upon which the Lord rested from His works of creation.

4. But our Saviour Christ, who is the Son of God, blessed for ever, and is Lord of the Sabbath, fulfilling the work of our redemption by His resurrection upon the first day of the week, and by His mission of the Holy Ghost miraculously the first day of the week, and by the secret message of His Spirit to the apostles and the primitive Church, hath translated the observation of the seventh day of the week to the first day of the week, which is our Christian Sabbath; that as our Christian baptism succeeds the sacrament of circumcision, and as our Christian

pascha, in the sacrament of the eucharist, succeeded the Jewish passover, so our Christian Sabbath, the first day of the week, succeeds the Sabbath of the seventh day of the week, and that morality which was, by Almighty God, under that covenant, confined to the seventh day, is, by the example of Christ and His apostles to us Gentiles, transferred to the first day of the week; and that which would have been morally a violation of the morality of the fourth command under the Jewish Sabbath, is a violation of the morality of the same fourth command, if done upon the Christian Sabbath, though the strictness and severity enjoined to the Jews be not altogether the same that is now required of Christians. And thus you have the reason of the obligation upon us Christians to observe the first day of the week, because by more than a humane institution, the morality of the fourth command is transferred to the first day of the week, being our Christian Sabbath; and so the fourth commandment is not abrogated, but only the day changed, and the morality of that command only translated, not annulled.

II. Concerning the second. It is certain that what is unlawful to be done upon another day is much more unlawful upon this; as excess and intemperance, and the like sinful and unlawful actions. But further, there are many things that may be lawfully done upon another day which may not lawfully be done upon this; and many things that are not only lawful upon another day, but also fit and decent, which are yet unfit to be done upon this day. Upon other days we may and must employ ourselves in our secular and ordinary callings—we may use bodily exercises and recreations, as bowling, shooting, hunting, and divers other recreations—we may study humane learning. But I hold these to be not only unfit, but unlawful to be used upon this day, and, therefore, remember it. Moderate walking may thus far be used, so far only as it enableth to the more cheerful and lively performance of the duties of this day;

and, therefore, I allow you to walk soberly about half-an-hour after dinner, to digest your meat, that you be not drowsy, nor indisposed in the religious duties of the day. Merry, but harmless talking, or talking about sports or worldly business, may be used another day, but not upon this. Feastings may be sometimes seasonably used upon other days, but are not fit upon this day. Let only such provisions be made upon this day as may be necessary for the feeding of the family and the poor; and, therefore, I hold that curiosities, baking of meats, and superfluous provisions upon this day are to be avoided, as being an unnecessary breaking of the rest of this day, and unbeseeming the solemnity of it.

III. What things may be done this day, is a question of a great latitude, because circumstances are many, that do much diversify the actions of men, and many times render them lawful or unlawful, according to those varieties of circumstances. Therefore I shall shortly set down those things that do not of themselves directly tend to the sanctification of this day, that yet may and sometimes must be done upon this day. For there were many things that were strictly enjoined to the Jews in their observation of their Sabbath, which were ceremonial, and concerned only that state, and do not oblige under the gospel; as their dressing of meat upon this day was prohibited to them, but not to us; and many more things they did forbear and count unlawful, which, in truth, were not only not forbidden, but enjoined and commanded, for which our Lord reproves the Pharisees, who counted it a breach of the Sabbath to heal the sick, or to pluck the ears of corn for the necessary relief of hunger. Therefore—

1. Works of absolute necessity for man or beast may be done upon the Lord's-day. And those I call works of necessity which cannot be done before the day, or after, without apparent danger: as, for instance, stopping of the breach of a sea-wall; supporting a house that, upon a sudden tempest or casualty,

is ready to fall; pulling out an ox or other beast fallen into a ditch; preventing of a trespass, that, by a sudden accident, may be occasioned to my corn or my neighbour's; setting of a broken bone; physic to remove an incumbent or imminent disease or pain; milking of cows; feeding of cattle; the necessary dressing of meat for the family; and many more instances of that kind. But yet therein great wariness and integrity must be used; for otherwise, men, under pretence of necessity, will take the liberty to do what they please. Therefore take these cautions concerning necessity:—

(1.) That it is not a necessity that excuseth a work upon this day which might have been reasonably foreseen and done before the day: as, for instance, a man hath a necessity to dress meat for his family, which he might have provided on the Saturday, and neglects it; this necessity will not justify him in sending two or three miles to buy meat upon the Lord's-day.

(2.) That is not a necessity which may be forborne to be done, without any absolute destruction or loss of the thing, until the morrow. If a rick of hay be on fire, I may endeavour to quench it on the Lord's-day; but if my corn be cut, and lying abroad upon the ground on the Saturday, though the weather be rainy, or inclining to wet, I may not make it into cocks or fetch it home upon the Lord's-day, because possibly Almighty God may send fair weather to-morrow. And therefore in my forbearance I do two duties under one, viz., observe His law and rest upon His providence. . . . Men make necessities many times to serve their ease, and sloth, and fancy, when, in truth, there is none; but the business may be deferred without danger. If we would be more faithful in our obedience to God, we should find many pretended necessities to vanish into mere imaginations.

2. Works of charity. Relief of the poor; administering physic upon an apparent necessity; visiting or comforting the

afflicted; admonishing the disorderly; persuading peace between neighbours offended, and endeavouring to compose differences, which require not much examination, or cannot be deferred without an apparent danger of greater mischief. These are not only permitted, but commendable, nay, commanded, upon this day. But if the business require examination, or may be deferred till to-morrow, then it is best to defer such examinations and treaties between offended parties till another day, because they will take away too much of the little precious portion of time of this day, and may be as well done to-morrow.

IV. As to the fourth—what is proper, fit, or necessary to be done, in order to the sanctification of this day—I will set down particularly; for generals seldom produce any great effect, because every man is apt to construe them according to his own mind and liking.

1. I would not have you meddle with any recreations, pastimes, or ordinary work of your calling, from Saturday night at eight of the clock till Monday morning; for though I am not apt to think that Saturday night is part of the Christian Sabbath, yet it is fit then to prepare the heart for it.

2. Rise at least three hours before morning sermon; and when you have made yourself fully ready, and washed, and fitted yourself for the solemnity of the day, read two chapters in the Bible, and then go solemnly to your private prayer, and desire of God His grace to enable you to sanctify His day; and after your private prayer, read another chapter; and let your reading be with attention, observation, and uncovered on your head.

3. When you are in the public worship and service of God, be uncovered all the while of reading, praying, or preaching; and if the weather be too cold, wear a satin cap.

4. Kneel upon your knees at prayer. Stand up at the reading of the Psalms, and the first and second Lesson, and the

Epistle and Gospel, and the two Creeds; so you shall avoid offence, and give the same honour to every part of the Holy Scripture: but stand not up at the reading of any apocryphal book, if any happen to be read.

5. Sit at the sermon, and be very attentive at your prayers and in your hearing. I commend your writing the sermon, especially till you are one or two-and-twenty years old, because young minds are apt to wander, and writing the sermon fixeth them, and makes them more attentive.

6. When the minister readeth any of the Psalms or Lessons, turn to them in your Bible, and go along with him; it will fasten your attention, and prevent wandering thoughts.

7. Be very attentive and serious at church; use no laughing, nor gazing about, nor whispering, unless it be to ask those by you something of the sermon that you slipped in writing.

8. Sing the singing Psalms with the rest of the congregation.

9. After sermon, eat moderately at dinner, rather sparingly than plentifully upon this day, that you may be fit for the afternoon's exercise, without drowsiness or dulness.

10. Walk half an hour after dinner in the garden, to digest your meat; then go to your chamber and peruse your notes, or recollect what you remember of the sermon, until it be church time.

11. If you are well, be sure you go to church morning and afternoon; and be there before the minister begin, and stay till he hath ended; and all the while you are at church, carry yourself gravely, soberly, and reverently.

12. After evening sermon, go up to your chamber and read a chapter in the Bible; then examine what you have written, or recollect what you have heard; and if the sermon be not repeated in your father's house, but be repeated in the minister's house, go to the minister's house to the repetition of the sermon.

13. In all your speeches or actions of this day, let there be no lightness nor vanity; use no running, or leaping, or playing,

or wrestling; use no jesting, nor telling of tales or foolish stories, no talk about worldly business; but let your actions and speech be such as the day is, serious and sacred, tending to learn or instruct in the great business of your knowledge of God, and His will, and your own duty.

14. After supper, and prayers ended in my family, every one of you going to bed, kneel down upon your knees, and desire of God His pardon for what you have done amiss this day, and His blessing upon what you have heard, and His acceptance of what you have endeavoured in His service.

15. Perform all this cheerfully and uprightly, and honestly, and count it not a burden to you; for, assure yourselves, you shall find a blessing from God in so doing. And remember it is your father that tells you so, and that loves you, and will not deceive you; and (which is more than that) remember that the Eternal God hath promised, "If thou turn thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

And thus I have written to you of the observation of the Lord's-day, wherein, though I have omitted many things that might have been fit to be inserted, yet you must consider that I had but a small portion of time allowed me to write while I lay at an inn, and upon that day wherein I have performed those duties which I now enjoin you. Let the original be laid up safely for your brother R——, and every of you take copies of it, that you may thereby remember the counsels of

YOUR LOVING FATHER.

October the 20th, 1662.

THE HON. ROBERT BOYLE.

Robert, seventh son and fourteenth child of Richard Earl of Cork, was born at Lismore Castle, January 25, 1627. His sufficient patrimony, and a leisure abridged by nothing except his constitutional delicacy, were devoted to the prosecution of experimental philosophy, and to doing good to his fellow-men. He first introduced the air-pump and thermometer into Britain; and, besides conducting researches which laid the foundations of pneumatical and hydrostatical science,* he was one of the first to exemplify the Baconian methods in practice, and took a prominent part in the formation of the Royal Society. But he was no less intent on the diffusion of saving truth than on the discovery of natural facts and phenomena. It was at his suggestion, and at his charge, that Dr Pocock translated "Grotius on the Truth of the Christian Religion" into Arabic; and in the hope that it might be useful to the inhabitants of the East Indian Archipelago, he printed the Gospels in Malay. He spent seven hundred pounds distributing the Scriptures in Ireland, and printed an edition of the Erse or "Irish" Bible, for circulation in the Highlands of Scotland. He corresponded with the apostolic Eliot in America, and was a bountiful contributor to the work in which he was engaged; and, when it could alleviate poverty or promote a good undertaking, his purse was always forthcoming. Thus we find him helping Burnet to publish his "History of the Reformation;" and when, in 1659, he heard of the straits to which Dr Sanderson was reduced, he sent him fifty pounds, with a request that he would go on and publish his "Cases of Conscience." His industrious, benevolent, and eminently honourable career terminated December 30, 1691, and

* Thomson's History of Chemistry, vol. i. p. 204.

his remains are deposited in the Church of St Martin's-in-the-Fields.*

The works of Mr Boyle fill six quarto volumes. They are chiefly philosophical; but many of them, such as "The Christian Virtuoso," "Considerations upon the Style of the Holy Scriptures," "The High Veneration Man's Intellect owes to God," are offerings laid on the altar. Our specimen is from a little volume, with the running title, "Seraphic Love," being "Some Motives and Incentives to the Love of God, pathetically discoursed of in a Letter to a Friend."

The Greatness of God's Goodness.

I find it hotly disputed amongst divines (not only betwixt the Socinians and the orthodox, but betwixt orthodox and orthodox), whether or no God could, without violating His justice, have devised any other course for the expiation of sin than the passion and death of Christ. But, without venturing to determine whether or no God could, to redeem us, have chosen any other way, we may safely think that He has chosen the most obliging and most endearing way; displaying, in this Divine manner of rescuing us, the severest justice and the highest mercy, the greatest hatred of sin, and the greatest love to sinners; since, by those unequalled and invaluable sufferings to which He delivered up for us that Son, who is so near unto Him, that He truly said, "I and the Father are one," He at once manifested both how much He hated sin, which He so heavily punished in the person He most loved (though that surety but adopted it to free men from the insupportable vengeance of it), and how much He loved sinners, by giving up what He so loved for a ransom of those that were guilty of what He so hated. And therefore our Saviour, though He did such great things to satisfy the unbelieving and

* There is an excellent Life of Boyle by Dr Birch. London: 1744.

contumacious Jews of His being their promised Messiah, would not decline death to convince them; and, though He had not seldom done so much to make Himself the object of their faith, would not be invited from the cross, though the chief priests and scribes themselves said, at His crucifixion, "Let Him now come down from the cross, and we will believe on Him." And Christ, to convince the world of their unableness to emerge and recover out of that deep abyss wherein the load of sin (which in Scripture is called a weight) had precipitated fallen man, came not into the world until well nigh four thousand years of sickness had made the disease desperate, and the cure almost hopeless: so inveterate an obstinacy at once widening the distance betwixt God and man, and proclaiming the latter's disability to find, by his own wisdom, expedients of reunion. Thus Christ healed and dispossessed a dumb person, who was able to make entreaties but by the disability of pronouncing them, and might truly say to the secure world, "I am found of them that sought me not." And when our Saviour was come into the wretched world, of all the numerous miracles recorded in the gospel, He scarce did any for His own private relief. And to shew that as He endured His sorrows for our sakes, that by His stripes we might be healed, so were the joys He tasted in relation to us, we read not (which is highly observable) in the whole gospel that ever he rejoiced but once, and that was when His returned disciples informed Him that they had victoriously chased devils and diseases out of oppressed mortals, and that, by His authority, men had been dispossessed of both the tempter and punishment of sin. He conversed among His contemporaries with virtues, as well attesting what He was, as prophecies or miracles could do; and to teach man how much He valued him above those creatures that man makes his idols, He often altered and suspended the course of nature, for man's instruction or his relief, and reversed the laws established in the universe, to engage men to obey

those of God, by doing miracles so numerous and great, that the Jews' unbelief may be almost counted one. Yet were those wonders wrought for a generation that ascribed them to the devil, and returned them with so unexemplified an ingratitude, that 'tis not the least of His wonders that He would vouchsafe to work any of them for such blasphemous wretches; who were indeed, as some of the latter Jews have too truly styled themselves, in relation to their fathers, *Chometz ben ya-yin*, vinegar the child of wine, a most degenerate offspring of holy progenitors. He suffered so much for them that made Him do so, that He suffered the addition of misery of being thought to suffer deservedly; and He was numbered with the transgressors. And though He lived as much a miracle as any He did, yet did His condition sometimes appear so despicable and forlorn, that men could not know His deity but by His goodness, which was too infinite not to belong incommunicably to God. And though 'twere once a saying of our Saviour's, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," yet is not what is said of the love here mentioned to be understood of love indefinitely or generally considered, but only of the single acts or expressions of a man's love to his friends compared betwixt themselves. And so the alleged passage seems to mean but this, that among the single acts of kindness to a man's friends, there is not any one more highly expressive of a real and sincere love than to part with one's life for their sakes. This text, therefore, would not be indefinitely applied to the affection of love itself, as if it could not possibly be greater than is requisite to make a man content or willing to die for his friends, for he that sacrifices, besides his life, his fortune also, his children, and his reputation, does thereby express more love to them than he could do by parting with his life only for them. And he that is forward to die for those that hate him, or, at least, know him not, discloses a more plentiful and exuberant stock of love than he that does the same kindness

but for those that love him. And thus our Saviour would be understood, unless we would say, that He out-practised what He taught; for He came to lay down His life even for His enemies, and (like the kind balsam-tree, whose healing wounds weep sovereign balm to cure those that made them) He refused not to die for those that killed Him, and shed His blood for some of them that spilled it. And so little was His injured love to the ungrateful world discouraged or impaired by the savage entertainment He met with in it, that, after He had suffered from wretched men (for whose sakes He left heaven to become capable of suffering) such barbarous indignities as might have made bare punishments appear mercy, and even cruelty itself seem no more than justice; when, I say, to hope for so much as His pardon were presumption, He was pleased to create confidence of no less than His love, a virtue.

Nor think it, Lindamor, impertinent to our present theme, that I insist so much on what Christ has done and suffered for us, since both He himself informs us, that He and His Father are one; and some of the texts already mentioned have taught us, that 'twas an effect of God's love also to the world, that He gave His only begotten Son to redeem it; and that God commendeth His love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us. Wherefore, I shall without scruple proceed to observe to you, that so free is Christ's dilection, that the grand condition of our felicity is our belief that He is disposed to make us happy, on terms not only so honourable to Him, but so advantageous to us, that—I was about to say, that possibly faith itself would scarce be exacted as requisite to our happiness — but that the condition does increase the benefit, by vouchsafing us bold and early anticipations of it: for, faith being (as the apostle terms it) the substance of things hoped for, and evidence (or conviction) of things not seen, wafts our joys to this side of the grave, bows heaven down to us, till our freed spirits can soar up to heaven;

and does us such a service as the Jewish spies did to their countrymen, by bringing them over to this side Jordan into the wilderness some of the pleasant and delicious fruits of the blest Land of Promise. I said, Lindamor, that faith was the grand condition required in God's free grant of eternal life. Not that I would ascribe anything to a lazy, speculative, and barren faith, in opposition to that lively and active one, which is called by the apostle, *πίστις δι' ἀγάπης ἐνεργουμένη* (faith operating by love), since I am informed by St James, that the divorce of faith and works is as destructive to religion as that of soul and body is to life; but that I was willing to mind you, that though true faith (which cries, like Rachel, "Give me children, or else I die") be ever the pregnant mother of good works, yet are not those works the cause, but the effects and signs of God's first love to men (however afterward the children may nurse their parents). As, though the needle's pointing at the poles be, by being an effect, an argument of its having been invigorated by the loadstone, or received influence from some other magnetic body, yet is not that respect unto the north the cause, but the operation of the iron's being drawn by the attractive mineral. "Thou art good, and dost good," says the Psalmist to his Maker. The greatness of His goodness is that which makes it ours; nor doth He do us good because that we are good, but because He is liberally so, as the sun shines on dunghills, not out of any invitation his beams find there, but because it is his nature to be diffusive of his light: yet with this difference, that whereas the sun's bounty, by being rather an advantage to us than a favour, deserves our joy, and not our thanks, because his visits are made designlessly, and without any particular intention of address (by such a bare necessity of nature as that which makes springs flow out into streams, when their beds are too narrow to contain the renewed water that doth incessantly swell the exuberant sources), God, on the contrary, for being necessarily kind, is

not less freely or obligingly so, to you or me; for, though some kind of communicativeness be essential to His goodness, yet His extension of it without Himself, and His vouchsafing it to this or that particular person, are purely arbitrary. To omit His love to the numberless elect angels, the strict relations betwixt the persons of the blessed Trinity supplying God with internal objects, which employed His kindness before the creation, and Himself being able to allow His goodness the extent of infinity for its diffusion. But (having glanced at this only by the by) we may yet further admiringly observe, that whereas men usually give freeliest where they have not given before, and make it both the motive and the excuse of their desistance from giving any more that they have given already, God's bounty hath a very different method; for He uses to give because He hath given, and that He may give. Consonantly to which, when the revolting Israelites had broken the contents, whilst Moses was bringing them the tables of the Law, and had thereby provoked the incensed Giver of it to the thoughts of a sudden extirpation of so ingrateful and rebellious a people, we may observe, that whereas God, as unwilling to remember His former goodness to them, speaking to Moses, calls them, "Thy people which thou broughtest out of the land of Egypt;" Moses, on the other side, to engage God to the new mercy of a pardon, represents to God His former mercy to them, and calls them God's people, which He brought forth out of the land of Egypt, with great power, and with a mighty hand. And so conspicuous in the Eternal Son was this property of the merciful Father, that when sick Lazarus's sisters implored His rescue for their expiring brother, the motive they employ, and which prospered their addresses, was, "Lord, behold (not "he who loveth thee," but) he whom Thou lovest is sick." And as He takes the first inducements of His bounty from Himself, so do His former favours both invite and give rates to his succeeding blessings. And there is rea-

son for it: for His pure love being all the merit by which man can pretend to the effects of His bounty, it is but just that the degree of His love should proportion those favours which it is our only title to, and that God's liberality should as well afford measures as motives to itself.

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

Two years older than Mr Boyle was his sister Mary, Countess of Warwick, who was born Nov. 11, 1624, and died April 12, 1678.

With much of the talent of her wonderfully gifted family, and more than the usual share of lady-like accomplishments, she had all the piety of her younger brother, and of her more celebrated sister, Lady Ranelagh. Her "Diary" has lately been published, and it may interest the reader to see something of the hidden life of one who moved in the highest circle of the seventeenth century.

Diary.

Sept. 3, 1666, *Monday.*—I went into the wilderness,* as soon as I was up, to meditate; my meditation of Him was sweet. Then went into my closet to pray; the desires of my heart went out after God there in a short prayer. After dinner much company came in. Towards evening came the news of London being on fire, which much amazed and troubled me, and made me pray heartily for that distressed place and people. The fire began the 2d of September.

Sept. 5, *Fast-day.*—I got up betimes, and when ready went to meditate. News came that Holborn was all on fire, and Warwick House burned. I thank God I found my heart

* A grove near the mansion of the Earl of Warwick, at Lees or Leigh, in Essex.

more affected for the common calamity and sufferings of others than for that, and was not at all disordered with the news, but bore it patiently. Then I went to the chapel to hear Mr Glascock preach: his text was Isa. xxvi. 9, "When thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness." I found my heart much moved at that sermon; and the desires of my heart went much out after God in prayer, and God gave tears of contrition. In the evening, after public duty, I went into the wilderness, and there, with many tears, begged again for mercy for that poor distressed people, and did endeavour to wrestle mightily with God for this poor nation, desiring that as my sins had brought fagots to that fire, so I might bring buckets of tears to quench those flames. After family prayer, wherein my heart was much affected, I committed my soul to God in my closet.

Sept. 6, *Thursday.*—In the morning, I went out into the wilderness to meditate, and to endeavour by meditation to put my soul into their souls' stead that were spoiled of all, and had not a house to lie in. I found, blessed be God, my heart much carried out to pity them, and to pray for them, and to admire at God's goodness that I had mercies which many others that were better than myself wanted. Then, when I came in, heard that Warwick House was not burned; for which I blessed God. In the afternoon, went out to hear the news; came not home till evening; then prayed again. . . . .

Sept. 10.—In the morning, went into the wilderness to meditate; God was pleased to bring the sermons into my mind which I had heard the day before, and to enable me to pray earnestly for strength to put them into practice; especially one direction, which was, to secure my interest in heaven. I did then strive to take the kingdom of God by a holy violence, and to storm heaven by my importunate prayer. God was then pleased, blessed be His name, to carry me up as it were unto Mount Nebo, and from thence to let me have a view of

the Holy Land, and by seeing that, to make me say, "I would not live always," because I was convinced it was better for me to die than to live. And I did then heartily desire that, as Elias was, I also might be carried up to heaven, without ever so much as returning first to bid those farewell that were in my house, or ever seeing the face of relations more; for prayer and meditation had so associated my spirit to such company, that I thought I had rather a body too much, than found the want of any. God gave me in this morning meditation, plenty of tears, and many earnest desires of being made meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light. God sent me home much refreshed and comforted; then I went into my closet and prayed. After dinner, was hindered by company from being retired; but after evening prayer in the chapel and supper were over, I went into my closet and committed myself to God for that night. . . . .

Sept. 22.—In the morning, before the sacrament-day, I rose betimes, and, as soon as dressed, went into my closet and read the chapters of the institution of the Lord's Supper and of the sufferings of Christ, and then did meditate on them, and considered what a heinous thing sin was, that made Him suffer so much. In the afternoon, I read two hours.

Sept. 23, *Sunday morning.*—I rose very early and went into my closet, and upon reading that passage in Scripture of Christ's asking Peter whether he loved Him, and Peter's answering that He knew he loved Him, God was pleased to melt my heart exceedingly, and to make me, with abundance of tears, to say, as he did, that He knew I loved Him above all things in heaven and earth. I felt the love of God made great work in my breast; then I went and meditated upon the passion of Christ, in order thoroughly to melt my heart; and God was pleased to encourage me to come to His table by bringing most sweet promises to my mind. I had great encouragement to come, by finding some inward persuasion that God,

through Christ, would accept me; He was pleased then to give me sweet communion with Him. When I had prayed earnestly to God, and blessed Him heartily for giving me leave to come, I went to the chapel. In the prayer, the desires of my heart went out exceedingly after God. When the sacrament was brought me, my heart did pant and breathe after it, and God was pleased to give a great deal of comfort in that ordinance, and much assurance of His love; I had then a lively sense of His love in my heart, and could steadfastly believe that I was my Beloved's, and He was mine. After the sacrament was over, I instantly went up from thence, while my heart was warm, to bless God, and to beg strength to keep the promises I had made of new obedience. God was pleased there to give me sweet communion with Him, and much soul-satisfaction. After the public duties of the day were over, in which my heart continued still to breathe after God, I did alone, in the evening, meditate upon the privileges of God's children, and upon His unchangeable love to them, which made the meditation of Him to be very sweet to me: then, after supper, I committed myself to God in a short prayer before bed-time. Lord, I bless Thee for this day; oh, that I might have many more such! . . . .

Nov. 20, *Tuesday.*—In the morning, as soon as ready, prayed to God to go along with me in my journey to London, and then took coach to go, and by the mercy of God got safe thither without any misfortune. As soon as I entered into the burned city, my eyes did affect my heart; and the dismal prospect of that once famous city, being now nothing but rubbish, did draw many tears from me, and made me pity and pray for those who had their habitations burned, and beseech God to make up all their losses to them, and give them patience to bear them. I did endeavour to consider the operations of God's hand, and to lay to heart what desolations He had made on the earth, and would fain have imitated Jeremiah

in his grief for the destruction of Jerusalem. When I came to Warwick House to my lord, I found him, blessed be God, pretty well. . . . .

Nov. 25, *Sunday.*—I meditated and prayed to God to fit me for the duties of the day, then went to St Andrew's Church to hear Mr Stillingfleet preach; his text was, "God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power." It was an excellent sermon, and God was pleased by it much to melt my heart, and to give me many tears, and enabled me in prayer to send up strong cries. After dinner, had good discourse with my lady Manchester, my mother-in-law.

Nov. 28.—In the morning, as soon as dressed, went to prayer, then went in a chair to visit my sister Ranelagh. As I went, had very serious meditations of the vanity of the world, and did there make a short reflection upon what I had seen since my coming to London; how vain and unsatisfactory all was, and how much more real and solid content there was in a retired life. I did then pray to God to sanctify this conviction to me, and to wean me more and more from all creature contentment. Then came to my sister's, where she and I alone had discourse of that which was serious and profitable. After dinner, was visited, and at night committed my soul to God by prayer.

Nov. 29.—In the morning, as soon as dressed, went to prayer; and after that went to dinner to my lord Berkley's; and after dinner, was visited by the Archbishop of Canterbury, with whom I had very good discourse. After supper, committed myself to God.

Dec. 1.—In the morning, as soon as dressed, went to prayer, then went to my brother Burlington's to dinner.

Dec. 2.— . . . . Then went to my sister Ranelagh's, where my brother Robin,* and she and I, had holy discourse. . . . .

April 23, 1667.—In the morning, as soon as dressed, in a

* The Honourable Robert Boyle.

short prayer I committed my soul to God; then went to Whitehall, and dined at my lord chamberlain's; then went to see the celebration of St George's feast, which was a very glorious sight. Whilst I was in the banqueting-house, hearing the trumpets sounding, in the midst of all that great show, God was pleased to put very mortifying thoughts into my mind, and to make me consider, what if the trump of God should now sound! Which thought did strike me with some seriousness, and made me consider in what glory I had in that very place seen the late king, and yet out of that very place he was brought to have his head cut off. And I had also many thoughts how soon all that glory might be laid in the dust; and I did in the midst of it consider how much greater glory was provided for a poor, sincere child of God. I found, blessed be God, that my heart was not at all taken with anything I saw, but esteemed it not worth the being taken with. At night, committed my soul to God. . . . .

May 22.—At evening, went to visit the Duchess of York, whose sons were both very sick. When I went to the Duke of Kendal, I found him in a convulsion fit, and near death. The sight of him, and of the king and duke, and four doctors standing by him, and the women about him crying to the doctors to give him something to ease him, and yet they not being able to do it, made me think they were all physicians of no value, and that they might say, Unless the Lord help thee, how can we help thee? It pleased God, by the sight of the dying child, much to affect my heart, and to make me pray for a sanctified improvement of this affliction to the parents. I came home not till late in the evening; and that night the duke died. After supper, I committed my soul to God. . . .

June 8.—As soon as up, I retired; meditated and prayed, but with some distraction. After dinner, went to see the Duchess of York, who sent to me to have the Duke of Cambridge (that was dangerously ill) come to my house for change

of air. I stayed with her a great while, and had good discourse with her. At last, it was determined that the duke should not come to my house, but to the Bishop of Winchester's. I returned not home till evening. Committed my soul to God at night, being very well pleased that the duke came not, because I feared he would die there.

June 12.—After evening prayer was over, came the ill news that the Dutch were come as far as Chatham, and had set some of our great ships on fire. I was much surprised and grieved at that sad news, and presently retired and prayed to God, and did confess that He was just, and that He had punished us far less than we deserved; and did, with great store of tears, beg that a way might be found out to save us from destruction, and that He would not let the French set up Popery in the kingdom. I did send up strong cries for mercy for England. After supper, committed my soul to God.

June 13.—God was pleased also to enable me, with much sorrow and many tears, to bemoan my husband's swearing and cursing; and I was much troubled to think that he did often at his table (which God had spread daily with variety of His creatures) curse and swear, when he should have been speaking good of His name, and blessing Him. I did weep much for this sin, and did, with earnestness, beg of God to pardon this unworthy return for His mercies; and did with great truth confess that it were now just with God to deprive us of those mercies we had so abused, and to turn us out of those houses wherein He had been so blasphemed; and I did exceedingly adore and admire His mercy, that did yet keep the plague out of my house, when that curse was so usually in my husband's mouth.

JOHN LOCKE.

Hard, logical, and unimaginative, Locke, as a theologian, had the faculty of perceiving the mistakes and fallacies of

others; but, deficient in that reverential receptivity to which the more majestic and mysterious truths of Christianity address themselves, his "Expositions of St Paul's Epistles" are cold, inadequate, and on many vital points utterly erroneous. At the same time, no English Protestant can ever forget the service rendered to the cause of religious liberty by his "Letters on Toleration," and every good man will rejoice to number amongst the sincere and growingly devout adherents of Christianity, the most distinguished name which Britain has contributed to the ranks of mental science.

Locke was born in the parish of Wrington, Somersetshire, Aug. 29, 1632. His "Essay concerning Human Understanding," was published in 1690. He died at Oates, in Essex, the residence of Sir Francis Masham, where he spent his last years, Nov. 8, 1704.

The Study of Scripture.

A LETTER TO THE REV. RICHARD KING.

OATES, *25th Aug.* 1703.

SIR,—You ask me, "What is the shortest and surest way for a young gentleman to attain a true knowledge of the Christian religion, in the full and just extent of it?" For so I understand your question; if I have mistaken in it, you must set me right. And to this I have a short and plain answer: Let him study the Holy Scripture, especially the New Testament. Therein are contained the words of Eternal Life. It has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter; so that it is a wonder to me how any one professing Christianity, that would seriously set himself to know his religion, should be in doubt where to employ his search, and lay out his pains for his information, when he knows a book where it is all contained

pure and entire, and whither, at last, every one must have recourse to verify that of it which he finds anywhere else.

TO THE SAME.

OATES, *27th September* 1704.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to find that the question which was most material, and which my mind was most upon, was answered so little to your satisfaction that you are fain to ask it again. Since, therefore, you ask me a second time, What is the best method to study religion? I must ask you, What religion you mean? For if it be, as I understood you before, the Christian religion, in its full extent and purity, I can make you no other answer than what I did, viz., that the only way to attain a certain knowledge of that is the study of the Holy Scripture. And my reason is, because the Christian religion is a revelation from God Almighty, which is contained in the Bible; and so all the knowledge we can have of it must be derived from thence. But if you ask, Which is the best way to get the knowledge of the Romish, Lutheran, or reformed religion, of this or that particular Church? each whereof entitles itself to be the true Christian religion, with some kind of exclusion or diminution of the rest, that will not be hard to tell you. But then, it is plain that the books that best teach you any one of these, do most remove you from all the rest, and, in this way of studying, you pitch upon one as the right, before you know it to be so; whereas that choice should be the result of your study of the Christian religion in the Sacred Scriptures. And the method I have proposed would, I presume, bring you the surest way to that Church which, I imagine, you already think most conformable to the Word of God.

I find the letter you last honoured me with contains a new question, and that a very material one, viz., What is the best

way of interpreting the Sacred Scripture? taking *interpreting* to mean *understanding*. I think the best way for understanding the Scripture, or the New Testament—for of that the question will here be in the first place—is to read it assiduously and diligently, and, if it can be, in the original. I do not mean to read every day some certain number of chapters, as is usual, but to read it so as to study and consider, and not leave till you are satisfied that you have got the true meaning.

To this purpose it will be necessary to take the assistance of interpreters and commentators, such as those called "The Critics," and Pool's "Synopsis Criticorum," Dr Hammond on the New Testament, and Dr Whitby, &c.

I should not think it convenient to multiply books of this kind, were there any one that I could direct you to that was infallible. But you will not think it strange if I tell you that, after all, you must make use of your own judgment, when you consider that it is, and always will be, impossible to find an expositor whom you can blindfold rely upon, and cannot be mistaken in following. Such a resignation as that is due to the Holy Scriptures alone, which were dictated by the infallible Spirit of God.

JOHN EVELYN.

One of the most delightful books which the seventeenth century has sent down to us, is "The Diary of John Evelyn," but which first saw the light in 1818. It brings us acquainted with a thorough English gentleman, remarkably intelligent and well-informed, a zealous member of the Church of England, opposed to the arbitrary measures of the Stuarts, but chivalrously loyal, exemplary in every relation, and earnestly and steadfastly pious. In his own day he published many books, the most celebrated of which was his "Sylva; or, Discourse of Forest Trees." The posthumous work from which our extract is taken is entitled "The History of Reli-

gion." It was published for the first time in 1850. It gives a very favourable impression of the author's seriousness and good sense.

Evelyn was born at Wotton, in Surrey, October 31, 1620; and died February 27, 1706.*

The Style of the Holy Scriptures.

There are in Scripture depths in which the elephant may swim as well as the lamb may wade. Our blessed Saviour speaks in an easy, familiar style; His similes and parables are natural, and incomparably pertinent, to the reproof of forced expressions and criticisms, for which ostentatious wits value themselves. And, though not always according to the nicer rules of orators, yet is the sacred style no less majestical. Who amongst them all has reached the rapturous attitudes [altitudes?] of the prophet Isaiah, the first of St John's Gospel, the Psalms of David, the Songs of Moses and Deborah, Job, Canticles, and several of the sacred hymns; which, however they may seem in the vulgar translation, are, in their original, not only comparable to, but far transcending, the heathen poesies, and, as to the loftiness of style, breathing of so divine and majestical, that Longinus the sophist himself is in admiration at that imperious word, "God said, Let there be light, and there was light!"

The matter is not made tedious by formal argument; yet it is convincing and irresistible. Nor do the repetitions, as in other writings, leave a nausea, but still the same relish and veneration. What can move the affections more than the his-

* There is a copious memoir of Evelyn in Chalmers's "Biographical Dictionary." There is hardly any greater desideratum in our literature than an English equivalent to the "Biographie Universelle." After the lapse of nearly half-a-century, there is still no rival to the copious and painstaking work of Chalmers.

tories of Joseph, the story of Ruth, the sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter, the friendship between Jónathan and David? What more passionate, and fuller set with rhetorical transitions, than the Lamentations of Jeremiah? What more moving and tender than the conduct of Mary Magdalene, the prayer of our departing Jesus, and the like?

As to variety of readings, transpositions, terms, synonyms, punctuations, they shew an unaffected richness without studied art. And such a magazine are the Scriptures upon all topics and subjects, as all the Platos, Ciceros, Senecas, historians, philosophers, and philologists furnish nothing more plentiful, more useful, and that fall into juster and more shining periods, upon all occasions whatever; adapted to convince, redargue, persuade, and instruct; not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in the demonstration of the Spirit, and in power; not in choice phrases and elaborate methods and structure of words, but with such light of conviction, depth of speculation, and, in the midst of all this plainness, such energy of operation, such sublimity of matter, as nothing can resist it.

There is in Holy Scriptures such access to the weak and feeble, comfort to the sorrowful, strong meat for men, milk for babes; such elevation and grandeur of mind, advancing the humanity of men to the height of bliss; in a word, it is what manna was to the Israelites—food delicious and accommodated to every man's taste. It is a deep well for depth, celestial for height. As it speaks of God, nothing is so sublime—as of men, nothing so humble; it is a bridle to restrain, a spur to incite, a sword to penetrate, salt to season, a lantern to our feet, and a light to our path. Critique and grammar have too often prejudiced the meaning of the true and genuine text. Men dare not cavil the laws and ordinances of princes, if they are so clear as to be understood, whilst the laws of God are a thousand times more perspicuous. And, were it otherwise, men could not be religious till they understood the

learned tongues. But since God has called all men to the knowledge of the truth, and, therefore, not many wise, not many learned, but the industriously humble, as well as the extraordinarily knowing.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN."

From the middle of the seventeenth century until the accession of the Georges, with many good people, including Archbishop Tillotson, "the book next to the Bible" was "The Whole Duty of Man." It came out anonymously, but there is now little reason to doubt that it was the work of Lady Packington,* and it must therefore be added to the theological literature which we owe to the laity. It is a book deplorably awanting in all the more vital elements, but it is plain and unaffected, and full of those good advices which even those who have not taken them to themselves like to give to their sons and their servants.

On Temperance in Sleep.

1. The third part of temperance concerns sleep. And temperance in that also must be measured by the end for which sleep was ordained by God, which was only the refreshing and supporting of our frail bodies, which being of such a temper that continual labour and toil tires and wearies them out, sleep comes as a medicine to that weariness, as a repairer of that decay, that so we may be enabled to such labours as the duties of religion or works of our calling requires of us. Sleep was intended to make us more profitable, not more idle; as we give rest to our beasts, not that we are pleased with their doing nothing, but that they may do us the better service.

* See Pickering's edition of 1842, and "Notes and Queries," vol. ix. p. 292.

2. By this, therefore, you may judge what is temperate sleeping; to wit, that which tends to the refreshing and making us more lively and fit for action, and to that end a moderate degree serves best. It will be impossible to set down just how many hours is that moderate degree, because, as in eating, so in sleep, some constitutions require more than others: every man's own experience must in this judge for him, but then let him judge uprightly, and not consult with his sloth in the case; for that will still, with Solomon's sluggard, cry, "A little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep" (Prov. xxiv. 33); but take only so much as he really finds to tend to the end forementioned.

3. He that doth not thus limit himself falls into several sins under this general one of sloth: as first, he wastes his time, that precious talent which was committed to him by God to improve, which he that sleeps away, doth like him in the Gospel, "hides it in the earth" (Matt. xxv. 18), when he should be trading with it; and you know what was the doom of that unprofitable servant, "Cast ye him into outer darkness" (verse 30): he that gives himself to darkness of sleep here, shall there have darkness without sleep, but with "weeping and gnashing of teeth." Secondly, he injures his body: immoderate sleep fills that full of diseases, makes it a very sink of humours, as daily experience shews us. Thirdly, he injures his soul also, and that not only in robbing it of the service of the body, but in dulling its proper faculties, making them useless and unfit for those employments to which God hath designed them; of all which ill husbandry the poor soul must one day give account. Nay, lastly, he affronts and despises God himself in it, by crossing the very end of his creation, which was to serve God in an active obedience; but he that sleeps away his life directly thwarts and contradicts that, and when God saith, "Man is born to labour," his practice saith

the direct contrary, that man is born to rest. Take heed, therefore, of giving thyself to immoderate sleep, which is the committing of so many sins in one.

4. But, besides the sin of it, it is also very hurtful in other respects; it is the sure bane of thy outward estate, wherein the sluggish person shall never thrive, according to that observation of the wise man, "Drowsiness shall cover a man with rags" (Prov. xxiii. 21), that is, the slothful man shall want convenient clothing; nay, indeed it can scarce be said that the sluggard lives. Sleep you know is a kind of death, and he that gives himself up to it, what doth he but die before his time? Therefore, if untimely death be to be looked upon as a curse, it must needs be a strange folly to choose that from our own sloth which we dread so much from God's hand.

MATTHEW HENRY: THE COMMENTATOR.

On the spot where the mansions of Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Buccleuch, and others of our aristocracy, now stand, there grew a goodly orchard in the reign of Charles I. On the one side it skirted Whitehall Palace, on the other it was bounded by the Thames; and there were an iron postern and a stair, by which the august occupants were wont to reach their barge of state when they promenaded on the river, or went to visit their most reverend neighbour at Lambeth, or their own splendid mansion at Greenwich. John Henry, the Welsh gardener, derived a considerable portion of his income from the gratuities of distinguished visitors who went and came by the gate of which he was official guardian; an ingenious arrangement which once obtained in great houses, and in virtue of which every post was expected to keep its own keeper. But at last the emoluments of office ceased. The voice of harpers and musicians fell silent in the banquet-hall, and the young princes no longer romped through the bird-cage walks, and the avenues of box and privet. Ship-money had ripened into civil war; and one winter day, as he looked from his lodge in the leafless orchard, the loyal Church-of-England-man was appalled by the sight of that scaffold on which his royal master was doomed to die.

But it was in 1631, and in the days of undisturbed prerogative, that John Henry's son was born. The Countess of Salisbury, the Earl of Carlisle, and Philip, Earl of Pembroke, stood sponsors to the babe. The little Philip grew up, as befitted such a birth-place and such godsires, a graceful and fair-spoken child. The Princes Charles and James were about his own age, and he used often to share their sports. They presented

him with books and pictures, and told him what great preferment he should have at court as soon as he was old enough; and, although his destiny was altered by a higher Hand, these early influences were not without their use. A gainly suavity marked the demeanour of PHILIP HENRY all his days, and the memories of his boyhood mingled with the convictions of his manhood, and, without changing his creed, softened his spirit. When a Presbyterian and a Puritan he still remembered Whitehall; how he used to run and open the water-gate to Archbishop Laud, and how his father took him to visit the Primate in the Tower, and how the captive prelate gave him some pieces of new money. He recollected the crowd which assembled before the palace that dismal 30th of January, when a king of England lost his head. He treasured up the keepsakes which the royal children had given him; and even after Charles had broken out into the shameless profligate, and James's Popery was no longer concealed, he did not cease to pray for the princes whose playfellow he had been in the old times of Whitehall Gardens.

His mother was a pious woman, who took great pains with her children, and instructed them carefully in "Perkins' Six Principles," and similar lesson-books, for as yet there was no Shorter Catechism. When dying, she said, "My head is in heaven, and my heart is in heaven; it is but one step more, and I shall be there too." For her only son she sought, first of all, the kingdom of heaven. She taught him, to her best ability, the elements of saving knowledge; and when he went to be a scholar at Westminster School, she begged old Dr Busby that he would allow her son to attend her favourite Puritan preachers. Of these the chief was Stephen Marshall—a man mighty in the gospel; and his clear and powerful expositions lit up in the mind of the young scholar the hope full of immortality. From that period religion became with this schoolboy his main business and his pleasure. The Westminster

Assembly was sitting, and in London were concentrated the nation's best divines. Every morning there was a lecture in the Abbey from six to eight; and once a-month the House of Commons held a fast in St Margaret's Church, where, from eight in the morning till four in the afternoon, the most fervent ministers kept up the solemn exercise. To all these services, as well as Mr Case's Thursday lecture, young Henry resorted, and in notes, voluminous and neat, he preserved the massy theology, the careful casuistry, and the ingenious expositions to which he was then allowed to listen—a memorial of London's great spiritual festival, and a magazine from which he drew rich supplies for his future ministry.

From Westminster School Philip Henry removed to Christ Church, Oxford. The Parliamentary forces were rough visitors, but they introduced some reforms at Oxford which would hardly have occurred to any Royal Commission. Mr Henry "would often mention with thankfulness to God what great helps and advantages he then had in the university, not only for learning, but for religion and piety. Serious godliness was in reputation, and besides the public opportunities they had, many of the scholars met together for prayer and Christian conference, to the great confirming of one another's hearts in the fear and love of God, and the preparing of them for the service of the Church in their generation." Nor was it the least advantage of the rising ministry there, that every Sabbath they heard two preachers, the one so renowned for his learning, and the other for his sanctified genius, as Dr John Owen, and Dr Thomas Goodwin.

At the age of twenty-six he was appointed minister of Worthenbury, in Flintshire. He applied for ordination to the presbytery of Bradford North, in Shropshire. After inquiry concerning his "experience of the work of grace in his heart," he was examined on the subjects still usual on such occasions, with some interesting additions. For instance, he was asked to resolve a

case of conscience; he was interrogated as to the authors whom he had read; his skill in the interpretation of Scripture was tested by his being required off-hand to explain a difficult passage; and, finally, he was obliged in good earnest to defend his Latin thesis, which several of the ministers vigorously impugned. And when he had acquitted himself in all these exercises to the satisfaction of the presbytery, he was ordained minister of Worthenbury. This was a small rural parish, and even with accessions of hearers, who resorted from the neighbourhood, Mr Henry's audience was never very large. He had not forty communicants at first, nor were they more than doubled at the last. But, in preparing sermons for this little country congregation, their pastor was as conscientious and painstaking as if he had in view a large and intelligent assembly. He wrote the notes of his sermons pretty full, and always very legible. But even when he put his last hand to them, he commonly left many imperfect hints, which gave room for enlargement in preaching, wherein he had great felicity. Of these sermon-notes, the first specimen we ever saw was in the study of Dr Chalmers. Amongst many things discussed in a long, and, to the writer, memorable interview, was the question of read discourses:—"You know I always read my sermons, and when I preach I usually have the feeling as if the people were attentive; and I think the reason is, because in what I read I am as sincere as other ministers are in what they recite." This led to some remarks on the practice of the Puritans; and asking if we would like to see a sermon of Matthew Henry, he rose and opened one of the quaint lockers in which he kept his treasures, and brought out a little foolscap manuscript, closely written, but neatly margined, very minute and clear, and to the last tittle sustaining that continuous trimness which bespeaks the love of order and the sense of leisure. The sermon of the father had not quite the same neatness and typographical distinctness, but still

there was that deliberate air as when men are fond of their employment, and take time to do it well.

Few have surpassed Philip Henry in that trim antithesis and exact alliteration which were so prized by our ancestors. If it were asked, "What are the Promises?" the answer was, "Articles of the Covenant; Breasts of Consolation; Christian's Charter;" and so on through all the alphabet, down to "Wells of Salvation; 'Xceeding great and precious; Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus; Zion's peculiar." And even his common conversation shaped itself into balanced sentences and proverbial maxims:—"If I cannot go to the house of God, I will go to the God of the house." "Forced absence from God's ordinances, and forced presence with wicked people, is a grievous burden to a gracious soul." "Solitariness is no sign of sanctity. Pest-houses stand alone, and yet are full of infectious diseases." "There are two things we should beware of: That we never be ashamed of the gospel, and that we may never be a shame to it." "There are three things which, if Christians do, they will find themselves mistaken: If they look for that in themselves which is to be had in another—viz., *righteousness;* if they look for that in the law which is to be had only in the gospel—viz., *mercy;* if they look for that on earth which is to be had only in heaven—viz., *perfection.*" In defiance of modern criticism, we own a certain kindliness for this old-fashioned art; it has a Hebrew look; it reminds us of the alphabetic psalms, and the "six things, yea seven" of Solomon. And we believe that it has a deep root in nature—the love of alliteration and antithesis being, in another form, the love of rhyme and metre.* We never see in an ancient garden a box-tree peacock, or a hemisphere of holly, but we feel a certain pleasure; we cannot help admiring the obvious

* More especially is this the case in England. Anglo-Saxon poetry was alliterative, and in our earlier English versification the choice oscillated for a time betwixt rhymed beginnings and rhymed endings.

industry; and we feel that they must have been a genial and gay-hearted people who taught their evergreens to ramp like lions, or flap their wings like crowing cocks. And more especially, we feel that but for this grotesque beginning we might never have arrived at the landscape gardens of later times. Though they were the mere memorials of what amused our fathers, we could tolerate these conceits in cypress and yew; but when we recollect that they were the first attempts at the picturesque, and the commencement of modern elegance, we view them with a deeper interest. Doubtless this alliterative and antistrophic style was eventually overdone; and like the Dutch gardener, who locked up his apprentice in the one summer-house because he had secured a thief in the other, the later Puritans sacrificed everything to verbal jingles and acrostic symmetry. But Philip Henry was a scholar, and a man of vigorous intellect, and, in the sense most signal, a man of God. Translated into the tamest language, his sayings would still be weighty; but when we reflect that to his peasant hearers their original terseness answered all the purpose of an artificial memory, we not only forgive but admire it. Many a good thought has perished because it was not portable, and many a sermon is forgotten because it is not memorable; but like seeds with wings, the sayings of Philip Henry have floated far and near, and like seeds with hooked prickles, his sermons stuck to his most careless hearers. His tenacious words took root, and it was his happiness to see not only scriptural intelligence, but fervent and consistent piety spreading amongst his parishioners.

When he first came to Worthenbury, he found many adults very ignorant; but by explaining to them the Catechism, and patiently instructing them, he brought them up to such a level of Christian intelligence, that afterwards he confined his catechising to young persons under eighteen years of age. "He also kept up a monthly conference in private, from house to

house, in which he met with the knowing and judicious of the parish; and they discoursed familiarly together of the things of God, after the manner of the apostles, who taught from house to house. By this means he came better to understand the state of his flock, and so knew the better how to preach to them, and pray for them, and they to pray for one another. If they were in doubt about anything relating to their souls, that was an opportunity of getting satisfaction. It was likewise a means of increasing knowledge, and love, and other graces; and thus it abounded to a good account."* From the hope of doing good, not only to themselves, but their relatives, he was very assiduous in his visits to the sick; and "in order to plough where the soil is soft," he preached a funeral sermon for every one who died within the bounds of his little parish, whether rich or poor, young or old, or little children. And although the restoration of Episcopacy soon brought his labours to an end, a pastorate so affectionate and assiduous could scarcely fail to result in the salvation of many souls.

Soon after settling at Worthenbury, Mr Philip Henry sought in marriage the only daughter and heiress of Mr Matthews of Broad Oak. There was some demur on the part of her father; he allowed that Mr Henry was a gentleman, a scholar, and an excellent preacher, but he was a stranger, and they did not even know where he came from. "True," said Miss Matthews; "but I know where he is going, and I should like to go with him:" and she went. There is little recorded of her, except that she was very kind-hearted, devout, and charitable, "and always well satisfied with whatever God and her friends did for her." Five of their six children grew up; and when Bartholomew-day banished Philip Henry from his pulpit and his people, his wife's inheritance of Broad Oak furnished an asylum for the rest of his days, and a more comfortable retreat than was available to the families of most ejected ministers.

* "Life of Philip Henry," by Matthew Henry.

Seldom has a scene of purer domestic happiness been witnessed than the love of God and one another created there. Ensconced in his well-furnished library, transcribing into his folio commonplace-book choice sentences from Cicero and Seneca, Augustine and Ambrose, Calvin and Beza, Baxter and Caryl, or writing out courses of sermons which he yet hoped to preach, the industrious divine improved his abundant leisure. And whilst his partner looked well to the ways of her household, the thriving fields and tasteful garden proclaimed their united husbandry. Standing hospitably by the wayside, their house received frequent visits from the most renowned and godly men in that vicinity—visits to which their children looked forward with veneration and joy, and which left their long impression on youthful memories. And on all the inmates of the family, the morning and evening worship told with hallowing power. Seldom has this ordinance been observed so sacredly, or rendered so delightful. Alluding to the words chalked on plague-stricken houses, Philip Henry would say, "If the worship of God be not within, write 'Lord, have mercy upon us,' on the door; for a plague, a curse is there." And as he deemed it so important, he laboured to make it instructive and engaging to all. In the morning he arranged it so that the bustle of the day should not infringe on it, and in the evening so early that no little girl should be nodding at the chapter, nor any drowsy servant yawning through the prayer. "Better one away than all sleepy," he would say, if occasionally obliged to begin before some absentee returned; but so much did the fear of God and affection for the head of the household reign, that none were wilfully missing. And with this "hem" around it, the business of each successive day was effectually kept from "ravelling." It was his custom to expound a portion of Scripture, and he encouraged his children to write notes of these familiar explanations. Before they quitted the paternal roof, each of them had in this way

secured in manuscript a copious commentary on the Bible, which they treasured up as a precious memorial of their happy early days, and of their heavenly-minded father. In the hands of his only son these simple notes became the germ of the most popular English commentary.*—It is this son's history which

* There is in Christian biography nothing more pleasing and edifying than the "Life of Philip Henry," by his like-minded son. Mr Pierce Seaman, who is now possessor of some of the most interesting of the Henry manuscripts, has kindly communicated the following hymns, which he possesses in Philip Henry's handwriting, and which, as far as we know, are unpublished:—

'Tis my ambition *now* my God to please,
My utmost wish *at last* to see Thy face;
May I hereafter reach the heavenly shore,
Stand near Thy throne, and at Thy feet adore,
And with Thy blissful vision be delighted;
I'm now content to be abused and slighted.

Oh! when will this long dream of life be done,
My soul awake, and clap her pinions on,
Leave off her flesh, and lay down every load,
And, joyful, stretch away to Thine abode,
There to behold Thy glory in perfection,
And shine for ever bright with Thy reflection?

How dear, how joyous will the pleasure be
Thyself in Thine own native light to see!
To dwell amidst the beamings of Thy face,
Drink in Thy looks, and with Thy likeness blaze!
With never-failing wealth this will supply me,
And with ecstatic bliss still satisfy me.

O my dear God! now lift mine head on high;
In Thine abode let all my treasure lie,
That I at last may climb the heavenly height,
And ever feast on Infinite Delight.

PSALM XXVII. 13.

My God, when storms of trouble rise,
And overwhelm my soul,
To Thee I'll lift believing eyes,
Thou wilt their rage control.

we ought to sketch; but as the Broad Oak family was one, and Matthew and his sisters not only loved one another tenderly, but pursued the same solid and useful studies for a long time together, we may for a few moments glance at the latter.

Though younger than her brother, Sarah was the oldest sister. When six or seven years of age her father taught her Hebrew, and among other good customs she early began to take notes of sermons, so that before she reached her three-

Long since, with numerous griefs oppress,
I h'd sunk beneath my load,
But that I hoped (when thus distrest)
For mercy from my God.

Oh, help me firmly to believe
Thy faithful promise, Lord;
Full credit to Thy truth to give,
Thy never-failing word.

Faith will disperse my gloomy fears,
And cheer my heavy heart;
'T will stop the torrent of my tears,
And living joys impart.

Though I all merit must disclaim,
Thy mercies boundless are;
And my Redeemer's powerful name
Will hush each guilty tear.

Nay, faith will bear my soul away
To brighter worlds on high,
To regions of eternal day,
Where all my treasures lie.

Soon will this gloomy scene retire,
And boundless joy succeed;
Such hopes will vigorous life inspire,
And lift my drooping head.

Though faint before, now I revive;
These thoughts my spirits raise;
Joyful I feel myself alive,
And triumph in Thy grace.

score and ten she had many fair-written volumes—the record of sweet Sabbaths and endeared solemnities. Married to Mr Savage, a substantial farmer, and a pious man, in the abundance of a farm-house she found ample means for indulging her charitable disposition, and whilst blessed by the poor, to whose necessities she ministered, she was beloved by grateful friends, to whom her Christian composure and tender sympathy made her a welcome visitor in seasons of anxiety or sorrow. Through life she retained the bookish habits which she acquired at Broad Oak, and found time to read a great deal, and to copy for the use of her children many of those Christian biographies which were then circulated in manuscript, and not intended for the press. But her superior understanding and elevated tastes did not disqualify her for the more irksome duties of her station. She verified the remark that "educated persons excel in the meanest things, and refined minds possess the most common sense." She made all the better farmer's wife for being Philip Henry's daughter; and the main difference betwixt the cultivated lady and the vulgar housewife was, that she did more things, and did them better. In the morning she visited the dairy, the kitchen, and the market, and then the rest of the day was available for the parlour and the nursery. Besides clothing her household she found time to make garments for the poor; and by always having a book at hand when she awoke in the morning, she contrived to improve her mind, and read the works of such theologians as Owen, and Flavel, and Howe. Like her father, and most of the Puritans, she possessed a serene and tranquil spirit, and during the forty years of her married life was never known to lose her temper. Doubtless much of her successful industry, as well as the quiet dignity of her character, must be ascribed to this meek self-possession; for whilst her notable neighbours deemed it needful to be constantly "looking after" their servants, and by the vehemence

of their objurgations often did more to injure their own tempers than to forward the work, the simplicity and forethought of Mrs Savage's directions saved a world of trouble, and all things appeared to adjust and expedite themselves around her calm and gentle presence. Her new home was near her parents, and, besides frequent visits, she was often getting a word in season from the ready pen of her loving father. "If you would keep warm in this cold season (January 1692), take these four directions:—1. Get into the Sun. Under His blessed beams there are warmth and comfort. 2. Go near the fire. 'Is not my Word like fire?' How many cheering passages are there! 3. Keep in motion and action—stirring up the grace and gift of God that is in you. 4. And seek Christian converse and communion. 'How can one be warm alone?'" Along with the piety of her father she inherited much of his observant eye and spiritual mind; and many of her remarks are not only striking in themselves, but derive a charm from the little things which first suggested them:—"Seeing other creatures clean and white in the same place where the swine were all over mire, I thought it did represent good and bad men in the same place; the one defiled by the same temptations which the other escape through the grace of God and watchfulness." "I was affected lately when I saw our newly-sown garden, which we had secured so carefully, as we thought, from fowls, and had closely covered it, yet receive as much hurt by the unseen mole, which roots up and destroys. Lord, grant this be not the case of my poor soul! Many good seeds are sown: line upon line: daily hearing or reading some good truths. And, by the grace of God, with my good education, I have been kept from many outward sins; but I have great reason to fear the unseen mole of heart-corruption, pride, covetousness. These work secretly but dangerously; Lord, do thou undertake for me." "The coals coming to the fire with

ice upon them at first seemed as though they would put out the fire, but afterwards they made it burn more fiercely: I had this meditation—It is often so with me. That which seems against me is really for me. Have not afflictions worked for my good? Sometimes I have gone to an ordinance, as these coals to the fire, all cold and frozen, and there I have been melted. My love and desire have been inflamed. That it hath not oftener been so has been my own fault." But no extract from her journals can set in a more interesting light this admirable woman than the following lines recording the death of her only surviving son:—"1721, Feb. 15, my dear Philip was seized with the fatal distemper, the small-pox. Many, many fervent prayers were put up for him, both in closets and congregations; but on Monday, Feb. 27, between one and two o'clock, he breathed his last; the blessed spirit took wing, I trust, to the world of everlasting rest and joy. The desire of our eyes, concerning whom we were ready to say, 'This son shall comfort us;' once all our joy, now all our tears. Near twenty-two years of age, he was just beginning to appear in public business; sober and pious; a true lover of his friends, of whom he said on his death-bed, 'I lay them down as I do my body, in hope to meet again every way better.' . . . I do not think the worse of God, or of prayer, for this dispensation; yet, sometimes I am much oppressed. I find that deceit lies in generals. How often have I in word and in tongue given up and devoted my *all*—yoke-fellow, children, estate—and all without mental reservation; and now, when God comes to try me in but one dear comfort, with what difficulty can I part with him! O this wicked heart! Lord, I am thine. Though Thou shouldst strip me of all my children, and of all my comforts here, yet if Thou give me Thyself, and clear up to me my interest in the everlasting covenant, it is enough. That blessed covenant has enough in it to gild the most gloomy dispensation of Providence. I have condoling letters daily from my friends.

Their words, indeed, do reach my case, but cannot reach my heart."

The second sister was Catharine, who became the wife of Dr Tylston, a pious physician in Chester; but we have failed in obtaining almost any further information regarding her.

The third was Eleanor. Her gracious disposition was easily seen through all the timidity and diffidence of her retiring nature; and, after her death, her private papers exhibited the same anxiety to cultivate heart religion, and to grow in knowledge, which distinguished all her family. Like her youngest sister, she was married to a tradesman in Chester, and then took the name of Radford.

That youngest sister was Ann. The sweetness of her temper, and her aptitude for learning, made her a special favourite with her father, and he used to call his Nancy "the diamond in his ring." As she grew up, her early dispositions took the form of a cheerful activity and obligingness, which exceedingly endeared her to her friends, whilst her happy and contented piety was constantly reminding them that wisdom's ways are pleasantness. She used to spend much of the Sabbath in singing psalms of praise; and the kindliness of her nature, and her loving confidence in the goodness of the Lord, made her visits a peculiar comfort in the house of mourning. And, lest God's mercies should slip out of memory, she used to mark them down. The following is one list of "Family Mercies:"—"The house preserved from fire, June 1690; the family begun to be built up; children preserved from the perils of infancy. Two of my near relations' children taken off quickly by death; mine of the same age spared, March 1693. One child of a dear friend burnt to death; another neighbour's child drowned lately; yet mine preserved. One of the children preserved from a dangerous fall down a pair of stairs into the street; the recovery of both of them from the small-pox, May 1695. Both recovered from a malignant fever when they had been given

up; at the same time, two servants brought low by it, yet raised up. Ourselves preserved from the same distemper, when two dear relations, mother and daughter, fell by it. Wonder of mercy not to be forgotten." It was of this fever, and within a few weeks of one another, that Mrs Hutton and her sister Radford died, in 1697. It was a time of heavy trial in a once happy circle, for their venerated father had died the year before. "Yet God is good," was the dying testimony of this meek believer, and she entreated that none would think the worse of family religion for the afflictions which had followed so fast on them. "I am not weary of living, but I am weary of sinning. I would live as Christ lives, and where Christ lives, and that I am sure will be heaven."

This was the pious family in which MATTHEW HENRY was born. Of these intelligent and affectionate sisters he was the only brother, and of those godly parents he was the eldest surviving child. He was born at Broad Oak, October 18, 1662.

When three years old it is said that he could read the Bible distinctly, and he early shewed a strong passion for books. Lest he should injure his health by excessive application, his mother was frequently obliged to drag the little student from his closet, and chase him out into the fields. He had for his tutor Mr Turner, a young man who then lived at Broad Oak, and who afterwards published a folio volume of "Remarkable Providences;" but whether Mr Turner had then acquired his taste for extraordinary narratives, or whether the imagination of his pupil was inflamed by their recital, we cannot tell. There is no love of the marvellous in his writings. But in the formation of his character, and the direction of his studies, by far the most influential element was veneration for his learned and saintly sire. The father's devotion and industry inspired the son. And surely this was as it ought to be. Though love to a pious father is not piety, yet with the children of the godly the fifth commandment has often proved the portico and gate-

way to the first; and perhaps theirs is the most scriptural devotion whose first warm feelings towards their "Father who is in heaven," mingle with tender memories of their father that was on earth. No character could be more impressive than Philip Henry's, no spirit more impressible than that of Philip Henry's son. Till an up-grown lad, he was in his father's constant company. He witnessed the holy elevation and cheerful serenity of his blameless life. He was aware how much his father prayed in secret, and besides occasional sermons, he heard his daily expositions and exhortations at the worship of the family. And from what he saw, as much as from what he heard, the conviction grew with his growth, that of all things the most amiable and august is true religion, and of all lives the most blessed is a walk with God. A hallowed sunshine irradiated Broad Oak all the week; but like rays in a focus, through the Sabbath atmosphere every peaceful feeling and heavenly influence descended in sacred and softening intensity. On these days of the Son of man, the thoughtful boy was often remarkably solemnised; and when the services of the sanctuary were over, would hasten to his little chamber to weep and pray, and could scarcely be prevailed on to come down and share the family meal. On one of these occasions his father had preached on the grain of mustard-seed, and, wistful to possess this precious germ, he took the opportunity of a walk with his father to tell his fears and anxieties about himself. The conversation is not recorded, but he afterwards told his confidante, his sister, that he hoped he too had received a "grain of grace," and that in time it might come to something. With his young sisters he held a little prayer-meeting on the Saturday afternoons; and amid the sequestered sanctity of their peaceful dwelling, and under the loving eye and wise instruction of their tender parents, these olive plants grew round about the table.

As we have already noticed, the learning and religious experience of Philip Henry drew to his house many of his most

renowned contemporaries; such as the quaint and lively Richard Steel; the .venerable Francis Tallents; the accomplished but extremely modest John Meldrum of Newport, after whose funeral Mr Henry said, "The relics of so much learning, piety, and humility, I have not seen this great while laid in a grave;" William Cook, "an aged, painful, faithful minister," at Chester, so absorbed in study and in communion with a better country that he scarce ever adverted to any of the things around him; and Edward Lawrence, whose emphatic counsels, *e.g.* "Tremble to borrow twopence," "Make no man angry or sad," did not sink so deep into the memories of his own motherless children as into those of their happier companions at Broad Oak. On a mind so pious and reverential as was that of the younger Henry, the visits and conversations of so many distinguished ministers produced a strong impression; and, united to his natural gravity and studiousness, predisposed himself for the ministry. It was his great delight to be in their society, or in the company of warm-hearted Christians, listening to their discourse, or essaying to join in it. He inherited all his father's affection for the Bible, doting over its every sentence with curious avidity, and treasuring up its sayings in his heart. And having long practised the transcription of sermons, anon he began to make them.

At the age of eighteen, his father took him to the academy of Mr Doolittle, at Hackney. The journey on horseback was effected in five days. On arriving at London he writes, "I never saw so many coaches. If I should say we saw somewhat above a hundred after we came into the town, I should speak within compass." The following extract from his first letter to his sisters gives a glimpse of the state of Nonconforming churches in London in the year 1680, and presents the young student in an interesting point of view:—

"On Saturday my father went to Islington, and I went to cousin Hotchkiss and Mr Church's. Mr Church came with us

to see first Bedlam and then the Monument. The Monument is almost like a spire steeple, set up in the place where the great fire began. It is 345 steps high, and thence we had a sight of the whole city. Yesterday we went to Mr Doolittle's meeting-place; his church I may call it, for I believe there is many a church that will not hold so many people. There are several galleries; it is all pewed; and a brave pulpit, a great height above the people. They began between nine and ten in the morning, and after the singing of a psalm, Mr Doolittle first prayed and then preached, and that was all. His text was Jer. xvii. 9. In the afternoon my father preached on Lam. iii. 22, at the same place. Indeed, Mr Lawrence told him at first he must not come to London to be idle; and they are resolved he shall not; for he is to preach the two next Sabbaths, I believe, at Mr Steel's and Mr Lawrence's. On Sabbath-day night about five o'clock, cousin Robert and I went to another place and heard, I cannot say another sermon, but a piece of another, by a very young man, one Mr Shower, and a most excellent sermon it was, on the evil of sin. The truth was, we could scarce get any room, it was so crowded.

"This morning we went to Islington, where I saw the place we are like to abide in, and do perceive our rooms are like to be very strait and little; that Mr Doolittle is very studious and diligent, and that Mrs Doolittle and her daughter are very fine and gallant.

"Dear sisters, I am almost ever thinking of you and home; but dare scarce entertain a thought of returning, lest it discompose me. I find it a great change.

"Pray do not forget me in your thoughts, nor in your prayers, but remember me in both. So commending you all to the care and protection of Almighty God, whose kingdom ruleth over all, I rest, your ever loving and affectionate brother,

"MATTHEW HENRY."

They were troublous times, and it was not long before Mr Doolittle's academy was dispersed. Matthew Henry went back to Broad Oak, and the next time he returned to London it was to study law. He had not abandoned his original destination; but as it was then very problematical whether Nonconformists would ever be allowed freely to exercise their ministry, it is possible that he may have wished to secure to himself the alternative of an honourable profession. He never became an enthusiast in his legal studies; but he learned enough to add considerably to his store of information, and he always looked back with pleasure to friendships which he formed at Gray's Inn.

It was in 1687, when the penalties against dissent were somewhat relaxed, that Matthew Henry was ordained a minister. On the eve of this important event he devoted a considerable time to self-examination; and in the paper in which he records its results, he writes:—

"I think I can say with confidence that I do not design to take up the ministry as a trade to live by, or to enrich myself, out of the greediness of filthy lucre. No! I hope I aim at nothing but *souls;* and if I gain those, though I should lose all my worldly comforts by it, I shall reckon myself to have made a good bargain.

"I think I can say with as much assurance, that my design is not to get myself a name amongst men, or to be talked of in the world as one that makes somewhat of a figure. No; that is a poor business. If I have but a good name with God I think I have enough, though among men I be reviled, and have my name trampled upon as mire in the streets. I prefer the good word of my Master far before the good word of my fellow-servants.

"I can appeal to God that I have no design in the least to maintain a party, or to keep up any schismatical faction; my heart rises against the thoughts of it. I hate dividing princi-

ples and practices, and whatever others are, I am for peace and healing; and if my blood would be a sufficient balsam, I would gladly part with the last drop of it for the closing up of the bleeding wounds of differences that are amongst true Christians."

For five-and-twenty years Mr Henry was minister of the Presbyterian congregation at Chester, and many things combined to make it a happy pastorate. Broad Oak was not far from Chester, and till the year 1696, when Philip Henry went to heaven, many delightful visits were exchanged between the father and the son. Wrenbury Wood, the home of his elder sister, Mrs Savage, was still nearer; and by their respective marriages his other three sisters all settled in Chester, and with their families became members of his flock. And his congregation increased. Not only was it needful to enlarge the place of worship, but many of his hearers were men of education and mental enlargement, to whom it was animating to preach, and in whose intelligent Christian fellowship it was pleasant to spend his occasional hours. The number of communicants was eventually 350, and Mr Henry had the greatest joy which an earnest minister can have—he knew of many to whose salvation God had blessed his instructions and entreaties. And so long as he remained with them, he had that other greatest joy—he saw his children walking in the truth.

Like his father, Mr Henry found great delight in study; and like that father, his turn of mind was systematic. His sermons were a series. To the volatile auditories of modern times there would be something appalling in a body of divinity which occupied the Sabbaths of fourteen years. But the later Puritans, especially, were lovers of order and routine; congregations were more stationary, and the world had then a feeling of latitude and leisure which it can never know again. And perhaps the regular recurrence of similar services, and the weekly resumption of the stated subject, and the placid distillation of scriptural lessons, were as congenial to Sabbath rest and spiri-

tual growth as the endless variety and turbulent excitement which our own generation, more languid or more mercurial, craves. Nor is there any reason why method should produce monotony. In the hands of Matthew Henry, besides its continuous instructiveness, method was often a stimulus to attention, and an additional means of vivacity. On the subject, "Put off the old man, put on the new," he gave a course of many sermons in the following scheme:—

"1. Put off pride, and put on humility.
2. Put off passion, and put on meekness.
3. Put off covetousness, and put on contentment.
4. Put off contention, and put on peaceableness.
5. Put off murmuring, and put on patience.
6. Put off melancholy, and put on cheerfulness.
7. Put off vanity, and put on seriousness.
8. Put off uncleanness, and put on chastity.
9. Put off drunkenness, and put on temperance.
10. Put off deceitfulness, and put on honesty.
11. Put off hatred, and put on love.
12. Put off hypocrisy, and put on sincerity.
13. Put off bad discourse, and put on good discourse.
14. Put off bad company, and put on good company.
15. Put off security, and put on watchfulness.
16. Put off slothfulness, and put on diligence.
17. Put off folly, and put on prudence.
18. Put off fear, and put on hope.
19. Put off a life of sense, and put on a life of faith.
20. Put off self, and put on Jesus Christ."

At another time he gave a set of sermons on "Penitent Reflections and Pious Resolutions," taking for his general text, "I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies," and selecting for particular reflections and resolutions such antithetic texts as—

1. "I have sinned" (Ps. xli. 4).

"I will do so no more" (Job xxxiv. 32).

2. "I have done foolishly" (2 Sam. ii. 10).
"I will behave myself wisely" (Ps. ci. 2).

3. "I have perverted that which is right" (Job xxxiii. 27).
"I will never forget thy precepts" (Ps. cxix. 93), &c.

Those who are acquainted with that beautiful work, "Buchanan's Comfort in Affliction," will recall a modern example akin to the foregoing, in which a leading text is the subject; and other texts happily selected supply the particular instances.

In those primitive days Mr Henry's Sabbath-morning congregation met at nine o'clock. The service usually began with singing the 100th Psalm; and, after a short prayer, Mr Henry expounded a chapter of the Old Testament, having begun with Genesis, and continuing in regular order. Then, after another psalm and a longer prayer, he preached a sermon about an hour in length, and after prayer and singing, the congregation was dismissed with the blessing. The afternoon service was nearly the same, except that it was a chapter of the New Testament which was then expounded. On Thursday evening he gave a lecture, which was well attended by his own people, and to which some members of the Church of England came, who did not choose to forsake their own church on the Lord's-day. For this weekly lecture he found a subject which lasted twenty years, in "Scriptural Questions." It was October 1692 when he began with Gen. iii. 9, "Adam, where art thou?" and it was May 1712 when he arrived at Rev. xviii. 18, "What city is like unto this great city?"

The solemnity with which baptism was administered, and the Lord's supper celebrated, in Matthew Henry's meeting-house, struck many at the time; and from the fervour of his own spirit they proved eminently means of grace. His "Communicant's Companion" is still well known, and, by its minute directions, shews how vital to the believer, and how blessed to

the affectionate disciple, he deemed a due commemoration of his dying Lord. His original biographer remarks, "His soul was formed for this ordinance. He was full of love to Christ, and thankfulness to God for Christ."

His tender nature drew him towards the young, and his playful simplicity made him their apt instructor. An hour of every Saturday was devoted to public catechising, and many young persons ascribed their first earnestness in religion to the close dealing and touching addresses with which this exercise was frequently ended.

There were then no religious nor philanthropic societies; but the public spirit of Mr Henry prompted him to efforts beyond the bounds of his own congregation. When a series of sermons "for the Reformation of Manners" was projected, he did his utmost to promote it, and contributed four of his most able and important addresses. Moved by the miserable case of the prisoners in Chester gaol, he was in the habit of visiting them and preaching to them, till the curate of St Mary's prevailed on the governor to discharge him. In the meanwhile, his disinterested labours had been the means of much good to the criminals.

The great business of Mr Henry's life was the cultivation of piety in himself and others. His religion was not the less profound because it was mild and evenly; nor is it the less fitted for imitation because it adorned and cheered a life of tranquil tenor. Our extracts include a specimen of his "Directions for Daily Communion with God," and his own practice was a constant effort to "begin, and spend, and conclude each day with God." Besides the full and deliberate worship of God in his family, he abounded in secret prayer. It was his recourse in every undertaking. His sermons were begun, his books were published, his journeys were commenced, and the important steps of his history were taken with prayer. "What incomes of grace," he wrote, "yea, and outward good things,

as far as they are indeed good for us, have we by an access to God in Christ! Such have a companion ready in all their solitudes; a counsellor in all their doubts; a comforter in all their sorrows; a supply in all their wants; a support under all their burdens; a shelter in all their dangers; strength for all their performances; and salvation ensured by a sweet, undeceiving earnest. What is heaven but an everlasting access to God? and present access is a pledge of it." And as he had devout and confident recourse to the throne of grace, so he was an alert and thankful observer of those providences which answered prayer. He would say that the good things of God's children "are not dispensed out of the basket of common providence, but out of the ark of the covenant;" and "those mercies are the sweetest which are seen growing upon the root of a promise." Like his contemporary in Scotland, Thomas Boston, his diary is full of recognitions of God's superintending care and kind interposing hand. Gratitude for mercies was constantly irradiating his path and sweetening his spirit; and if he sometimes sought the prayers of his friends, he also sought the help of their praises. On special occasions he invited them to his house to join in thanksgiving for recent deliverances or distinguishing favours. "O magnify the Lord with me; let us exalt his name together."

In a pre-eminent degree, Mr Henry possessed a spiritual mind; and of that spirituality one great secret was his devout and delighted observance of the Lord's-day. On it he accumulated all the endearment and veneration of a grateful and conscientious spirit, and in it he collected patience and impulse for the days to come. To him the Sabbath was like a reservoir on the summit of a hill. He was sure that if this day were filled with heavenly things, it would send down its bright and refreshing streams through all the week.

The better to "fix his heart," and help his memory, he kept

an occasional journal. As affording the most intimate view of his character, we may give a few extracts from it.

"*June* 23, 1696.—This afternoon, about three o'clock, my father's servant came for the doctor, with the tidings that my dear father was taken suddenly ill. I had then some of my friends about me, and they were cheerful with me; but this struck a damp upon all. I had first thought not to have gone till the next day, it being somewhat late and very wet, and had written half a letter to my dear mother, but I could not help going; and I am glad I did go, for I have often thought of that (2 Kings ii. 10), 'If thou see me when I am taken up from thee,' &c. The doctor and I came to Broad Oak about eight o'clock, and found him in great extremity of pain; nature, through his great and unwearied labours, unable to bear up, and sinking under the load. As soon as he saw me, he said, 'O son, you are welcome to a dying father; I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand.' A little after midnight, my mother holding his hands as he sat in bed, and I holding the pillow to his back, he very quietly and without any struggling, groan, or rattling, breathed out his dear soul into the hands of the Lord Jesus Christ, whom he had faithfully served."

"*July* 1.—There are some things I would more particularly engage myself to upon this providence—

"1. To be more grave and serious.

"2. To be more meek and humble, cautious and candid, because these were the graces that my dear father was eminent for, and God owned him in them, and men honoured him for them. I am sensible of too much hastiness of spirit. I would learn to be of a cool, mild spirit.

"3. To be more diligent and industrious in improving my time, for I see it is hasting off apace, and I desire to have it filled up, because I see I must shortly put off this my tabernacle, and there is no working in the grave."

"*Oct.* 18, 1697.—Through the good hand of my God upon me I have finished my thirty-fifth year—one-half of the age of man. It is now high noon with me, but 'my sun may go down at noon. I was affected this morning when alone, in thinking *what* I was born—a rational creature, a helpless creature, and a sinful creature. *Where* I was born—in the Church of God, in a land of light, in a house of prayer. *What* I was born *for*—to glorify God my Maker, and prepare to get to heaven."

"*Jan.* 1, 1701.—Being more and more confirmed in my belief of the being and attributes of God, of the mediation of the Lord Jesus Christ between God and man, and of the reality and weight of invisible things; and being more and more satisfied that this is the true grace of God wherein I stand; I do solemnly resign and give up my whole self to God in Jesus Christ. I commit my soul and all the concerns of my spiritual state to the grace of God, and to the word of His grace, subjecting myself to the conduct and government of the blessed Spirit, and to His influences and operations, which I earnestly desire and depend upon for the mortifying of my corruptions, the strengthening of my graces, the furnishing me for every good word and work, and the ripening of me for heaven. I commit my body and all the concerns of my outward condition to the providence of God, to be ordered and disposed by the wisdom and will of my heavenly Father. Not knowing the things which may befall me this year, I refer myself to God. Whether it shall be my dying year or no, I know not; but it is my earnest expectation and hope that the Lord Jesus Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or death, by health or sickness, by plenty or poverty, by liberty or restraint, by preaching or silence, by comfort or sorrow. Welcome, welcome, the will of God, whatever it be."

"*Oct.* 18, 1701.—I have thought much this day what a great variety of cross events I am liable to while in the body,

and how uncertain what may befall me in the next year of my life; pain, or sickness, or broken bones, loss in my estate, death of dear relations, reproach, divisions in the congregation, public restraints and troubles; my fortieth year may be as Israel's was, the last of my sojourning in this wilderness. The worst of evils would be sin and scandal. The Lord keep me from that, and fit me for any other."

"*Dec.* 31, 1703.—Unfixedness of thought, a wretched desultoriness. Some speak of time well spent in thinking; but I find unless in speaking, reading, or writing, my thinking doth not turn to much account. Though I have had comfort in some broken good thoughts, yet I can seldom fix my heart to a chain of them. Oh that the thought of my heart may be forgiven!

"I have oft bewailed my barrenness in good discourse, and unskilfulness in beginning it, and coldness of concern for the souls of others; and in reflection on this year I find it has not been much better. I bless God I love good discourse, and would promote it, but I want zeal."

"*Jan.* 1, 1705.—I know this is the will of God, even my sanctification. Lord, grant that this year I may be more holy, and walk more closely than ever in all holy conversation. I earnestly desire to be filled with holy thoughts, to be carried out in holy affections, determined by holy aims and intentions, and governed in all my words and actions by holy principles. Oh that a golden thread of holiness may run through the whole web of this year!

"I know it is the will of God that I should be useful, and by His grace I will be so. Lord, thou knowest it is the top of my ambition in this world to do good, and to be serviceable to the honour of Christ and the welfare of precious souls. I would fain do good in the pulpit, and good with my pen; and, which I earnestly desire to abound more in, to do good by my common converse."

"*Jan.* 1, 1706.—I know not what the year shall bring forth; but I know it shall bring forth nothing amiss to me, if God be my God in covenant; if it bring forth *death, that* I hope shall quite finish sin and free me from it. Lord, let Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word. I commit my family to my heavenly Father, to God, even my own God, my father's God, my children's God. Oh, pour out Thy Spirit upon my seed, Thy blessing, that blessing of blessings, upon my offspring, that they may be praising God on earth when I am praising Him in heaven."

"*Dec.* 31, 1707.—I begin to feel my journey in my bones, and I desire to be thereby loosened from the world, and from this body. The death of my dear and honoured mother this year has been a sore breach upon my comfort; for she was my skilful, faithful counsellor; and it is an intimation to me that now, in the order of nature, I must go next. . . . As to my ministry here, Mr Mainwaring's leaving me and his wife has been very much my discouragement. But Providence so ordered it that Mr Harvey's congregation are generally come into us, or else we began to dwindle, so that I should have gone on very heavily."

"*March* 8, 1713, *London.*—I preached Mr Rosewell's evening lecture, Ps. lxxxix. 16, 'The joyful sound.' As I came home I was robbed. The thieves took from me about ten or eleven shillings. My remarks upon it were,—1. What reason have I to be thankful to God, who have travelled so much, and yet was never robbed before. 2. What a deal of evil the love of money is the root of, that four men would venture their lives and souls for about half-a-crown a-piece. 3. See the power of Satan in the children of disobedience. 4. See the vanity of worldly wealth; how soon we may be stripped of it. How loose, therefore, we should sit to it."

As might easily be surmised from the extent of his writings, Mr Henry was a hard student. His plan was to rise early:

he was usually in his study at five o'clock, sometimes as early as four; and except the hour allowed for breakfast and morning worship, remained there till noon, often till four in the afternoon. Nothing more tried his meek and patient spirit than intrusions on his studying time. "I am always best when alone. No place is like my own study: no company like good books, especially the book of God." But with all his love of leisure and retirement he was no hermit. He was rich in friends. He was much consulted by them; and besides an extensive correspondence, he shewed his interest in them by his minute and affectionate intercessions. "How sweet a thing it is to pray, minding a particular errand." That errand was often some conjuncture in the history of a friend, or a friend's family. And nothing leaves a softer halo round his memory than his filial and fraternal piety. His conduct was a reverential transcript from his father's bright example, the best tribute which love and veneration can render; and his own life was a sermon on the text which he selected after his beloved mother died, "Her children shall rise up, and call her blessed." He and his sisters grew up together in the holy atmosphere of their Broad Oak home; and though they all eventually had houses of their own, they never knew a suspicion or a quarrel, a dry word or a divided interest.

When the first volumes of his Commentary had been published, and Mr Henry's talents as a divine and an expositor were known, he received repeated calls to come and be a London minister. He was invited to succeed Dr Bates, then Mr Nathanael Taylor, then Mr Spademan; but all these invitations he resolutely and successfully refused. At last the congregation at Hackney made an onset which he could no longer withstand. After a year of hesitation and painful anxiety he agreed to go. Among many considerations which influenced him, the two following were the most powerful:—"There is manifestly a much wider door of opportunity to do good opened

to me at London than is at Chester, in respect to the frequency and variety of week-day occasions of preaching, and the great numbers of the auditors. The prospect I have of improving these opportunities, and of doing good to souls thereby, is, I confess, the main inducement to me to think of removing thither.

"Though the people at Chester are a most loving people, and many of them have had and have an exceeding value for me and my ministry, yet I have not been without my discouragements, and those such as have tempted me to think that my work in this place has been in a great measure done: many that have been catechised with us have left us, and very few have been added to us."

It was on the 18th of May 1712, that Mr Henry began his labours at Hackney. He was in his fiftieth year, and had been five-and-twenty years at Chester. He found abundance of that occupation to which he had looked forward with such desire, having opportunities of preaching almost every day of the week, and sometimes twice or thrice on the same day. And probably it was in this way that he accomplished most; for his Hackney congregation was not large. He found only a hundred communicants. It was not a lively period in the history of religion anywhere, and the London churches widely shared the spiritual torpor which soon after his decease transformed the Presbyterian chapel at Chester into a Unitarian meeting-house.

On leaving his former flock, Mr Henry promised to visit them once a year. In the summer of 1713 he fulfilled that promise, and again in May 1714, he quitted Hackney for the same purpose. The two last Sabbaths of this visit were employed on the texts, "There remaineth a rest for the people of God," and, "Let us fear lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it." That rest was nearer than he knew. On Monday, June 21, he

set out on his return to London. He was engaged to preach at Nantwich on the way. His horse threw him, but he denied that he had sustained any injury. Accordingly, he preached on Prov. xxxi. 18; but every one noticed that he was not so lively as usual. He was short, and afterwards very heavy and sleepy. He asked his friends to pray for him, "for now I cannot pray for myself." He remarked, "Sin is bitter," and said, "I bless God I have inward supports." But he was soon seized with apoplexy, and at eight on the following morning, June 22, he fell asleep.

On the following day his eldest sister, Mrs Savage, has this entry in her journal:—

"*Wednesday, June* 23.—I went to the place to take leave of the dear earthen vessel, in which was lodged such a treasure, and shall always remember there was nothing of death to be seen in his face, but rather something of a smile. How is the gold become dim, and the fine gold changed! That head, that hand, so fitted for service, now cold and moveless. Lord, what is man, the greatest, the best? When God bids Moses go up and die on Mount Nebo, it is observable he adds, 'As Aaron thy brother was gathered to his people.' Sure this should mind me of my own dissolution, as sprung from the same good olive, and spending our childhood together in much comfort and pleasure, under that dear and benign shadow. I have reason to think he loved me the best of all his sisters; and it is with satisfaction I think of the love I had for him, and the great unity that was amongst us then, so that I do not remember one angry or unkind word betwixt us. Though I well remember that I have thought my dear mother had most tenderness and love for my brother, yet I was so far from envying for his sake, that I complied with her, and loved him with a pure heart fervently. I remember the many cares and fears I had for him when he was ill of a fever at London, at Mr Doolittle's, and the strong cries and tears I offered in

secret to my heavenly Father, accompanied with a purpose of a particular act of religion that I would be found in, if God should hear prayer for him, and spare him to us, greatly dreading how my dear parents could bear the stroke. God was graciously pleased then to hearken to our petitions, and give him to us again; but, after a time, my good purposes (to my shame) proved abortive."

"*Friday, June* 25.—We gathered up the mantle of this dear Elijah, took the remains to Chester, lodged them in the silent tomb, 'the house appointed for all living.' We laid him in Trinity Church, by his dear first wife, accompanied with a vast crowd, desiring to pay their tribute to his blessed memory."

In 1687, Mr Henry married Miss Hardware, a young lady remarkable for her beauty and piety; but when they had been only eighteen months united, she was seized with the small-pox, and died. His second wife was Miss Warburton, of Grange, the virtuous daughter of a respected family. By this marriage a son and five daughters survived him. The son inherited the estate of Grange, and assumed the maternal name. It is feared that he did not inherit his father's piety. For some time he represented the city of Chester in Parliament.

By his sermons, and his abundant personal labours, Matthew Henry served his generation; by his industrious and ingenious pen, he has done a service to the world. From time to time he published tracts and treatises, which met with some attention even in that drowsy age, and many of which have been highly valued since. The "Pleasantness of a Religious Life" has been often republished; and no treatise on the Lord's Supper is better known or prized than the "Communicant's Companion." But these, and the Life of his Father, and his treatise on "Meekness," were mere episodes in that colossal undertaking by which he is likely to be known through ages yet unborn.

It is with literary monuments as with architectural trophies; we like not only to know who reared them, but how they went to work, and we would be glad to learn how far they enjoyed their labour, and what were their emotions when the task was done. Kennicott's process in collating the Hebrew text, and Johnson's operations in compiling his mighty Lexicon, are among the most interesting curiosities of literature; and few passages in autobiography are more thrilling than those, for instance, in which Gibbon records his moonlight musings when the "Decline and Fall" was finished, and Pollok describes the rapture in which he completed the "Course of Time." Few achievements can be so vast as a continuous commentary on the Bible. We are therefore grateful to Dr Adam Clarke's biographer for telling us how, during the forty years that his book was in building, he would sometimes be so absorbed that he did not observe the knock at the study-door, but was discovered on his bended knees with the pen in his hand and the paper before him; and how, when the last sentence was written, he led his son into the library, and surprised him by the new spectacle of the great table, cleared of all its folios, and nothing but a Bible remaining. "This, Joseph, is the happiest period I have enjoyed for years. I have written the last word. I have put away the chains that would remind me of my bondage. And *there* have I returned the deep thanks of a grateful soul to the God who has shewn me such great and continued kindness." And we can sympathise with his family, who, sharing in his emancipation, testified their joy by presenting him with a silver vase. And it exceedingly enhances our interest in Scott's Notes, when we remember the circumstances of bodily suffering and financial anxiety in which they were written; and if we sometimes deem them commonplace or meagre, we rebuke our discontent by asking, "How could they be better when the press was always clanking at his heels, and he often rose from a bed of sickness to write them?"

Matthew Henry did not live to finish his great undertaking, but to the research of his biographers we are indebted for some interesting particulars regarding the commencement and progress of the work. It was a labour of love, and, like the best productions of the pen, flowed from the abundance of the author's mind. The commentary was all in Matthew Henry before a word of it was written down. In his father's house, as we have seen, the Bible was expounded every day, and he and his sisters had preserved ample notes of their father's terse and aphoristic observations. Then, during his own Chester ministry, he went over more than once the whole Bible in simple explanations to his people. Like the Spartan babe, whose cradle was his father's shield, it would be scarcely a figure to say that the Bible was the pillow of his infant head; and, familiar with it from his most tender years, it dwelt richly in him all his days. It was the cynosure round which his meditations—morning, noon, and evening—turned, and whatever other knowledge came in his way, he pounced on it with more or less avidity as it served to elucidate or enforce some Bible saying. What has been remarked of an enthusiast in Egyptian antiquities—that he had grown quite pyramidal—may be said of the Presbyterian minister at Chester; he had grown entirely biblical. He had no ideas which had not either been first derived from Scripture, or afterwards dissolved in it. And as his shrewd sense, his kindly nature, his devotional temperament, and his extensive information, were all thoroughly scripturalised, it needed no forcing nor straining. It was but to turn the tap, and out flowed the racy exposition. "The work has been to me its own wages, and the pleasure recompence enough for all the pains."

Much was incidentally jotted down, and the materials lay affluent about him, before he commenced writing for the press.*

* Besides his own very ample pulpit preparations, he had the benefit of his father's expository remarks, already noticed. To B. C. Pierce Seaman, Esq.,

It was the advice of the Rev. Samuel Clarke and other friends which moved him to begin; and the following entry in his journal announces the commencement of the work:—"*Nov.* 12, 1704.—This night, after many thoughts of heart, and many prayers concerning it, I began my notes on the Old Testament. It is not likely I shall live to finish it, or if I should, that it should be of public service, for I am not *par negotio;*

we are indebted for the loan of Philip Henry's MS. notes on Genesis. They are brief and cursory, but contain many good and pithy sayings; and parallelisms like the following shew that they were not lost sight of by his son in preparing his more copious Commentary. The passage is Gen. xxxii. 13-23:—

PHILIP HENRY.	MATTHEW HENRY.
In his prayer, note 1. His faith: "God of Abraham," *q.d.*, "Lord, art thou not in covenant with me?"	1. He addresseth himself to God as the God of his fathers.
2. His appeal to God, that he was not out of his way: "Thou smidst to me."	2. He produceth his warrant.
3. His humility—sense of his own unworthiness: "I am not worthy."	3. He humbly acknowledgeth his own unworthiness to receive any favour from God.
4. His thankfulness for what God had done for him already: "With my staff."	4. He thankfully owns God's goodness to him in his banishment.
5. He urges the greatness of his danger, and his inward sense of it (ver. 11).	5. He urges the extremity of the peril he was in.
6. He presses God with a particular promise (ver. 12), *q.d.*: "Lord, how wilt thou appear faithful, if thou suffer [me to perish?]"	6. He insists especially upon the promise God had made him (ver. 12): "Lord, what will become of that promise, if they be all cut off?"
He provides a present for his brother (ver. 13)—the likeliest way to pacify him. Prayer must be seconded with endeavours in the use of means.	Jacob, having previously made God his friend by a prayer, is here prudently endeavouring to make Esau his friend by a present. When we have prayed to God for any mercy, we must second our prayers with our endeavours, else, instead of trusting God, we tempt Him.

yet, in the strength of God, and, I hope, with a single eye to His glory, I set about it, that I may endeavour something and spend my time to some good purpose, and let the Lord make what use He pleaseth of me. I go about it with fear and trembling, lest I exercise myself in things too high for me. The Lord help me to set about it with great humility." Yes —"fear and trembling" and "many prayers"—these are the secret of its success. All the author's fitness, and all his fondness for the work, would have availed little, had not the Lord made it grow. In September 1706, he finished the Pentateuch, and on the 21st of November that year he writes: "This evening I received a parcel of the Exposition of the Pentateuch. I desire to bless God that He has given me to see it finished. I had comfort from that promise, 'Thou shalt find favour and good understanding in the sight of God and man.'" That volume came out separately, and, though near her eightieth year, his mother lived to see it, and, scarcely hoping to read all the volume, the good old lady began with Deuteronomy. Every second year produced another volume, till April 17, 1714, he records, "Finished Acts, and with it the fifth volume. Blessed be God that has helped me and spared me. All the praise be to God." Two months thereafter he ceased from all his labours, and Dr Evans and others took up the fallen pen. They completed a sixth volume, but did not continue "Matthew Henry."

The zest with which he began lasted all along. So dear was the employment that it was not easy to divert him from it, and each possible moment was devoted to it. Even when roused from slumber by illness in the family, his eye would brighten at the sight of it, and he would draw in his studying-chair "to do a little at the exposition." What he says in the preface to the Prophecies—his least successful volume—will awaken the fellow-feeling of the reader, and remind him of Bishop Horne's touching farewell to the Book of Psalms. "The pleasure I have had in studying and meditating on those

parts of these prophecies which are plain and practical, and especially those that are evangelical, has been an abundant balance to and recompense for the harder tasks we have met with in other parts that are more obscure. In many parts of this field the treasure must be digged for, as that in the mines; but in other parts the surface is covered with rich and precious products, with corn and flocks, and of which we may say, as was said of Noah, 'These same have comforted us greatly concerning our work, and the toil of our hands,' and have made it very pleasant and delightful. God grant it may be no less so to the readers."

It would be easy to name commentators more critical, more philosophical, or more severely erudite; but none so successful in making the Bible understood. And the question with sensible readers will always be, not, What did the commentator bring to the Bible? but, What has he brought out of it? And, tried by this test, Henry will bear the perpetual palm. His curious inferences, and his just, though ingenious practical observations, are such as could only have occurred to one mighty in the Scriptures, and minute in the particular text; and to the eager Bible-student, they often present themselves with as welcome surprise as the basket of unexpected ore which a skilful miner sends up from a deserted shaft. Nor must we admire them the less because detected in passages where our duller eye or blunter hammer had often explored in vain. On the other hand, it is possible to name some who have commented more fully on particular books; but most of them are something more than expositions. They are homiletic notes and expository dissertations. In the language of quaint old Berridge, a preacher is a "gospel-baker." In the same idiom, a commentator should be a "Bible-miller." Bread-corn must be bruised; and it is the business of the skilful interpreter to enucleate the meaning, and make it palpable to every reader. This was what Matthew Henry did, and he left it to "gospel-

bakers" to add the salt and leaven, or mayhap the spice and the exotic condiments, and make a sermon or an essay as the case might be.

To its author the exposition was a blessed toil; but he could not foresee the wide acceptance and growing favour which awaited it. He could not anticipate that the most powerful minds of after ages should be its most ardent admirers, or that the panegyrics should be passed on it which we know that Ryland, and Hall, and Chalmers have pronounced. Still less could it occur to him that the kindness with which contemporaries received it should be a hundredfold exceeded by a generation so fastidious and book-surfeited as our own. But could its subsequent history have been revealed to his benignant eye, the circumstance which would have elicited the gladdest and most thankful sparkle would have been to behold it in thousands of Christian families, the Sabbath-companion and the household-book. It is not only through the glass doors of stately book-cases that its gilt folios shine, nor on the study-shelves of manses and evangelical parsonages that its brown symbol of orthodoxy may be recognised; but in the parlour of many a quiet tradesman, and the cupboard of many a little farmer, and on the drawers'-head of many a mechanic or day-labourer, the well-conned quartos hold their ancestral station, themselves an abundant library, and hallowed as the heirloom of a bygone piety. In the words of a beloved relative, who has done as much as any man to promote the modern circulation of Henry's Commentary, "It has now lasted more than one hundred and forty years, and is at this moment more popular than ever, gathering strength as it rolls down the stream of time; and it bids fair to be *The Comment* for all coming time. True to God, true to nature, true to common sense, and true to the text, how can it ever be superseded? Waiting pilgrims will be reading it when the last trumpet sounds, Come to judgment!"

SPECIMENS.

"I will direct my prayer unto Thee."

When I pray unto Thee I will direct my prayers; and then it denotes a fixedness of thought, and a close application of mind, to the duty of prayer. We must go about it solemnly, as those who have something of moment much at heart, and much in view therein, and therefore dare not trifle in it. When we go to pray we must not give the sacrifice of fools, who think not either what is to be done, or what is to be gained, but speak the words of the wise, who aim at some good end in what they say, and suit it to that end; we must have in our eye God's glory, and our own true happiness; and so well-ordered is the covenant of grace, that God has been pleased therein to twist interests with us; so that, in seeking His glory, we really and effectually seek our own true interests. This is directing the prayer, as he that shoots an arrow at a mark directs it, and with a fixed eye and steady hand takes aim right. This is engaging the heart to approach to God, and in order to that, disengaging it from everything else. He who takes aim with one eye shuts the other; if we would direct a prayer to God we must look off all other things, must gather in our wandering thoughts, must summon them all to draw near and give their attendance, for here is work to be done that needs them all, and is well worthy of them all; thus we must be able to say with the Psalmist, 'O God, "my heart is fixed, my heart is fixed."'

When I direct my prayer, I will "direct it to Thee." And so it speaks—

1. The sincerity of our habitual intention in prayer. We must not direct our prayer to men, that we may gain praise

and applause with them, as the Pharisees did, who proclaimed their devotions as they did their alms, that they might gain a reputation, which they knew how to make a hand of: "Verily they have their reward," men commend them, but God abhors their pride and hypocrisy. We must not let our prayers run at large, as they did who said, "Who will shew us any good?" nor direct them to the world, courting its smiles, and pursuing its wealth, as those who are therefore said not to "cry unto God with their hearts," because they "assembled themselves for corn and wine" (Hosea vii. 14). Let not self, carnal self, be the spring and centre of your prayers, but God; let the eye of the soul be fixed upon Him as your highest end in all your applications to Him; let this be the habitual disposition of your souls, to be to your God for a name and a praise; and let this be your design in all your desires, that God may be glorified, and by this let them all be directed, determined, sanctified, and, when need is, overruled. Our Saviour has plainly taught us this in the first petition of the Lord's prayer, which is, "Hallowed be thy name;" in that we fix our end, and other things are desired in order to that; in that the prayer is directed to the glory of God in all that whereby He has made Himself known—the glory of His holiness; and it is with an eye to the sanctifying of His name that we desire His kingdom may come, and His will be done, and that we may be fed, and kept, and pardoned. A habitual aim at God's glory is that sincerity which is our gospel perfection; that single eye which, where it is, the whole body, the whole soul, is full of light. Thus the prayer is directed to God.

2. It speaks the steadiness of our actual regard to God in prayer. We must direct our prayer to God—that is, we must continually think of Him as one with whom we have to do in prayer. We must direct our prayer, as we direct our speech, to the person we have business with. The Bible is a letter God has sent to us—prayer is a letter we send to Him; now

you know it is essential to a letter that it be directed, and material that it be directed right; if it be not, it is in danger of miscarrying, which may be of ill consequence. You pray daily, and therein send letters to God; you know not what you lose if your letters miscarry; will you therefore take instructions how to direct to Him?

Give Him His titles, as you do when you direct to a person of honour; address yourselves to Him as the great Jehovah, God "over all, blessed for evermore;" the "King of kings, and Lord of Lords;" as "the Lord God, gracious and merciful;" let your hearts and mouths be filled with holy adorings and admirings of Him, and fasten upon those titles of His which are proper to strike a holy awe of Him upon your minds, that you may worship Him with reverence and godly fear. Direct your prayer to Him as the God of glory, with whom is terrible majesty, and whose greatness is unsearchable, that you may not dare to trifle with Him, or to mock Him in what you say to Him.

Take notice of your relation to Him as His children, and let not that be overlooked and lost in your awful adorations of His glories. I have been told of a good man, among whose experiences, which he kept a record of, after his death this, among other things, was found—that such a time at secret prayer, his heart at the beginning of the duty was much enlarged, in giving to God those titles which are awful and tremendous, in calling Him the *Great*, the *Mighty*, and the *Terrible* God; but going on thus, he checked himself with this thought, "And why not my Father?" Christ has, both by His precept and by His pattern, taught us to address ourselves to God as "our Father;" and the Spirit of adoption teaches us to cry, "Abba, Father." A son, though a prodigal, when he returns and repents, may go to his father, and say unto him, "Father, I have sinned;" and though no more worthy to be called a son, yet, humbly bold, may call him "father."

When Ephraim bemoans himself "as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke," God bemoans him as a "dear son," as a "pleasant child" (Jer. xxxi. 18, 20); and if God is not ashamed, let us not be afraid to own the relation.

Direct your prayer to Him in heaven; this our Saviour has taught us, in the preface to the Lord's prayer, "Our Father, which art in heaven." Not that He is confined to the heavens, or as if the heaven, or the heaven of heavens, could contain Him; but there He is said to have prepared His throne—not only His throne of government, by which His kingdom ruleth over all, but His throne of grace, to which we must by faith draw near. We must eye Him as God in heaven, in opposition to the gods of the heathen, which dwelt in temples made with hands. Heaven is a high place, and we must address ourselves to Him as a God infinitely above us; it is the fountain of light, and to Him we must address ourselves as the Father of lights; it is a place of prospect, and we must see His eye upon us, from thence beholding all the children of men; it is a place of purity, and we must in prayer eye Him as a holy God, and give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness; it is the firmament of His power, and we must depend upon Him as one to whom power belongs. When our Lord Jesus prayed, he lifted up His eyes to heaven, to direct us whence to expect the blessings we need.

Direct this letter to be left with the Lord Jesus, the only Mediator between God and man; it will certainly miscarry if it be not put into His hand, who is that other angel who puts much incense to the prayers of saints, and so perfumed presents them to the Father (Rev. viii. 3). What we ask of the Father must be in His name; what we expect from the Father must be by His hand; for He is the High Priest of our profession, who is ordained for men, to offer their gifts (Heb. v. 1). Direct the letter to be left with Him, and He will deliver it with care and speed, and will make our service acceptable.

Mr George Herbert, in his poem called "The Bag," having pathetically described the wound in Christ's side as He was hanging on the cross, makes Him speak thus to all believers as He was going to heaven:—

"If you have any thing to send or write,
I have no bag, but here is room,
Unto my Father's hands and sight,
Believe me, it shall safely come.
That I shall mind what you impart,
Look, you may put it very near my heart.
Or if hereafter any of my friends
Will use me in this kind, the door
Shall still be open; what he sends
I will present, and somewhat more,
Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey
Anything to me. Hark, despair, away."

How to begin the Day.

Under the law we find that every morning there was a lamb offered in sacrifice (Ex. xxix. 39); and every morning the priests burned incense (Ex. xxx. 7); and the singers stood every morning to thank the Lord (1 Chron. xxiii. 30). And so it was appointed in Ezekiel's temple (Ez. xlvi. 13–15). By which an intimation was plainly given, that the spiritual sacrifices should be offered by the spiritual priests every morning, as duly as the morning comes. Every Christian should pray in secret, and every master of a family with his family, morning by morning; and there is good reason for it.

1. The morning is the first part of the day, and it is fit that He that is first should have the first, and be first served. The heathen could say, *A Jove principium*—"Let your beginning be with Jupiter." Whatever you do, begin with God. The world had its beginning from Him, we had ours, and therefore whatever we begin, it concerns us to take Him along with us

in it. The days of our life, as soon as ever the sun of reason rises in the soul, should be devoted to God, and employed in His service; "From the womb of the morning let Christ have the dew of thy youth" (Ps. cx. 3). The first-fruits were always to be the Lord's, and the firstlings of the flock. By morning and evening prayer we give glory to Him who is the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last; with Him we must begin and end the day, begin and end the night, who is the beginning and the end, the first cause and the last end.

Wisdom has said, "Those that seek me early shall find me;" early in their lives, early in the day; for hereby we give to God that which He ought to have, the preference above other things. Hereby we shew that we are in care to please Him, and to approve ourselves to Him, and that we seek Him diligently. What we do earnestly we are said in Scripture to do early (Ps. ci. 8). Industrious men rise betimes. David expresseth the strength and warmth of his devotion, when he says, "O God, thou art my God, early will I seek thee" (Ps. lxiii. 1).

2. In the morning we are fresh and lively, and in the best frame; when our spirits are revived with the rest and sleep of the night, and we live a kind of new life; and the fatigues of the day before are forgotten. The God of Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps, yet, when He exerts himself more than ordinary on His people's behalf, He is said to "awake as one out of sleep" (Ps. lxxviii. 65). If ever we be good for anything it is in the morning; it is therefore become a proverb, *Aurora musis amica*—"The morning is a friend to the muses;" and if the morning be a friend to the muses, I am sure it is no less to the graces. As He that is the first should have the first, so He that is the best should have the best; and when we are fittest for business, we should apply ourselves to that which is the most needful business.

Worshipping God is work that requires the best powers of

the soul, when they are at the best; and it well deserves them; how can they be better bestowed, or so as to turn to a better account? Let "all that is within me bless His holy name," says David, and all little enough. If there be any gift in us by which God may be honoured, the morning is the time to stir it up (2 Tim. i. 6), when our spirits are refreshed, and have gained new vigour; then "awake, my glory, awake psaltery and harp, for I myself will awake early" (Ps. lvii. 8). Then let us stir up ourselves to take hold on God.

3. In the morning we are most free from company and business, and ordinarily have the best opportunity for solitude and retirement; unless we be of those sluggards who lie in bed, with "yet a little sleep, a little slumber," till the work of their calling calls them up with, "How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard?" It is the wisdom of those who have so much to do in the world, that they have scarce a minute to themselves all day, to take time in the morning, before business crowds in upon them, for the business of their religion; that they may be entire for it, and therefore the more intent upon it.

As we are concerned to worship God when we are least burdened with deadness and dulness within, so also when we are least exposed to distraction and diversion from without. The apostle intimates how much it should be our care to attend upon the Lord without distraction (1 Cor. vii. 35). And therefore that one day in seven (and it is the first day too, the morning of the week,) which is appointed for holy work, is appointed to be a day of rest from other work. Abraham leaves all at the bottom of the hill when he goes up into the mount to worship God. In the morning, therefore, let us converse with God, and apply ourselves to the concerns of the other life, before we are entangled in the affairs of this life. Our Lord Jesus has set us an example of this, who, because His day was wholly filled up with public business for God and the souls of men, rose up in the morning a great while before

day, and before company came in, and went out into a solitary place, and there prayed (Mark i. 35).

4. In the morning we have received fresh mercies from God, which we are concerned to acknowledge with thankfulness to His praise. He is continually doing us good, and loading us with His benefits. Every day we have reason to bless Him, for every day He is blessing us; in the morning particularly; and therefore, as He is giving out to us the fruits of His favour, which are said to be "new every morning" (Lam. iii. 23), because though the same we had the morning before, they are still forfeited, and still needed, and upon that account may be called still new; so we should be still returning the expressions of our gratitude to Him, and of other pious and devout affections, which, like the fire on the altar, must be new every morning (Lev. vi. 12).

Have we had a good night? and have we not an errand to the throne of grace to return thanks for it? How many mercies concurred to make it a good night; distinguishing mercies, granted to us, but denied to others! Many have not where to lay their heads; our Master himself had not: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head;" but we have houses to dwell in, quiet and peaceable habitations, perhaps stately ones; we have beds to lie in, warm and easy ones, perhaps beds of ivory, fine ones, such as they stretched themselves upon who were at ease in Zion; and are not put to wander in deserts and mountains, in dens and caves of the earth, as some of the best of God's saints have been forced to do, of whom the world was not worthy. Many have beds to lie on, yet dare not or cannot lie down in them, being kept up either by the sickness of their friends or the fear of their enemies. But we have laid us down, and there has been none to make us afraid; no alarms of the sword, either of war or persecution. Many lay them down and cannot sleep, but are full of tossings to and fro until

the dawning of the day, through pain of body or anguish of mind. Wearisome nights are appointed to them, and their eyes are held waking; but we have laid us down and slept without any disturbance, and our sleep was sweet and refreshing, the pleasant parenthesis of our cares and toils. It is God who has given us sleep, has given it us as He gives it to His beloved. Many lay them down and sleep, and never rise again; they sleep the sleep of death, and their beds are their graves: but we have slept and waked again, have rested, and are refreshed; we shake ourselves, and it is with us as at other times, because the Lord has sustained us; and if He had not upheld us, we had sunk with our own weight when we fell asleep (Ps. iii. 5).

Have we a pleasant morning? is the light sweet to us? the light of the sun, the light of the eyes, do these rejoice the heart? and ought we not to own our obligations to Him who opens our eyes, and opens the eyelids of the morning upon us? Have we clothes to put on in the morning, garments that are warm upon us (Job xxxvii. 17), change of raiment, not for necessity only, but for ornament? We have them from God; it is His wool and His flax that is given to cover our nakedness, and the morning when we dress ourselves is the proper time of returning Him thanks for it; yet, I doubt, we do it not so constantly as we do for our food when we sit down to our tables, though we have as much reason to do it. Are we in health and at ease? have we been long so? We ought to be thankful for a constant series of mercies, as for particular instances of it, especially considering how many are sick and in pain, and how much we have deserved to be so.

Perhaps we have experienced some special mercy to ourselves or our families, in preservation from fire or thieves, from dangers we have been aware of, and many more unseen. Weeping, perhaps, endured for a night, and joy came in the morning;

and that calls aloud upon us to own the goodness of God. The destroying angel, perhaps, has been abroad, and the arrow that flies at midnight, and wastes in darkness, has been shot in at others' windows, but our houses have been passed over. Thanks be to God for the blood of the covenant, sprinkled upon our door-posts; and for the ministration of the good angels about us, to which we owe it that we have been preserved from the malice of the evil angels against us, those rulers of the darkness of this world, who, perhaps, creep forth like the beasts of prey, when He makes darkness and it is dark. All the glory be to the God of the angels.

5. In the morning we have fresh matter ministered to us for the adoration of the greatness and glory of God. We ought to take notice, not only of the gifts of God's bounty to us, which we have the comfort and benefit of,—they are little narrow souls that confine their regards to them,—but we ought to observe the more general instances of His wisdom and power in the kingdom of providence, which redound to His honour and the common good of the universe. The nineteenth Psalm seems to have been a morning meditation, in which we are directed to observe how "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handywork;" and to own not only the advantage we receive from their light and influence, but the honour they do to Him who stretched out the heavens like a curtain, fixed their pillars, and established their ordinances, according to which they continue to this day, for they are all His servants. "Day unto day utters this speech, and night unto night sheweth this knowledge;" even the eternal power and Godhead of the great Creator of the world, and its great Ruler. The regular and constant succession and revolution of light and darkness, according to the original contract made between them, that they should reign alternately, may serve to confirm our faith in that part of Divine revelation which gives us the history of the creation, and the promise of

God to Noah and his sons (Gen. viii. 22); His "covenant with the day and with the night" (Jer. xxxiii. 20).

Look up in the morning, and see how exactly the dayspring knows its place, knows its time, and keeps them: how the morning light takes hold of the ends of the earth, and of the air, which is turned to it as clay to the seal, instantly receiving the impressions of it (Job xxxviii. 12–14). I was pleased with an expression of a worthy good minister I heard lately, in his thanksgivings to God for the mercies of the morning: "How many thousand miles," said he, "has the sun travelled this last night to bring the light of the morning to us poor sinful wretches, that justly might have been buried in the darkness of the night!" Look up and see the sun as a bridegroom richly dressed, and greatly pleased, coming out of his chamber and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race: observe how bright his beams are, how sweet his smiles, how strong his influences: and, if there be no speech or language where their voice is not heard, the voice of these natural preachers, proclaiming the glory of God, it is pity there should be any speech or language where the voice of His worshippers should not be heard, echoing to the voice of those preachers, and ascribing glory to Him who thus makes the morning and evening to rejoice. But whatever others do, let Him hear our voice to this purpose in the morning, and in the morning let us direct our praises unto Him.

6. In the morning we have, or should have, had fresh thoughts of God, and sweet meditations on His name, and those we ought to offer up to Him in prayer. Have we been, according to David's example, "remembering God upon our beds, and meditating upon Him in the night-watches?" When we awake, can we say as he did, "We are still with God?" If so, we have a good errand to the throne of grace by the words of our mouths, to offer up to God the meditations of our hearts, and it will be to Him a sacrifice of a sweet-smelling savour.

If the heart has been inditing a good matter, let the tongue be as the pen of a ready writer, to pour it out before God (Ps. xlv. 1).

We have the Word of God to converse with, and we ought to read a portion of it every morning: by it God speaks to us, and in it we ought to meditate day and night, which if we do, that will send us to the throne of grace, and furnish us with many a good errand there. If God in the morning by His grace direct His Word to us, so as to make it reach our hearts, that will engage us to direct our prayer to Him.

7. In the morning, it is to be feared, we find cause to reflect upon many vain and sinful thoughts that have been in our minds in the night season; and upon that account it is necessary that we address ourselves to God by prayer in the morning, for the pardon of them. The Lord's prayer seems to be calculated primarily in the letter of it for the morning; for we are taught to pray "for our daily bread this day:" and yet we are then to pray, "Father, forgive us our trespasses;" for as in the hurry of the day we contract guilt by our irregular words and actions, so we do in the solitude of the night, by our corrupt imaginations, and the wanderings of an unsanctified, ungoverned fancy. It is certain, "the thought of foolishness is sin" (Prov. xxix. 9). Foolish thoughts are sinful thoughts; the first-born of the old man, the first beginnings of all sin; and how many of these vain thoughts lodge within us wherever we lodge? Their name is Legion, for they are many; who can understand these errors! They are more than the hairs of our head.

And dare we go abroad till we have renewed our repentance, which we are every night, as well as every day, thus making work for? Are we not concerned to confess to Him who knows our hearts, their wanderings from Him, to complain of them to Him as revolting and rebellious hearts, and bent to backslide; to make our peace with the blood of Christ, and to pray

that the thought of our heart may be forgiven us? We cannot with safety go into the business of the day under the guilt of any sin unrepented of, or unpardoned.

8. In the morning we are addressing ourselves to the work of the day, and therefore are concerned by prayer to seek unto God for His presence and blessing. We come, and are encouraged to come boldly, to the throne of grace, not only for mercy to pardon what has been amiss, but for grace to help in every time of need: and what time is it that is not a time of need with us? And, therefore, what morning should pass without morning prayer? We read of that which the duty of every day requires (Ezra iii. 4), and in reference to that we must go to God every morning to pray for the gracious disposal of His providence concerning us, and the gracious operations of His Spirit upon us.

We have families to look after, it may be, and to provide for, and are in care to do well for them; let us then every morning by prayer commit them to God, put them under the conduct and government of His grace, and then we effectually put them under the care and protection of His providence. Holy Job rose up early in the morning to offer burnt-offerings for his children, and we should do so to offer up prayers and supplications for them, according to the number of them all (Job i. 5). Thus we cause the blessing to rest on our houses.

We are going about the business of our callings perhaps; let us look up to God in the first place, for wisdom and grace to manage them well, in the fear of God, and to abide with Him in them; and then we may in faith beg of Him to prosper and succeed us in them, to strengthen us for the services of them, to support us under the fatigues of them, to direct the designs of them, and to give us comfort in the gains of them. We have journeys to go, it may be; let us look up to God for His presence with us, and go no whither where we cannot in faith beg of God to go with us.

We have a prospect, perhaps, of opportunities of doing or getting good; let us look up to God for a heart to every price put into our hands—for skill, and will, and courage to improve it, that it may not be a price in the hand of a fool. Every day has its temptations too; some perhaps we foresee, but there may be many more that we think not of, and are therefore concerned to be earnest with God, that we may not be led into any temptation, but guarded against every one; that whatever company we come into, we may have wisdom to do good and no hurt to them, and to get good and no hurt by them.

We know not what a day may bring forth; little think in the morning what tidings we may hear, and what events may befall us before night; and should therefore beg of God grace to carry us through the duties and difficulties which we do not foresee, as well as those which we do; that, in order to our standing complete in all the will of God, as the day is, so the strength may be. We shall find, that sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, and that, therefore, as it is folly to take thought for to-morrow's event, so it is wisdom to take thought for to-day's duty, that sufficient unto this day, and the duty of it, may be the supplies of the Divine grace, thoroughly to furnish us for every good word and work, and thoroughly to fortify us against every evil word and work; that we may not think, or speak, or do anything in all the day, which we may have cause upon any account to wish unthought, unspoke, and undone at night.

How to close the Day.

One rule for the closing of the day well is to keep good hours. "Every thing is beautiful in its season." I have heard it said long since, and I beg leave to repeat it now, that

> "Early to bed, and early to rise,
> Is the way to be healthy, and wealthy, and wise."

We shall now take it for granted, that unless some necessary business, or some work of mercy, or some more than ordinary act of devotion, keep you up beyond your usual time, you are disposed to lay you down. And let us lay us down with thankfulness to God, and with thoughts of dying; with penitent reflections upon the sins of the day, and with humble supplications for the mercies of the night.

1. Let us lie down with thankfulness to God. When we retire to our bed-chambers or closets we should lift up our hearts to God, the God of our mercies, and make him the God of our praises; whenever we go to bed I am sure we do not want matter for praise, if we did not want a heart. Let us therefore address ourselves then to that pleasant duty, that work which is its own wages. The evening sacrifice was to be a sacrifice of praise.

(1.) We have reason to be thankful for the many mercies of the day past, which we ought particularly to review, and to say, "Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits." Observe the constant series of mercies, which has not been interrupted or broken in upon any day. Observe the particular instance of mercy with which some days have been signalised and made remarkable. It is He who has granted us life and favour; it is His visitation that preserves our spirits. Think how many are the calamities which we are every day preserved from; the calamities which we are sensibly exposed to, and perhaps have been delivered from the imminent danger of; and those which we have not been apprehensive of; many of which we have deserved, and which others, better than we are, groan under. All our bones have reason to say, "Lord, who is like unto thee?" For it is God who keepeth all our bones, not one of them is broken; it is of His mercies that we are not consumed.

Think how many are the comforts we are every day surrounded with, all which we are indebted to the bounty of the

Divine Providence for; every bit we eat, and every drop we drink, is mercy; every step we take, and every breath we draw, mercy. All the satisfaction we have in the agreeableness and affections of our relations, and in the society and serviceableness of our friends; all the success we have in our callings and employments, and the pleasure we take in them; all the joy which Zebulun has in his going out, and Issachar in his tents, is what we have reason to acknowledge with thankfulness to God's praise.

(2.) We have reason to be thankful for the shadows of the evening, which call us to retire and lie down. The same wisdom, power, and goodness which make the morning, make the evening also, to rejoice; and give us cause to be thankful for the drawing of the curtains of the night about us in favour to our repose, as well as for the opening of the eyelids of the morning upon us in favour to our business. When God divided between the light and the darkness, and allotted to both of them their time successively, he saw that it was good it should be so; in a world of mixtures and changes, nothing more proper. Let us therefore give thanks to that God who forms the light and creates the darkness; and believe, that as in the revolutions of time, so in the revolutions of the events of time, the darkness of affliction may be as needful for us in its season, as the light of prosperity. If the hireling longs till the shadow comes, let him be thankful for it when it does come, that the burden and heat of the day is not perpetual.

(3.) We have reason to be thankful for a quiet habitation to lie down in; that we are not driven out from among men as Nebuchadnezzar, to lie down with the beasts of the field; that though we were born like the wild ass's colt, yet we have not with the wild ass the wilderness for our habitation, and the desolate and barren land for our dwelling; that we are not put to wander in deserts and mountains, in dens and caves of the earth, as many of God's dear saints and servants have been

forced to do, of whom the world was not worthy: but the good Shepherd makes us lie down in green pastures. That we have not, as Jacob, the cold ground for our bed, and a stone for our pillow, which yet one would be content with, and covet, if with it one could have his dream.

(4.) We have reason to be thankful that we are not forced to sit up; that our Master not only gives us leave to lie down, but orders that nothing shall prevent our lying down. Many go to bed, but cannot lie down there, by reason of painful and languishing sicknesses, of that nature, that if they lie down they cannot breathe; our bodies are of the same mould, and it is of the Lord's mercies that we are not so afflicted. Many are kept up by sickness in their families; children are ill, and they must attend them. If God takes sickness away from the midst of us, and keeps it away, so that no plague comes near our dwellings, a numerous family, perhaps, and all well, it is a mercy we are bound to be very thankful for, and to value in proportion to the greatness of the affliction where sickness prevails. Many are kept up by the fear of enemies, of soldiers, of thieves. The good man of the house watches that his house may not be broken through; but our lying down is not prevented or disturbed by the alarms of war, we are delivered from the noise of archers in the places of our repose; there therefore should we rehearse the righteous acts of the Lord, even His righteous acts toward the inhabitants of His villages in Israel, which under His protection are as safe as walled cities with gates and bars. When we lie down, let us thank God that we may lie down.

2. Let us lie down with thoughts of death, and of that great change which at death we must pass under. The conclusion of every day should put us in mind of the conclusion of all our days: when our night comes, our long night, which will put a period to our work, and bring the honest labourer both to take his rest, and receive his penny. It is good for us to

think frequently of dying, to think of it as often as we go to bed; it will help to mortify the corruptions of our own hearts, which are our daily burdens; to arm us against the temptations of the world, which are our daily snares; it will wean us from our daily comforts, and make us easy under our daily crosses and fatigues. It is good for us to think familiarly of dying, to think of it as our going to bed, that by thinking often of it, and thinking thus of it, we may get above the fear of it.

(1.) At death we shall retire, as we do at bed-time; we shall go to be private for a while, till the public appearance at the great day; "Man lieth down, and riseth not till the heavens be no more;" till then "they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep" (Job xiv. 12). Now we go abroad to see and be seen, and to no higher purpose do some spend their day, spend their life; but when death comes there is an end of both, we shall then see no more in this world; I "shall behold man no more" (Isa. xxxviii. 11); we shall then be seen no more;" "The eye of him that hath seen me, shall see me no more" (Job vii. 8); we shall be hid in the grave, and cut off from all living. To die is to bid good night to all our friends, to put a period to our conversation with them. We bid them farewell, but, blessed be God, it is not an eternal farewell; we hope to meet them again in the morning of the resurrection, to part no more.

(2.) At death we shall lie down in the grave as on our bed, shall lie down in the dust (Job xx. 11). To those who die in sin, and impenitence, the grave is a dungeon; their iniquities which are upon their bones, and which lie down with them, make it so; but to those who die in Christ, who die in faith, it is a bed, a bed of rest, where there is no tossings to and fro until the dawning of the day, as sometimes there are upon the easiest beds we have in this world; where there is no danger of being scared with dreams, and terrified with visions of the night; there is no being chastened with pain on that bed, or

the multitude of the bones with strong pain. It is the privilege of those who, while they live, walk in their uprightness, that when they die they enter into peace, and rest in their beds (Isa. lvii. 2). Holy Job comforts himself with this, in the midst of his agonies, that he shall shortly make his bed in the darkness, and be easy there. It is a bed of roses, a bed of spices, to all believers, ever since He lay in it who is the "Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valleys."

Say then of thy grave, as thou dost of thy bed at night, "There the weary are at rest;" with this further consolation, that thou shalt not only rest there, but rise thence shortly, abundantly refreshed; shalt be called up to meet the Beloved of thy soul, and to be for ever with Him; shalt rise to a day which will not renew thy cares, as every day on earth does, but secure to thee unmixed and everlasting joys. How comfortably may we lie down at night if such thoughts as these lie down with us; and how comfortably may we lie down at death if we have accustomed ourselves to such thoughts as these!

3. Let us lie down with penitent reflections upon the sins of the day past. Praising God and delighting ourselves in Him is such pleasant work, and so much the work of angels, that methinks it is a pity that we should have any thing else to do; but the truth is, we make other work for ourselves by our own folly, that is not so pleasant, but absolutely needful, and that is, repentance. While we are at night solacing ourselves in God's goodness, we must intermix therewith the afflicting of ourselves for our own vileness; both must have their place in us, and they will very well agree together; for we must take our work before us.

(1.) We must examine our consciences, that we may find out our particular transgressions of the day past. Let us every night search and try our ways, our thoughts, words, and actions; compare them with the rule of the Word, examine our

faces in that glass, that we may see our spots, and may be particular in the acknowledgment of them. It will be good for us to ask, What have we done this day? What have we done amiss? What duty have we neglected? What false step have we taken? How have we carried it in our callings, in our converse? Have we done the duties of our particular relations, and accommodated ourselves to the will of God in every event of providence? By doing this frequently, we shall grow in our acquaintance with ourselves, than which nothing will contribute more to our soul's prosperity.

(2.) We must renew our repentance for whatever we find has been amiss in us, or has been said or done amiss by us; we must be sorry for it, and sadly lament it, and take shame to ourselves for it, and give glory to God by making confession. If any thing appear to have been wrong more than ordinary, that must be particularly bewailed; and, in general, we must be mortified for our sins of daily infirmity, which we ought not to think slightly of, because they are returning daily, but rather be the more ashamed of them, and of that fountain within, which casts out these waters.

It is good to be speedy in renewing our repentance, before the heart be hardened by the deceitfulness of sin. Delays are dangerous; green wounds may soon be cured, if taken in time, but if they are corrupt, as the Psalmist complains (Ps. xxxviii. 5), it is our fault and folly, and the cure will be difficult. Though through the weakness of the flesh we fall into sin daily, if we get up again by renewed repentance at night, we are not, nor ought we to think ourselves, utterly cast down. The sin that humbles us shall not ruin us.

(3.) We must make a fresh application of the blood of Christ to our souls, for the remission of our sins, and the gracious acceptance of our repentance. We must not think that we have need of Christ only at our first conversion to God; no, we have daily need of Him as our Advocate with

the Father, and therefore, as such, He always appears in the presence of God for us, and attends continually to this very thing. Even our sins of daily infirmity would be our ruin, if He had not made satisfaction for them, and did not still make intercession for us. He who is washed, still needs to wash his feet from the filth he contracts in every step; and, blessed be God, there is a fountain opened for us to wash in, and it is always open.

4. Let us lie down with humble supplications for the mercies of the night. Prayer is as necessary in the evening as it was in the morning, for we have the same need of the Divine favour and care to make the evening outgoings to rejoice, that we had to beautify those of the morning.

(1.) We must pray that our outward man may be under the care of God's holy angels, who are the ministers of His providence. God has promised that He will give His angels charge concerning those who make the Most High their refuge, and that they shall pitch their tents round about them, and deliver them; and what He has promised we may and must pray for. Not as if God needed the service of the angels, or as if He did Himself quit all the care of His people, and turn it over to them; but it appears, by abundance of Scripture proofs, that they are employed about the people of God, whom He takes under His special protection, though they are not seen, both for the honour of God, by whom they are charged, and for the honour of the saints, with whom they are charged. It was the glory of Solomon's bed, that threescore valiant men were about it, of the valiant in Israel, all holding swords, because of fear in the night (Cant. iii. 7, 8). But much more honourably and comfortably are all true believers attended; for though they lie ever so meanly, they have hosts of angels surrounding their beds, and by the ministration of good spirits are preserved from malignant spirits. But God will for this be inquired of by the house of Israel; Christ Himself must pray the Father,

and He will send to His relief legions of angels (Matt. xxvi. 53). Much more reason have we to ask, that it may be given us.

(2.) We must pray that our inward man may be under the influences of His Holy Spirit, who is the author and fountain of His grace. As public ordinances are opportunities in which the Spirit works upon the hearts of men, and, therefore, when we attend on them we must pray for the Spirit's operations; so are private retirements, and, therefore, we must put up the same prayer when we enter upon them. We find that in slumbering upon the bed, God opens the ears of men, and seals their instruction (Job xxxiii. 15, 16). And with this David's experience concurs. He found that God visited him in the night, and tried him, and so discovered him to himself (Ps. xvii. 3); and that God gave him counsel, and his reins instructed him in the night season, and so He discovered Himself to him (Ps. xvi. 7). He found that was a proper season for remembering God, and meditating upon Him; and in order to our due improvement of this proper season for conversing with God in solitude, we need the powerful and benign influences of the blessed Spirit, which, therefore, when we lie down we should earnestly pray for, and humbly put ourselves under, and submit ourselves to. How God's grace may work upon us when we are asleep we know not: the soul will act in a state of separation from the body, and how far it does act independent of the body, when the bodily senses are all locked up, we cannot say, but are sure that the Spirit of the Lord is not bound. We have reason to pray, not only that our minds may not be either disturbed or polluted by evil dreams, in which, for aught we know, evil spirits sometimes have a hand, but may be instructed and quieted by good dreams; which Plutarch reckons among the evidences of increase and proficiency in virtue, and on which the good Spirit has an influence. I have heard of a good man that used to pray at night for good dreams.

The Pleasant Journey.

There are twelve things which help to make a journey pleasant, and there is something like to each of them which may be found in the way of wisdom, and those that walk in that way.

1. It helps to make a journey pleasant to go upon a good errand. He that is brought up a prisoner in the hands of the ministers of justice, whatever conveniences he may be accommodated with, cannot have a pleasant journey, but a melancholy one. And that is the case of a wicked man, he is going on, in this world, towards destruction; the way he is in, though wide and broad, leads directly to it; and, while he persists in it, every step he takes is so much nearer hell, and therefore he cannot have a pleasant journey. It is absurd and indecent to pretend to make it so: though the way may seem right to a man, yet there can be no true pleasure in it, while "the end thereof is the ways of death," and the "steps take hold on hell" (Prov. v. 5).

But he that goes into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom, whatever difficulties may attend his journey, yet the errand he goes on is enough to make it pleasant: and on this errand they go that travel wisdom's ways; they look for a kingdom which cannot be moved, and are pressing forwards in the hopes of it. Abraham went out of his own country, "not knowing whither he went" (Heb. xi. 8). But those that set out and hold on in the way of religion, know whither it will bring them, that it "leads to life" (Matt. vii. 14)—eternal life; and therefore, "in the way of righteousness is life" (Prov. xii. 28), because there is such a life at the end of it.

Good people go upon a good errand, for they go on God's errand, as well as on their own, that are serving and glorifying Him, contributing something to His honour, and the advance-

ment of the interests of His kingdom among men; and this makes it pleasant; and that which puts so great a reputation upon the duties of religion, as that by them God is served and glorified, cannot but put so much the more satisfaction into them. With what pleasure doth Paul appeal to God, as the God whom "he served with his spirit in the gospel of His Son!" (Rom. i. 9).

2. It helps to make a journey pleasant, to have strength and ability for it. He that is weak, and sickly, and lame, can find no pleasure in the pleasantest walks. How should he, when he takes every step in pain? But a strong man rejoiceth to run a race, while he that is feeble trembles to set one foot before another. Now this makes the ways of religion pleasant, that they who walk in those ways are not only cured of their natural weakness, but are filled with spiritual strength; they travel not in their own might, but in the "greatness of His strength who is mighty to save" (Isa. lxiii. 1).

Were they to proceed in their own strength, they would have little pleasure in the journey, every little difficulty would foil them, and they would tire presently; but they go forth, and go on "in the strength of the Lord God" (Ps. lxxi. 16), and upon every occasion, according to His promise, He renews that strength to them, and they mount up with wings like eagles, they go on with cheerfulness and alacrity, they "run and are not weary, they walk and do not faint" (Isa. xl. 51). God with His comforts enlargeth their hearts, and then they not only go but "run the way of his commandments" (Ps. cxix. 32).

That which to the old nature is impracticable and unpleasant, and which, therefore, is declined or gone about with reluctancy, to the new nature is easy and pleasant; and this new nature is given to all the saints, which puts a new life and vigour into them, "strengthens them with all might in the inner man" (Col. i. 2), unto all diligence in doing work, patience

in suffering work, and perseverance in both; and so is all made pleasant. They are "strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might" (Eph. vi. 10), and this not only keeps the spirit willing, even then when the flesh is weak, but makes even the "lame man to leap as a hart," and the "tongue of the dumb to sing" (Isa. xxxv. 6). "I can do all things through Christ strengthening me" (Phil. iv. 13).

3. It helps to make a journey pleasant to have daylight. It is very uncomfortable travelling in the night, in the black and dark night. "He that walketh in darkness," saith our Saviour, "knoweth not whither he goes" (John xii. 35), right or wrong, and that is uncomfortable; and, in another place, "If a man walk in the night, he stumbleth, because there is no light in him" (John xi. 10). And this is often spoken of as the miserable case of wicked people, "They know not, neither will they understand, they walk on in darkness" (Ps. lxxxiii. 5). They are in continual danger, and so much the more if they be not in continual fear.

But Wisdom's children are all "children of the light, and of the day" (1 Thess. v. 5). They "were darkness, but are light in the Lord," and "walk as children of the light" (Eph. v. 8). Truly the light is sweet, even to one that sits still, but much more so to one that is on a journey; and doubly sweet to those that set out in the dark, as we all did. But this great light is risen upon us, not only to please our eyes, but to "guide our feet into the paths of peace" (Luke i. 79). And then they are indeed paths of peace, when we are guided into them, and guided in them by the light of the gospel of Christ. And all that walk in the light of gospel conduct, cannot fail to walk in the light of gospel comforts.

And it adds to the pleasure of having daylight in our travels, if we are in no danger of losing it, and of being benighted. And this is the case of those that walk in the light of the Lord, for the Sun of righteousness that is risen upon them,

with healing under his wings, shall no more go down, but shall be their everlasting light (Isa. lx. 20).

4. It helps to make a journey pleasant to have a good guide, whose knowledge and faithfulness one can confide in. A traveller, though he has daylight, yet may miss his way, and lose himself, if he have not one to shew him his way, and go before him, especially if his way lie, as ours doth, through a wilderness, where there are so many bypaths; and, though he should not be guilty of any fatal mistake, yet he is in continual doubt and fear, which makes his journey uncomfortable.

But this is both the safety and the satisfaction of all true Christians, that they have not only the gospel of Christ for their light, both a discovering and directing light, but the Spirit of Christ for their guide. It is promised, that He shall "lead them into all truth" (John xvi. 13), shall "guide them with His eye" (Ps. xxxii. 8). Hence they are said to "walk after the Spirit, and to be led by the Spirit" (Rom. viii. 1, 14), as God's Israel of old were led through the wilderness by a pillar of cloud and fire, and the Lord was in it.

This is that which makes the way of religion such a highway, as that the "wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein" (Isa. xxxv. 8). There are fools indeed, wicked ones, who walk after the flesh, that miss their way, and wander endlessly: "The labour of the foolish wearieth every one of them, because he knoweth not how to go to the city" (Eccles. x. 15); but those fools that shall not err therein, are weak ones; the foolish things of the world who, in a sense of their own folly, are so wise as to give up themselves entirely to the conduct of the Spirit, both by conscience and the written Word; and, if they have done this in sincerity, they know whom they have depended upon to "guide them by His counsel, and afterwards to receive them to His glory" (Ps. lxxiii. 24). These may go on their journey pleasantly, who are promised, that whenever they are in doubt, or in danger of mistaking, or being misled,

they shall hear a voice saying to them, "This is the way, walk ye in it" (Isa. xxx. 21).

5. It helps to make a journey pleasant to be under a good guard or convoy, that one may travel safely. Our way lies through an enemy's country, and they are active, subtle enemies; the road is infested with robbers, that lie in wait to spoil and to destroy; we travel by the lions' dens, and the mountains of the leopards; and our danger is the greater, that it ariseth not from "flesh and blood, but spiritual wickednesses" (1 Pet. v. 8). Satan, by the world and the flesh, waylays us, and seeks to devour us; so that we could not with any pleasure go on our way if God Himself had not taken us under His special protection.

The same Spirit that is a guide to these travellers, is their guard also; for whoever are "sanctified by the Holy Ghost," are by Him "preserved in Jesus Christ" (Jude 1), "preserved blameless," and shall be "preserved to the heavenly kingdom" (2 Tim. iv. 18), so as that they shall not be robbed of their graces and comforts, which are their evidences for, and earnests of eternal life; they are "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation" (1 Pet. i. 5), and therefore may go on cheerfully.

The promises of God are a writ of protection to all Christ's good subjects in their travels, and give them such a holy security, as lays a foundation for a constant serenity. Eternal truth itself hath assured them that "no evil shall befall them" (Ps. xci. 10)—nothing really and destructively evil, no evil but what God will bring good to them out of; God Himself hath engaged to be their keeper, and to preserve their going out and coming in, from henceforth and for ever, which looks as far forwards as eternity itself. And by such promises as these, and that grace which is conveyed through them to all active believers, God carries them as upon eagles' wings to bring them to Himself (Deut. xxxii. 11).

Good angels are appointed for a guard to all that walk in wisdom's ways, to "bear them in their arms where they go" (Ps. xci. 11), and to "pitch their tents round about them where they rest" (Ps. xxxiv. 7), and so to keep them in all their ways. How easy may they be who are thus guarded, and how well pleased under all events, as Jacob was, who "went on his way, and the angels of God met him!" (Gen. xxxii. 1).

6. It helps to make a journey pleasant to have the way tracked by those that have gone before in the same road, and on the same errand. Untrodden paths are unpleasant ones; but, in the way of religion, we are both directed and encouraged by the good examples of those that have chosen the way of truth before us, and have walked in it. We are bidden to follow them who are now, "through faith and patience" (those travelling graces of a Christian), "inheriting the promises" (Heb. vi. 12).

It is pleasant to think that we are walking in the same way with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, with whom we hope shortly to sit down in the kingdom of God. How many holy, wise, good men, have governed themselves by the same rules that we govern ourselves by, with the same views, have lived by the same faith that we live by, looking for the same blessed hope, and have by it "obtained a good report!" (Heb. xi. 2). "And we go forth by the footsteps of the flock" (Cant. i. 8).

Let us therefore, to make our way easy and pleasant, take the prophets for an example (James v. 10); "and being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses," that, like the cloud in the wilderness that went before Israel, not only to shew them the way, but to smooth it for them, "let us run with patience and cheerfulness the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus," the most encouraging pattern of all, who has "left us an example, that we should follow his steps" (Heb. xii. 1). And what more pleasant than to follow such a leader, whose word of command is, Follow me!

7. It helps to make a journey pleasant to have good company. This deceives the time, and takes off the tediousness of a journey as much as anything: *Amicus pro vehiculo.* It is the comfort of those who walk in wisdom's ways, that, though there are but few walking in those ways, yet there are some, and those the wisest and best, and more excellent than their neighbours; and it will be found there are more ready to say, "We will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you" (Zech. viii. 23).

The communion of saints contributes much to the pleasantness of wisdom's ways; we have many fellow-travellers that quicken one another by the fellowship they have "one with another, as companions in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ" (Rev. i. 9). It was a pleasure to them who were going up to Jerusalem to worship, that their number was increased in every town they came to; and so they "went from strength to strength," they grew more and more numerous, "till every one of them in Zion appeared before God" (Ps. lxxxiv. 7). And so it is with God's spiritual Israel, to which we have the pleasure of seeing daily additions of such as shall be saved.

They that travel together make one another pleasant by familiar converse; and it is the will of God that His people should by that means encourage one another, and strengthen one another's hands. "They that fear the Lord speak often one to another" (Mal. iii. 16), exhort one another daily, and communicate their experiences; and it will add much to the pleasure of this to consider the kind notice God is pleased to take of it. He "hearkens and hears, and a book of remembrance is written for those that fear the Lord, and think on His name."

8. It helps to make a journey pleasant to have the way lie through green pastures and by still waters; and so the ways of wisdom do. David speaks his experience herein (Ps. xxiii.

2), that he was led into the "green pastures," the verdure whereof was grateful to the eye, and by the "still waters," whose soft and gentle murmurs were music to the ear. And he was not driven through these, but made to lie down in the midst of these delights, as Israel, when they encamped at Elim, where there were "twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm-trees" (Ex. xv. 27).

Gospel ordinances—in which we deal much in our way to heaven—are very agreeable to all the children of God, as these green pastures and still waters; they call the Sabbath a delight, and prayer a delight, and the Word of God a delight. These are "their pleasant things" (Isa. lxiv. 11). There "is a river" of comfort in gospel ordinances, "the streams whereof make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High" (Ps. xlvi. 4); and along the banks of this river their road lies.

Those that turn aside from the ways of God's commandments are upbraided with the folly of it, as leaving a pleasant road for an unpleasant one. Will a man, a traveller, be such a fool as to "leave my fields, which are smooth and even, for a rock that is rugged and dangerous, or for the snowy mountains of Lebanon?" (Jer. xviii. 14, marg.) "Shall the running waters be forsaken for the strange cold waters?" Thus are men enemies to themselves, and the foolishness of man perverteth his way.

9. It adds to the pleasure of a journey to have it fair overhead. Wet and stormy weather takes off very much of the pleasure of a journey; but it is pleasant travelling when the sky is clear, and the air calm and serene. And this is the happiness of them that walk in wisdom's ways, that all is clear between them and heaven. There are no clouds of guilt to interpose between them and the Sun of righteousness, and to intercept His refreshing beams; no storms of wrath gathering, that threaten them.

Our reconciliation to God, and acceptance with Him, makes every thing pleasant. How can we be melancholy, if Heaven smile upon us? "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God" (Rom. v. 1, 2), and peace from God, peace made for us, and peace spoken to us; and then we rejoice in tribulation. Those travellers cannot but rejoice all the day, who "walk in the light of God's countenance" (Ps. lxxxix. 15).

10. It adds likewise to the pleasure of a journey to be furnished with all needful accommodations for travelling. They that walk in the way of God have wherewithal to bear their charges, and it is promised them that they shall "want no good thing" (Ps. xxxiv. 10). If they have not an abundance of the wealth of this world, which perhaps will but overload a traveller, and be an incumbrance rather than any furtherance, yet they have good bills; having access by prayer to the throne of grace, wherever they are, and a promise that they shall receive what they ask; access by faith to the covenant of grace, which they may draw upon, and draw from an inexhaustible treasury. "Jehovah-jireh, The Lord will provide."

Christ, our Melchizedek, "brings forth bread and wine," as Gen. xiv. 18, for the refreshment of the poor travellers, that they may not "faint by the way." When Elijah had a long journey to go, he was victualled accordingly (1 Kings xix. 8). God will give "grace sufficient" to His people for all their exercises (2 Cor. xii. 9). "Strength according to the day." "Verily they shall be fed." And, since travellers must have baiting-places and resting-places, Christ has provided "rest at noon" (Cant. i. 7), in the heat of the day, for those that are His; and rest at night too: "Return to thy rest, O my soul."

11. It adds something to the pleasure of a journey to sing in the way. This takes off something of the fatigue of travelling, exhilarates the spirits. Pilgrims used it; and God has put a song, "a new song, in the mouths" of his people

(Ps. xl. 3), even praises to their God, and comfort to themselves. He hath given us cause to be cheerful, and leave to be cheerful, and hearts to be cheerful, and has made it our duty to rejoice in the Lord always.

It is promised to those who are brought to praise God by hearing the words of His mouth, that they shall "sing in the ways of the Lord" (Ps. cxxxviii. 5), and good reason, "for great is the glory of the Lord." How pleasantly did the released captives return to their own country, when they "came with singing unto Zion!" (Isa. li. 11). And much more Jehoshaphat's victorious army, when they came to Jerusalem, "with psalteries and harps to the house of the Lord; for the Lord had made them to rejoice over their enemies" (2 Chron. xx. 28). With this the travellers may revive one another, "O come, let us sing unto the Lord!"

12. It helps to make a journey pleasant to have a good prospect. The travellers in wisdom's ways may look about them with pleasure, so as no travellers ever could, for they can call all before them their own, even "the world, and life, and death, and things present, and things to come;" in this state, "all is yours," if you be Christ's (1 Cor. iii. 22). The whole creation is not only at peace with them, but at their service.

They can look before them with pleasure; not with anxiety and uncertainty, but a humble assurance; not with terror, but joy. It is pleasant in a journey to have a prospect of the journey's end; to see that the way we are in leads directly to it, and to see that it cannot be far off; every step we take is so much nearer it, nay, and we are within a few steps of it. We have a prospect of being shortly with Christ in paradise; yet a little while, and we shall be at home, we shall be at rest; and, whatever difficulties we may meet with in our way, when we come to heaven all will be well, eternally well.

Eagles' Wings.

Exod. xix. 4.*

"I bare you on eagles' wings;"—a high expression of the wonderful tenderness God had shewed for them. It is explained, Deut. xxxiii. 11, 12. It notes great speed: God not only came upon the wing for their deliverance—when the set time was come, He "rode on a cherub, and did fly"—but He hastened them out, as it were, upon the wing. Also, that He did it with great ease—with the strength, as well as with the swiftness of an eagle. They that faint not, nor are weary, are said to "mount up with wings as eagles" (Isa. xl. 31). Especially it notes God's particular care of them, and affection to them. Even Egypt, that iron furnace, was the nest in which these young ones were hatched, where they were first formed as the embryo of a nation; when, by the increase of their numbers, they grew to some maturity, they were carried out of that nest. Other birds carry their young in their talons, but the eagle (they say) upon her wings; so that even those artists which shoot flying, cannot hurt the young ones but they must first shoot through the old one. Thus in the Red Sea, the pillar of cloud and fire, the token of God's presence, interposed itself between the Israelites and their pursuers—lines of defence which could not be forced, a wall which could not be penetrated. Yet this was not all: their way so paved, so guarded, was glorious; but their end much more so: "I brought you unto myself." They were brought not only into a state of liberty and honour, but into covenant and communion with God. This was the glory of their deliverance; as it is of ours by Christ, that He died, "the just for the unjust," that He might bring us to God. This God aims at in all the gracious methods of His providence and grace; to bring us

* This, and the following, are our only extracts from the "Exposition." We hope that it is already in the hands of most of our readers.

back to Himself, from whom we have revolted; and to bring us home to Himself, in whom alone we can be happy. He appeals to themselves, and their own observation and experience, for the truth of what is here insisted on: "Ye have seen what I did;" so that they could not disbelieve God, unless they would first disbelieve their own eyes. They saw how all that was done was purely "the Lord's doing." It was not they that reached towards God, but it was He that brought them to Himself. Some have well observed, that the Old Testament Church is said to be "borne upon eagles' wings;" noting the power of that dispensation, which was carried on with "an high hand and an outstretched arm:" but the New Testament Church is said to be gathered by the Lord Jesus, "as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings" (Matt. xxiii. 37); noting the grace and compassion of that dispensation, and the admirable condescension and humiliation of the Redeemer.

Israel.

GENESIS xxxii. 27, 28.

The angel puts a perpetual mark of honour upon him, by changing his name. "Thou art a brave fellow (saith the angel), commend me to thee for a man of resolution: what is thy name?" "Jacob," saith he; "A supplanter," so Jacob signifies. "Well (saith the angel), be thou never so called any more. From henceforth thou shalt be celebrated, not for craft and artful management, but true valour. Thou shalt be called Israel ('a Prince with God'), a name greater than those of the great men of the earth." He is a prince indeed that is a prince with God; and those are truly honourable that are mighty in prayer,—Israels, Israelites indeed. Jacob is here knighted in the field, as it were, and has a title of honour given him by Him that is the Fountain of honour, which will remain, to his praise, to the end of time.

ISAAC WATTS.

In the gloomy reign of the second James, the most diligent boy in the Grammar School of Southampton was a little Puritan. So tiny, that he would hardly have passed for eleven years of age, he was so grave and good, as to be at once a model and a reproof to his sturdier class-mates; and, although in repose there was nothing peculiarly prepossessing in his pale face, with its prominent cheek-bones, and a forehead far from lofty, the moment that some hard question posed the form, the sparkling eye and the slight nervous figure quivering with the pent-up answer, betrayed the genius and the scholar. Already he had made good proficiency in French, Latin, and Greek, and had delighted his mother, whilst he astonished his companions, by ingenious acrostics and clever impromptu stanzas; and altogether, with his quiet, docile disposition, and his precocious attainments, he made glad the heart of the Rev. Mr Pinhorn, who, like many a disconsolate preceptor before and since, at last foresaw a dim and distant Ararat, and hailed the youth who should yet "comfort him concerning his work and the toil of his hands."

The little Nonconformist, so dear to the good rector of All Saints, probably owed something of his early sedateness to his family circumstances. His father, a man of gentle and noble nature, and an excellent scholar, had kept a boarding-school; but, whilst his first-born was a babe, he lay in prison to expiate his crime as a frequenter of conventicles. On the sunny days his wife used to come and sit on a stone near the cell of her husband, nursing her child; and now that he was grown to be dux of the grammar school, whatever might be a father's pride and pleasure, he was obliged to forego all personal share

in superintending the education and forming the mind of his boy. For the last two years, Isaac Watts the elder had been a fugitive, hiding somewhere in London; and the best holiday known in the household, was when a letter arrived to assure them that he still had escaped from the hands of his persecutors.

The "grandmother Lois" is often as influential on the opening mind as the "mother Eunice." Our young friend's mother carefully taught him the Shorter Catechism, encouraged him to write verses, and helped him with his tasks; but the venerable lady of threescore-and-ten, in addition to the hold which maternal tenderness takes upon the heart, had for her grandson the fascination which saintly worth and a beautiful old age exert on a susceptible and imaginative childhood. The husband of her youth had been a gallant sailor. In "the piping times of peace," he wielded the pencil and played on the violin, and, with his wit and his traveller's tales, he was the life of the friendly circle; but his favourite tune was the breeze whistling through the shrouds, and the music which he could not resist was the roar of the cannon. With Blake for his admiral, and with the Dutch for his foe, the young captain hasted out to sea; but in the battle a shot penetrated the powder magazine, the ship blew up, and Mrs Watts was a widow. And now, in her old age, her grandson loved to hear the story of those terrible sea-fights, and how his bold ancestor had fought with beasts as well as men;—how, for instance, in the East Indies, he had once run into a river to escape from a tiger, but the enraged creature followed him, and it was only by putting forth a wild paroxysm of strength, and holding under water, till it was drowned, the head of the struggling monster, that he saved his life. But deeply as such recitals stirred the listener's spirit, they enkindled no emulous aspirations. To the cutlass and truncheon he preferred the captain's flute and fiddle, and shewed more disposition to copy his drawings, than

to rival his deeds of naval daring. Had he been a strong and active boy, the nautical succession would have developed in boating, "pluck," and pugilism. As it was, with the tarry-at-home necessities imposed by a feeble frame, it only imparted to the thoughtful lad a tinge of romance, and a certain tone of unselfish and chivalrous feeling.

At last King James's indulgence allowed the persecuted Nonconformist to return to his family. There he was cheered by the gentle virtues and studious dispositions of the "Isaac whom he loved," and soon had the unspeakable satisfaction of finding that the lessons and musings of these carefully instructed and well-guarded years had ripened into earnest piety. All along an affectionate onlooker might have hoped the best for a child so duteous and so blameless; but it was not till his fifteenth year that his apprehension of the gospel became so distinct, and his love to the Saviour so influential, as to mark to his own mind the commencement of personal Christianity.

Impressed with his piety and his promise of rare ability, a kind friend offered to send him to the University, if he would consent to study for the Church. But no one will wonder that Isaac Watts had "determined to take his lot among the Dissenters." He was no bigot. Many have felt more strongly on questions of religious worship and ecclesiastical government. But he had his preference; and, after all that his parents had done and suffered in the cause of Protestant Nonconformity, he would have felt it a filial treason, as well as an apostasy, to go over to the other side. Accordingly, as soon as he had learned all that his father and Mr Pinhorn could teach him, he went, in his seventeenth year, to study at the Dissenting Academy then kept at Newington, a pleasant village now nearly absorbed in London.

At the time we speak of, and for nearly a hundred years thereafter, a Dissenting academy was a very simple and unostentatious institution. Its local habitation was usually a

plain but commodious building in a country town, or in some peaceful and sequestered hamlet near the capital. The principal was a divine, judicious, experienced, and learned, whom the esteem of his brethren had invited to the office, and who not only combined in his single personality the entire faculties of arts and theology, but who was almost always a pluralist, discharging, alongside of his multifarious professorship, a diligent and effective pastorate. But it was really wonderful how much a conscientious student contrived to learn during a three years' sojourn in one of these unpretending colleges. His tutor was himself an adept. Perhaps he had studied under Perizonius and Witsius at Leyden, or had brought over from their learned contemporaries at Utrecht and Franeker vast collectanea on all the mental and material sciences; and it was only a revival of his own earlier enthusiasm to traverse those fields afresh in the society of his ingenuous and youthful companions. The inexorable bell rang at five in the morning, and the hours of prime were devoted to Hebrew and Jewish Antiquities, Euclid and Astronomy, Locke on the Understanding and Heereboord's Logic. Divinity lectures were interspersed with theses and discussions on controvertible points; and, as a preparation for the direct work of the ministry, the composition of sermons and the arts of communication were largely cultivated. During "school hours," the language was Latin; and a respectable scholarship must have been required in order to read the Hebrew Bible into Greek, as was the custom under some tutors. The system may not be adapted to modern times; but, last century, most of the men who entered on their ministry fully furnished, came from these quiet but industrious seminaries. As one example, may be mentioned the Academy at Gloucester, where, out of sixteen contemporary pupils, we recognise at least four distinguished names: Jeremiah Jones, the author of the still unsuperseded work on "the Canon;" and Bishop Butler, author of a no less enduring work on "The

Analogy of Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature;" Dr Daniel Scott, the learned continuator of Stephens' "Thesaurus;" and a youth who shared the same apartment with Scott, Thomas Secker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

During the three years which Isaac Watts spent under Mr Rowe at Newington, there is abundant evidence still extant of his intense application and his progress in knowledge. But, what was still better, his piety kept pace with his intellectual attainments. Amidst devout and warm-hearted fellow-students, and in daily contact with a holy and high-minded teacher, there was much to maintain that fervour which sometimes subsides in academic halls, and which needs to be revived by the solemn urgencies of the actual pastorate. At the end of his curriculum the student returned to his father's house, rich in acquirement, but with that reluctance to enter on the actual ministry, which sometimes occasions a long pause to conscientious minds confronting near-hand the responsibilities of the sacred office; and before he would take any further step, he lingered two years and a half at Southampton, giving himself to reading, meditation, and prayer.

However, it was during this interval that he entered on that special ministry by which he, "being dead, yet speaketh" in the churches of Christendom.

Isaac Watts was born a poet, and there were many things in his early life which fostered and developed the faculty divine. His ancestors had been musical: his father was not only a man of taste and intelligence, but was given to "versing;" and his mother used to beguile the rainy afternoons, by offering to the boarding-school pupils a prize for the best poetical effusion. On one occasion Mrs Watts's copper medal was gained by the following rather saucy couplet of her eldest son, then seven or eight years old:—

"I write not for a farthing, but to try
How I your farthing writers can outvie."

Afterwards, under his excellent instructors at Southampton and Newington, he was introduced to the best models, English and classical. Of these, none laid such a hold on his imagination and affections as the Latin Psalms of Buchanan, and the soaring, high-sounding lyrics of Casimir Sarbiewski:—

"See, from the Caledonian shore,
With blooming laurels cover'd o'er,
Buchanan march along!
Hail, honour'd heir of David's lyre,
Thou full-grown image of thy sire,
And hail thy matchless song!

"Methinks, enkindled by the name
Of Casimir, a sudden flame
Now shoots through all my soul
I feel, I feel the raptures rise;
On starry plumes I cut the skies,
And range from pole to pole!

"Touching on Zion's sacred brow,
My wand'ring eyes I cast below,
And our vain race survey:
O how they stretch their eager arms
T' embrace imaginary charms,
And throw their souls away!"

Besides, Watts's was a serious childhood. Not only was there much in the state of the times to make him grave—the danger of attending their chosen place of worship—the imprisonment of their favourite ministers—the breaking up of their home—the flight of his father—but the solemn views of revealed truth, to which he had all along been habituated, and to which days so dark imparted a deeper shadow, were fitted to increase his thoughtfulness. He had been profoundly impressed with his inherent depravity, and the Divine displeasure at sin; and the doctrines of election and sovereign grace were not only sayings of his Catechism, but convictions penetrating his inmost soul; and, whilst they must have been

suggestive of much anxiety to one who feared that he was still unconverted and unsaved, we cannot but regard them as eminently conducive to the function for which Providence designed him. No one feels so thankful for the Rock of Ages as one who has been snatched from the abyss; nor can any one so celebrate the glories of redeeming and rescuing grace, as the man who has felt the raptures of a great deliverance. Moreover, it may be doubted if any bard has ever taken deep hold on the heart of humanity, who has not early learned to "sit alone, and keep silence." As the greatest Christian poet of the present century has described the solitude, the spiritual isolation, and the gloomy forebodings, from which at last unfolded the beautiful flower of his genius:—

"A pensive child, I slank away
A lonely spot to find;
And, musing, sat the livelong day,
The playmate of the wind.

"No victor's palm waved o'er my head,
No poet's laurel-spray;
For me no lily fragrance shed,
No little bird its lay.

"Dark grew the dunes, down died the blast,
The ghostly air was dumb,
I gazed on desolation vast,
And thought on wrath to come."

Without supposing that Isaac Watts was a child so sad and sequestered as William Bilderdijk—or, we may add, as William Cowper—we are sure that there was an analogy in their early experience; and, just as the story of Rembrandt in the mill teaches us that nobody can paint light so well as one who has been accustomed to look at it from the darkness, so no one can be a Christian psalmist who has not thought and felt profoundly, and in some form or other been, like the Chief Musician, "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

At fifteen years of age, as has been already mentioned, a new world opened to his hopes, and, along with the peace of reconciliation, there flowed into his mind fresh elements of life and power. In the right of his Divine Representative, he now humbly ventured to regard himself as a child of God, and an heir of the promises; and all that was refined in his taste, or generous in his aspirations, received a proportional impulse from prospects so unspeakable, and a calling so divine. The very materials of poesy seemed to multiply without limit; for he had got the clue to the labyrinth, the key to creation's cipher. The stars sang, and he tried to make his brothers and sister understand the tune; it thundered, and he thought of the day when exhausted long-suffering

> "Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
> And fling His wrath abroad."

He looked out on the surging rain-swept tide, on the spot where it had once put to flight Canute and his courtiers, and exclaimed—

> "Let cares like a wild deluge come,
> And storms of sorrow fall,
> May I but safely reach my home,
> My God, my Heaven, my All.
>
> "There shall I bathe my weary soul
> In seas of heavenly rest,
> And not a wave of trouble roll
> Across my peaceful breast."

Or, on some peaceful evening, he gazed across Southampton Water, to trees and meadows steeped in the sunshine, and remembered—

> "There is a land of pure delight,
> Where saints immortal reign;
> Infinite day excludes the night,
> And pleasures banish pain.

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours."

He took his walk in the New Forest, and the gipsy outlaws made him thankful that he did not

"Wander like an outcast race,
Without a Father's love;"

and the mournful notes and anxious gyrations of the turtle suggested—

"Just as we see the lonesome dove
Bemoan her widowed state,
Wandering she flies through all the grove,
And mourns her loving mate;

"Just so our thoughts, from thing to thing,
In restless circles rove;
Just so we droop and hang the wing,
When Jesus hides His love."

After the glorious Revolution, the little congregation at Southampton regained liberty of worship; and Isaac Watts, senior, was elected one of its two deacons. Here it was that, for the two and a half years after the completion of his academic course, Isaac Watts, junior, worshipped. At that period there were congregations which eschewed all psalmody, and in whose worship there was to be heard as little of the voice of melody as in a meeting-house of "Friends." But this was not the case in the congregation of the Rev. Nathaniel Robinson. They sang; but whether it was Sternhold's Psalms or Barton's, or some one's hymns, we do not know. However, the collection did not come up to the standard which the devotional feeling and poetic taste of the young student craved, and, having hinted his discontent, he was challenged to produce something better. Accordingly, on a subsequent Lord's day, the service was concluded with the following stanzas:—

"Behold the glories of the Lamb
Amidst His Father's throne:
Prepare new honours for His name,
And songs before unknown.

"Let elders worship at His feet,
The Church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

"Those are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

"—Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on Thy head.

"Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

"The worlds of Nature and of Grace
Are put beneath Thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour."

Such is the tradition, and we have no reason to question its truth. But more remarkable than the composition of the hymn, is the alacrity with which it is said to have been received. The attempt was an innovation, and the poet was a prophet of their own country; but, to the devotional instincts of the worshippers, so welcome was this "new song," that they entreated the author to repeat the service—till, the series extending Sunday after Sunday, a sufficient number had been contributed to form the basis of a book.

It was not, however, till 1707, and when the publication of his "Horæ Lyricæ" had given him some confidence in his

powers, that Watts committed to the press his "Hymns and Spiritual Songs." For the copyright Mr Lawrence, the publisher, gave him ten pounds; and in less than ten years six editions had been sold. He then brought out what he deemed a more important contribution to the cause of public worship —"The Psalms of David Imitated in the Language of the New Testament," which he hoped would escape some of the objections urged against his Hymns. Their texture was the language of Inspiration; and they chiefly differed from the Hebrew Psalter by introducing "the name of Jesus" in those passages which refer to Messiah.

Since the publication of the first of these volumes, a century and a half have passed away, and only twelve years fewer since the publication of the second; yet nothing has appeared to dim their lustre—as yet, nothing threatens to supersede them. With their doctrinal fulness, their sacred fervour, their lyric grandeur, they stand alone—by dint of native sovereignty overtopping all their fellows. In particular features they may be occasionally surpassed. With his gushes of heart-sprung tenderness, and his exquisite execution, amidst the sacred choir of Britain, the nightingale would represent the bard of Olney; with his melody filling all the ethereal vault, and then, in its abrupt conclusion, leaving long silence in the expectant firmament, in the soaring grace and sudden close of Toplady there is what reminds us of "the lark singing at heaven's gate;" and when he "claps his wings of fire," there are empyrean heights to which Charles Wesley can ascend, defying aught to follow. But "they that wait upon the Lord shall mount up with wings as eagles." Visiting every pinnacle of revealed theology, and carrying up into the sunlight all the varieties of Christian experience, there is hardly a topic which exercises the understanding or the heart of the believer, to which Isaac Watts has not given a devotional aspect, and wedded it to immortal numbers. Rapt, yet

adoring—sometimes up among the thunder-clouds, yet most reverential in his highest range—the "good matter" is "in a song," and the sweet singer is upborne on pinions which seem to be leaving earth altogether; but even from that triumphal car, and when nearest the home of the seraphim, we are comforted to find descending lowly lamentations and confessions of sin—new music, no doubt, but the words with which we have long been familiar in the house of our pilgrimage, and which must ever be welcome to men of like passions with ourselves.

Of no uninspired compositions has the acceptance been so signal. They are naturalised through all the Anglo-Saxon world, and, next to Scripture itself, are the great vehicle of pious thought and feeling. In a letter from his friend, Dr Doddridge, we find that affectionate correspondent telling him, "On Wednesday last, I was preaching in a barn to a pretty large assembly of plain country people, in a village a few miles off. After a sermon from Heb. vi. 12, we sung one of your hymns (which, if I remember right, was the 140th of the second book); and in that part of the worship, I had the satisfaction to observe tears in the eyes of several of the auditory; and, after the service was over, some of them told me that they were not able to sing, so deeply were their minds affected with it; and the clerk, in particular, told me he could hardly utter the words of it. These were most of them poor people who work for their living." * A climbing-boy was once heard singing in a chimney—

* In case there should be any of our readers who do not already know it, we may here transcribe the hymn:—

"Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be!

"Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;

"The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place,
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less."

And, like King David's own Psalter, the same strains which cheered the poor sweep in the chimney, and melted to tears the Northamptonshire peasants, have roused the devotion or uttered the rapture of ten thousand thousand worshippers; and there is many a reader who, in his experience, can imagine nothing more akin to celestial enjoyment than the sensations which he shared in singing, when the heart of some solemn assembly was uplifted as one man, "Come, let us join our cheerful songs," or, "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun."

So naturalised in the common mind of Christendom is the language of Watts, that, were all copies of his hymn-book to perish, probably half the stanzas could be recovered from quotations in printed sermons, and in the pages of Christian biography; and so necessary a supplement to pre-existing psalmody are these spiritual songs, that we know not of any Church of England collection which has not adopted some of them, and it was mainly the demand created by their popu-

They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

"I ask them whence their victory came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

"They mark'd the footsteps that He trod
(His zeal inspir'd their breast),
And, following their incarnate GOD,
Possess the promis'd Rest.

"Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shew the same path to Heaven."

larity which constrained the most cautious and conservative of all the Churches to compile those "Translations and Paraphrases," in which the superior poetry of Logan and Cameron only sets off to greater advantage the superior devotion of Watts.

But for any book of verse or devotional manual, there is reserved an ordeal more trying than the suffrage of a public assembly, or the criticism of an ecclesiastical committee. The Book of books excepted, there is little authorship which we care for in the sick-room or which we can tolerate on the verge of eternity. But so essentially scriptural are the sentiments and sayings which, in this case, metre has helped to make memorable, and so near the better country must the author have been when he first felt their inspiration, that, like bright shapes or balmy airs blown seaward from the exotic shore, some of their holiest breathings seem indigenous to Immanuel's land, and can only be fully understood on the confines of heaven.

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

"Jesus, my God! I know His name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost."

With such accents on their lips, what multitudes of pilgrims have approached "the land of pure delight!" and, with the tear in their eyes, but no murmur in their hearts, how often have survivors sung—

"Why do we mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms."

But there are many who cannot rise to such exulting strains, and who still, in the words of the familiar volume, have breathed out their latest prayer. When Daniel Webster lay dying, almost the last employment of that oracular voice, which had so often thrilled the senate, and given the signal of action to his country, was to repeat again and again, in deep and solemn pathos, the psalm beginning—

"Then pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace!"

And, to mention no other, there is a gravestone in Bengal, which, besides a name and date, contains nothing but the lines—

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall;"

an inscription peculiarly affecting, as the testamentary injunction and final confession of faith, of one in labours so abundant, and for strength of character so conspicuous, as William Carey.

Wonderful as these effusions of sanctifed genius are, they are by no means perfect. Of many, the mechanical execution could be improved by almost any poet of the million. The rhymes are often wretched; and it is perfectly marvellous how the author could survive the first publication forty years, and allow edition after edition to appear with such couplets unaltered, as—

"How can I sink with such a *prop*
As my eternal God?"
"Our souls can neither *fly nor go*
To reach eternal joys."

Some of the grandest hymns are marred by a poor and unworthy ending. After launching in mid-air in a style worthy

of Pindar, the Muse is seized with a sudden vertigo, and flutters down into a bathos deeper than Sir Richard Blackmore. But there are graver faults than artistic blemishes. Their representations are sometimes unreal.

"Lord, what a wretched land is this,"

is a libel on that earth which the meek do inherit, and is entirely inconsistent with the excellent writer's general appreciation of the beauties of nature and art, and, like some other forms of a mistaken asceticism, it is a relic of Popery, which even the Puritan had failed to discard. But more injurious than any monkish or Manichean anathema on life and its material enjoyments, is any misrepresentation of the Divine character and dispositions; and such an unwitting misrepresentation, we fear, is sometimes conveyed by language like the following, applied to the throne of the Eternal:—

"Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame;
Our God appeared 'consuming fire,'
And Vengeance was His name.

"Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,
That calmed His frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turned the wrath to grace;"

where a vindictive aspect is given to Paternal Deity, in direct contradiction to the gracious assurance that it was "God who so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotton Son." It is only when we realise the Saviour's mission and satisfaction as the result and expression of the Father's love, that in the Christian atonement we have "strong consolation," and therefore we regret, as injurious and reacting towards opposite errors, the language, whether in sermons or in hymns, which, in order to dramatise the work of redemption, exhibits as stern and severe One person of the adorable Godhead, as mild and compassionate Another.

For Dr Watts Mr Montgomery has claimed the honour of being "almost the inventor of hymns in our language," and the claim is not extravagant. Of sacred poetry, from the humblest rhymes up to the great English epic, there had already appeared an ample store; but of compositions adapted to public worship, there was little choice, except as it lay between the various metrical psalters. How far the father of English hymnology may have availed himself of existing materials, we leave to the research of those who love such curiosities of literature. As far as any instances occur to our casual recollection, the resemblance is remote, or, where it is closer, the improvement on the original is so great as to reconcile us to the plagiarism. For example, in some old copies of King James's Bible, we find verses beginning—

"Here is the spring where waters flow,
To quench our heat of sin;
Here is the tree where truth doth grow,
To lead our lives therein.

"Here is the Judge that stints the strife,
Where men's devices fail;
Here is the bread that feeds the life,
That death cannot assail."

In Watts's hymn "On the Holy Scriptures" (Book ii., 119), the same thoughts thus reappear:—

"Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

"This is the Judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale."

Before taking leave of the Christian psalmist, it may be

well to mention that the last time he took up the lyre, was to entertain and instruct the lambs of the flock. Arrived at middle life, a bachelor, a student, and an invalid, it might have been supposed that he would have lost his interest in children, if he did not even find their company an irritation and a trouble. But as long as the heart is green—as long as it retains aught of the poet's ingenuousness, or of the Master's graciousness, it will try to secure some leisure for the little ones; it will survey them with tender and sympathising reminiscences, and will seek to resuscitate its earlier self, in order to commune with them. So was it with Isaac Watts. He felt that his mental harvest had been reaped, and fancied that with his powers it was coming to the sear and yellow leaf. But there was still the Michaelmas summer. It brought out again some blossoms of the spring; it revealed some birds of passage which had not taken flight; and for the sake of the children he caged the birds, and made a posy of the flowers, and he has left them in his "Divine" and "Moral" songs. And what should we have done without them? How tame and tuneless would the days of our childhood stand out to our retrospect, if stripped of "The Cradle Hymn," and "Abroad in the Meadows," and "The Rose, that Beautiful Flower, the Glory of April and May!" And cross and lazy and hard-hearted as we are, how much worse might we have been were it not for "The Dog's Delight," and "The Busy Bee," and "The Voice of the Sluggard," and "Whene'er I take my Walks Abroad!" Kind tutor! how mellow is thy memory! How hallowed and how innocent do the days now look that we spent with thee! and how glad we are to think that in the homes and the Sunday Schools of Britain and America, some millions of young minds are still, from year to year, enjoying thy companionship, so loving, wise, and holy!

With poetical contempt of dates we have arrived at the minstrel's last lay, whilst we have scarcely reached the majority

of the man.* Suffice it then to add, that after being a short time tutor in the family of Sir John Hartopp, in his twenty-fourth year he was invited to become the pastor of the congregational church in London, of which Joseph Caryl, Dr Owen, and David Clarkson, had been successive ministers. This, for half a century—viz. from 1698 till his death in 1748—was his office, and its work was what he loved; but through manifold infirmities his labours were often intermitted. At last, in 1712, he was seized with a nervous fever, which continued for many months, and from the effects of which his constitution never perfectly recovered. And then it was that Sir Thomas and Lady Abney, having tempted him out to their charming retreat at Theobald's, made him their prisoner for life, and converted a week's visit into a delightful detention of five-and-thirty years. "Here," in the words of his biographer, Dr Gibbons, "he enjoyed the uninterrupted demonstrations of the truest friendship. Here, without any care of his own, he had everything which could contribute to the enjoyment of life and favour the unwearied pursuit of his studies. Here he dwelt in a family, which, for piety, order, harmony, and every virtue, was a house of God. Here he had the privilege of a country recess, the fragrant bower, the spreading lawn, the flowery garden, and other advantages, to soothe his mind and aid his restoration to health; to yield him, whenever he chose them, the most grateful intervals from his laborious studies, and enable him to return to them with redoubled vigour and delight."

In all the annals of hospitality there is hardly such another case. "A coalition," as Dr Johnson calls it, "a state in which the notions of patronage and dependence were overpowered

* Dr Watts was born at Southampton, July 17, 1674. He died at Stoke-Newington, London, November 25, 1748. The beautiful demesne of the Abneys is now converted into a cemetery, in the midst of which stands a handsome monument commemorative of Dr Watts.

by the perception of reciprocal benefits;" and in which, it may be added, there must have been, on either side, a rare exemption from the foibles with which ordinary goodness is afflicted. The Abneys did not weary of their guest, nor did that guest, amidst unwonted luxuries, grow soft and idle; and as it was in the cheerful asylum which they opened to the shattered invalid, that most of the works were penned, which now fill the six collective quartos, we are all of us the debtors of the generous knight and his gentle lady, nor, we may well believe, is their labour of love forgotten by Him, who, in the case of the least of His servants when sick, remembers those who visit them.

Never was kindness more considerate—never was interposition more providential. As far as his own instincts and the circumstances of the times could indicate, Dr Watts's calling was the improvement of Christian literature. In the previous century, Bishop Hall had published the banns between Letters and Religion, and in his pungent "Characters" and entertaining "Epistles," he had laboured to press into the service of the sanctuary the shrewd observation of Theophrastus, the varied intelligence and vivacity of Pliny. But the example had not been followed. Notwithstanding the unprecedented amount of theological authorship with which the intervening age had overflowed, little or nothing had been done to propitiate men of taste to evangelical religion; and although, as regarded the older generation who had listened to Baxter and Owen, this was of minor moment, it greatly concerned their successors. Pious matrons in the country, and Godfearing merchants in the city, felt a famine of the Word, and whilst in the meetings they frequented, they sighed for the sap and the savour to which they had been accustomed in their youth, their sons and daughters were reading Pope and Addison throughout the week; and, in the self-same meetings to which they were dragged by their pious seniors on the Sabbath, they

were yawning at the prolixity of the sermon, or tittering at the grotesque similes of the preacher. Nor on the Sunday evening, in the parlour at home, was the matter greatly mended. It would have been well for the young people if they had read the good books which their parents recommended, or sung the psalms of which these never wearied; but, after yesterday's Spectator, Owen on Perseverance was heavy reading, and even the best-disposed youth could hardly convince himself that Sternhold was sublimer than Dryden. Dr Watts felt the desideratum. The whole course of his studies had prepared him for supplying it, and there was nothing to which he was more inclined by the entire bent of his genius. And now, in the good providence of God, he enjoyed the opportunity, and the rest of his life was mainly spent in advancing the cause of Christian culture, through the medium of an attractive authorship.

But the congregation in Bury Street was as self-sacrificing as the Abneys were generous. They could not part with a pastor whose praise was in all the churches, and of whom they themselves were proud; neither would they selfishly restrain him from his higher calling and his wider ministry. They released him from all his more toilsome duties. They found for him a colleague, with whom, for thirty years and upwards, he was happily associated. They were glad to hear the Doctor when he was able to preach; and when the Doctor was nervous or indisposed, he himself was happy to join the rest in listening to Mr Price. And, indeed, in preaching he was not so pre-eminent. Although his voice was musical and his utterance delightfully distinct, his manner was calm and deliberate, and more fitted to instruct an affectionate circle than to arouse a promiscuous auditory. He had neither the material volume and sonorous vehemence which constitute the modern Boanerges, nor the excitable temperament which sometimes makes up for physical defects: and it may be questioned whether it

was not, on the whole, better for Bury Street that Mr Price was the stated preacher.

So Dr Watts was allowed to ply the ministry which God had given him; and in the longer or shorter intervals of illness, he went on replenishing more and more his richly furnished mind, and giving forth, volume after volume, those books for which after ages were to bless his memory. Few subjects of rational inquiry escaped his versatile and eager pursuit, and every new conquest was a tribute to his Master and a present to mankind. True to his own maxim, "I hate the thoughts of making anything in religion heavy or tiresome," he sought to make every attractive theme, and every useful science, the handmaid of religion, even as he longed to see religion the mistress of an intelligent and well-instructed family. And with this twofold aim—seeking at once to Christianise knowledge and to refine and expand the mind of the Christian community, and with a prevailing reference to the rising race—he took up in succession Logic, Astronomy, Geography, English Grammar, Scripture History; and as, in his "Logic," he had given directions for the right use of reason, so, in his work on the Passions, he gave instructions for the right guidance of man's moral and emotional nature; besides publishing treatises more purely theological on Prayer and Christian Ethics, and on controverted questions in divinity, and a volume entitled, "Reliquiæ Juveniles," perhaps the most characteristic of the whole, as containing in its miscellaneous pages short papers on all kinds of topics, grave and gay, mental and material, terrestrial and celestial, in Latin verse and English prose.

Of these a few are now obsolete, owing to the advancement of the sciences, and others have been pushed out of favour by brisker or more brilliant competitors. But still they have accomplished their purpose. For the instruction of youth, they have necessitated the preparation of manuals at once attractive and thorough, and conveying information in a tone

of cheerful affection and benevolent solicitude for their higher interests. Some, however, cannot easily be superseded. We doubt if even Todd's "Student's Guide," with all its modern adaptation and its welcome minuteness, will consign to oblivion the "Improvement of the Mind," so practical in its details and so inspiring in its tone; and although the universities may have now produced systems of logic more suitable to their objects than our author's clear and masterly compend, we know of nothing so likely to interest the non-professional reader in his own mind and its intellectual processes, or to aid him in his inquiries after truth.*

In his theological disquisitions, Dr Watts was not so successful as in his contributions to Christian literature. The best of his hymns leave little for the most fastidious to censure, and nothing for the most aspiring to hope; and his sermon on "The End of Time," is as profoundly awakening as "The Happiness of Separate Spirits" is elevating to our nobler sentiments and reproving to our earthliness. But when he quitted the devotional and the practical for the speculative, he was away from home. Every one wants to climb a mountain, and it is exceedingly difficult to believe beforehand that it needs much strength to achieve the task, or that mists can be very dangerous: it looks so clear from below, and we feel so strong in the valley. And all of us can remember how, in the days of our youth, the first use we made of our Aristotelian alpenstock, was an attempt to ascend some metaphysical Mont Blanc or theo-

* The merits of Watts's Logic are admirably stated by Tissot of Dijon, in his preface to a French translation. (Paris, 1846). "Il y a aussi plus de méthode et de clarté peut-être dans la Logique de Watts que dans celle d'Arnauld. Le bon sens Anglais, le sens des affaires, celui de la vie pratique, s'y révèle à un très-haut degré; tandis que le sens spéculatif d'un théologien passablement scolastique encore, est plus sensible dans *l'Art de penser*. Or, Watts a su être complet sans être excessif; il a touché très convenablement tout ce qui devait l'être, et s'est toujours arrêté au point précis où plus de profondeur aurait pu nuire à la clarté."

logical Jungfrau; and although we cannot exactly say that we reached the summit, yet we are sure that we were a great deal higher than the Origin of Evil, or the water-shed betwixt Liberty and Necessity. Even to old age, Dr Watts felt something of this temptation, and very naturally. His forte was explanation. He had an admirable faculty of clearing up confusion, within his own line of things. In everyday ethics, and in the elements of mental science, he could expound, distinguish, simplify, so well that few could do better. But it was unfortunate that he tried to set philosophers right on the subjects of Space, and of the Freedom of the Will, nor less unfortunate that he sought to readjust for theologians the doctrine of the Trinity. It is scarcely presumption even in us to say, that these were matters too high for him. His mind was not naturally designed to master such difficulties; nor were his habits those of profound, continuous, abstract thinking. He was neither Joseph Butler, nor Jonathan Edwards, nor William de Leibnitz, but the Isaac Watts, whom the most of good men would have rather been; and it is no reproach to his general ability to say that he failed to ascend those dizzy altitudes, although it might have been more to the credit of his prudence if he had never tried. As the sacred poet, none could soar so high; but in pedestrian expeditions, he was scarcely a match for the longer wind and tougher sinews of some very prosaic competitors.

If rightly told, a life like that of Isaac Watts would read great lessons; but, for brevity, and notwithstanding the exception we have just taken, the whole might be condensed into—"Study to be quiet, and to do your own business." Dr Watts had his own convictions. He made no secret of his Nonconformity. At a period when many Dissenters entered the Church, and became distinguished dignitaries, he deemed it his duty still to continue outside of the National Establishment. At the same time, he was no agitator. He felt no

call to rail at his brethren for their ecclesiastical defection, nor did he write pamphlets against the evils of a hierarchy, real or imagined. But God had given him a "business." He had given him, as his vocation, to join together those whom men had put asunder—mental culture and vital piety. And, studying to be quiet, he pursued that calling very diligently, very successfully. Without concealing the peculiar doctrines of the gospel, without losing the fervour of his personal devotion, he gained for that gospel the homage of genius and intelligence; and, like the King of Israel, he touched his harp so skilfully, that many who hardly understood the words were melted by the tune. Without surrendering his right of private judgment, without abjuring his love of natural and artistic beauty, he shewed his preference for moral excellence, his intense conviction of "the truth as it is in Jesus." And now, in his well-arranged and tasteful study, decorated by his own pencil, a lute and a telescope on the same table with his Bible, he seems to stand before us, a treatise on Logic in one hand, and a volume of "Hymns and Spiritual Songs" in the other, asserting the harmony of Faith and Reason, and pleading for Religion and Refinement in firm and stable union. And, as far as the approval of the Most High can be gathered from events, or from its reflection in the conscience of mankind, the Master has said, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Without trimming, without temporising, he was "quiet;" and without bustle, without boasting or parade, he did "his own business," the work that God had given him. And now no Church repudiates him, and none can monopolise him. His eloge is pronounced by Samuel Johnson and Robert Southey, as well as Josiah Conder; and, whilst his monument looks down on Dissenting graves in Abney Park, his effigy reposes beneath the consecrated roof of Westminster Abbey. And, which is far better, next Lord's-day, the Name that is above every name, will be sung in fanes where princes worship

and prelates minister, as well as in barns where mechanics pray and ragged scholars say "Amen," in words for which all alike must thank his hallowed genius; and it will only be some curious student of hymnology who will care to recollect that ISAAC WATTS is the Asaph of each choir, the leader of each company.

SPECIMENS.

HYMNS.

In the Established Churches of England and Scotland, the words of Dr Watts are sung every Lord's-day, although the authorship is often unsurmised by the worshippers; and, in many instances, owing to the material changes which have been made, the author, were he to revisit our world, could hardly identify his own compositions. Our readers have here a sample of the old wine undiluted and unadulterated; and even those to whom the specimens are most familiar, will not deem their introduction irksome or unwelcome.

In the first of the following hymns, Mr Milner ("Life and Times of Dr Watts," page 276) says, that Dr Watts "avails himself of a beautiful idea from Gray's 'Fragment on Vicissitude,'" quoting the well-known passage—

> "See the wretch that long has tost,
> On the thorny bed of pain,
> At length repair his vigour lost,
> And breathe and walk again;
> The meanest floweret of the vale,
> The simplest note that swells the gale,
> The common sun, the air, the skies,
> *To him are opening paradise.*"

It may be questioned whether there is more than a casual coincidence between the two poets. At all events, Watts could not have borrowed from Gray, as the above hymn was published nine years before the author of the "Fragment on Vicissitude" was born!

Thomson's beautiful "Hymn of the Seasons," as every one remembers, concludes with the line—

> "Come, then, expressive silence, muse His praise."

The first book of Watts's "Lyric Poems," with a reference to Psalm lxv., "Tibi silet, O Deus," ends with the stanza—

> "God is in heaven, and men below;
> Be short, our tunes; our words, be few;
> A sacred reverence checks our songs,
> And praise sits silent on our tongues."

The Lyrics were published in 1705, and, if we mistake not, Thomson's hymn was first published in 1730. Is it at all unlikely that the cadence of the earlier poem, lingering in a congenial memory, reappeared in the later and more exquisite production? In many cases of seeming plagiarism, it is extremely difficult to distinguish betwixt unconscious absorption and deliberate abstraction; and there can be no question, that some of the most curious examples of "parallel passages," are in the same category with those accidental coincidences which are constantly occurring in the history of scientific discovery.

God's Presence is Light in Darkness.

My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

In darkest shades, if He appear,
My dawning is begun:
He is my soul's bright morning-star,
And He my rising sun.

The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
When Jesus shews His heart is mine,
And whispers I am His.

My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,

Run up with joy the shining way
  T' embrace my dearest Lord.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
  I'd break through every foe:
The wings of love and arms of faith
  Would bear me conqueror through.

God's Eternity.

Rise, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,
  Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound
  To praise th' eternal God.

Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
  Jehovah fill'd his throne;
Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
  The Maker lived alone.

His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
  But still maintain their prime;
Eternity's His dwelling-place,
  And ever is His time.

While like a tide our minutes flow,
  The present and the past,
He fills His own immortal NOW,
  And sees our ages waste.

The sea and sky must perish too,
  And vast destruction come!
The creatures—look! how old they grow,
  And wait their fiery doom.

Well, let the sea shrink all away,
  And flame melt down the skies;
My God shall live an endless day,
  When th' old creation dies.

The Lord's Day.

Bless'd morning, whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God;
That saw Him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave His last abode!

In the cold prison of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

To Thy great name, Almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

The Lamb of God Worshipped by the whole Creation.

Come let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;

And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise:

The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

The Righteousness of Christ.

No more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done:
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son.

Now for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.

Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
O may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake!

The best obedience of my hands,
Dares not appear before Thy throne;
But faith can answer Thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.

Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove:
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

Death and Immediate Glory.

There is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.

'Tis He, by His Almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has His own Spirit given.

We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon His Word;
But while the body is our home,
We 're absent from the Lord.

'Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with Thee.

Moses Dying in the Embrace of God.

Death cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.

Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the Promis'd Land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

The Death and Burial of a Saint.

Why do we mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms.

Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

The graves of all His saints He bless'd
And soften'd every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

Thence He arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising-day.

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

The Shortness of Life, and the Goodness of God.

Time! what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting-star.

Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.

Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share;
Yet, with the bounties of Thy grace,
Thou load'st the rolling year.

'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are clothed with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.

His goodness runs an endless round:
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be His name adored!

Thus we begin the lasting song;
And, when we close our eyes,
Let the next age Thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

PSALMS.

[As has already been stated, Dr Watts's Psalms are not mere renderings of the Hebrew Psalter into English metre, but an adaptation of the songs of Zion to the worship of the New Testament Church. Of this plan the following may serve as an exemplification:—]

Psalm viii.

O Lord, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is Thine exalted name!
The glories of Thy heavenly state,
Let men and babes proclaim.

When I behold Thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light:

Lord! what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That Thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so?

That Thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form;
Made lower than His angels are,
To save a dying worm!

Let Him be crown'd with majesty
Who bow'd His head to death;
And be His honours sounded high
By all things that have breath.

Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is Thine exalted name!
The glories of Thy heavenly state,
Let the whole earth proclaim.

Psalm lxxii.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

Behold the islands with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings;
From north to south, the princes meet
To pay their homage at His feet.

There Persia, glorious to behold,
There India shines in eastern gold;
And barbarous nations at His word
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.

For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head:
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd.

Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more:
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

Psalm xc.

Our God, our help in ages past,
  Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
  And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of Thy throne,
  Thy saints have dwelt secure:
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
  And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
  Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
  To endless years the same.

Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
  "Return, ye sons of men."
All nations rose from earth at first,
  And turn to earth again.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
  Are like an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
  Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
  With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downward by the flood,
  And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
  Bears all its sons away:
They fly forgotten, as a dream
  Dies at the op'ning day.

Like flowery fields the nations stand,
  Pleased with the morning light;
The flow'rs beneath the mower's hand
  Lie withering ere 'tis night.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come!
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

Psalm xcviii.

Joy to the world! The Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King:
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth! The Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Psalm c.

Sing to the Lord with joyful voice;
Let every land His name adore;
The British isles shall send the noise
Across the ocean to the shore.

Nations attend before His throne
With solemn fear, with sacred joy,
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

We are His people, we His care,
  Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
  Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
  High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
  Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command;
  Vast as eternity Thy love!
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
  When rolling years shall cease to move.

Psalm cxvii.

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

A Funeral Hymn.

[Besides the sacred poetry contained in his Psalms, his Hymns, and his Lyrics, Dr Watts appended a hymn to many of his sermons; and some beautiful verses are contained in his "Miscellaneous Thoughts." Of these there are perhaps none more exquisite than the following:—]

Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb;
  Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
  To seek a slumber in the dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
  Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes
Can reach the lovely sleeper here;
  And angels watch her soft repose.

So Jesus slept: God's dying Son
  Pass'd through the grave, and bless'd the bed.
Rest here, fair saint, till from His throne
  The morning break, and pierce the shade.

Break from His throne, illustrious morn!
  Attend, O earth, His sovereign word!
Restore thy trust, O glorious form!
  She must ascend to meet her Lord.

Musings in a Grove.

[To combine the Christian and the classical was a habitual aspiration of Dr Watts's devout and highly-cultivated mind. With this view he went so far as to give religious imitations of the Odes of Horace; and his "Lyric Poems," his "Miscellaneous Thoughts," and his "Remnants of Time Employed," are all efforts in the same direction. It will be allowed that he was not always and entirely successful; but his aim was a right one; and we should not like to be so fastidious as to perceive no charm in such numbers as the following:]

Sweet muse, descend, and bless the shade,
  And bless the evening grove;
Business, and noise, and day are fled,
  And every care but love.

But hence, ye wanton, young, and fair:
  Mine is a purer flame;
No Phillis shall infect the air
  With her unhallowed name.

Jesus has all my powers possess'd,
  My hopes, my fears, my joys:
He, the dear Sovereign of my breast,
  Shall still command my voice.

Some of the fairest choirs above
  Shall flock around my song,
With joy to hear the name they love
  Sound from a mortal tongue.

His charms shall make my numbers flow,
  And hold the falling floods,
While silence sits on every bough,
  And bends the listening woods.

I'll carve our passion on the bark,
  And every wounded tree
Shall drop, and bear some mystic mark
  That Jesus died for me.

The swains shall wonder when they read,
  Inscrib'd on all the grove,
That Heaven itself came down, and bled,
  To win a mortal's love.

A Meditation on the First of May.

What astonishing variety of artifices, what innumerable millions of exquisite works, is the God of Nature engaged in every moment! How gloriously are His all-pervading wisdom and power employed in this useful season of the year, this Spring of Nature! What infinite myriads of vegetable beings is He forming this very moment, in their roots and branches, in their leaves and blossoms, their seeds and fruit! Some, indeed, begun to discover their bloom amidst the snows of January, or under the rough cold blasts of March: those flowers are withered and vanished in April, and their seeds are now ripening to perfection. Others are shewing themselves this day in all their blooming pride and beauty; and while they adorn the gardens and meadows with gay and glowing colours, they promise their fruits in the day of harvest. The whole nation of vegetables is under the Divine care and culture; His hand

forms them day and night with admirable skill and unceasing operation, according to the natures He first gave them, and produces their buds and foliage, their flowery blossoms, and rich fruits, in their appointed months. Their progress in life is exceeding swift at this season of the year; and their successive appearances, and sweet changes of raiment, are visible almost hourly.

But these creatures are of lower life, and give but feebler displays of the Maker's wisdom. Let us raise our contemplations another storey, and survey a nobler theatre of Divine wonders. What endless armies of animals is the hand of God moulding and figuring, this very moment, throughout His brutal dominions! What immense flights of little birds are now fermenting in the egg, heaving and growing towards shape and life! What vast flocks of four-footed creatures, what droves of large cattle, are now framed in their early embrios, imprisoned in the dark cells of nature! And others, perhaps, are moving towards liberty, and just preparing to see the light. What unknown myriads of insects, in their various cradles and nesting-places, are now working toward vitality and motion! And thousands of them with their painted wings just beginning to unfurl, expand themselves into fluttering and daylight; while other families of them have forsaken their husky beds, and exult and glitter in the warm sunbeams!

An exquisite world of wonders is complicated even in the body of every little insect—an ant, a gnat, a mite—that is scarce visible to the naked eye. Admirable engines! which a whole academy of philosophers could never contrive—which the nation of poets hath neither art nor colours to describe—nor has a world of mechanics skill enough to frame the plainest or coarsest of them. Their nerves, their muscles, and the minute atoms which compose the fluids fit to run in the little channels of their veins, escape the notice of the most sagacious mathematician, with all his aid of glasses. The active powers

and curiosity of human nature are limited in their pursuit, and must be content to lie down in ignorance.

It is a sublime and constant triumph over all the intellectual powers of man, which the great God maintains every moment in these inimitable works of nature—in these impenetrable recesses and mysteries of Divine art. The flags and banners of Almighty wisdom are now displayed round half the globe, and the other half waits the return of the sun to spread the same triumph over the southern world. The very sun in the firmament is God's prime minister in this wondrous world of Beings, and he works with sovereign vigour on the surface of the earth, and spreads his influences deep under the clods to every root and fibre, moulding them into their proper forms, by Divine direction. There is not a plant, nor a leaf, nor one little branching thread, above or beneath the ground, that escapes the eye or influence of this benevolent star—an illustrious emblem of the omnipotence and universal activity of the Creator. . . . .

The Young Man's Entrance upon the World.

Curino was a young man brought up to a reputable trade; the term of his apprenticeship was almost expired, and he was contriving how he might venture into the world with safety, and pursue business with innocence and success. Among his near kindred, Serenus was one, a gentleman of considerable character in the sacred profession; and after he had consulted with his father, who was a merchant of great esteem and experience, he also thought fit to seek a word of advice from the divine. Serenus had such a respect for his young kinsman that he set his thought at work on this subject, and, with some tender expressions which melted the youth into tears, he put into his hand a paper of his best counsels. Curino entered upon business, pursued his employment with uncommon ad-

vantage, and, under the blessing of Heaven, advanced himself to a considerable estate. He lived with honour in the world, and gave a lustre to the religion which he professed; and, after a long life of piety and usefulness, he died with a sacred composure of soul, under the influences of the Christian hope. Some of his neighbours wondered at his felicity in this world, joined with so much innocence and such severe virtue. But, after his death, this paper was found in his closet, which was drawn up by his kinsman in holy orders, and was supposed to have a large share in procuring his happiness—

ADVICES TO A YOUNG MAN.

1. Kinsman, I presume you desire to be happy here, and hereafter; you know there are a thousand difficulties which attend this pursuit; some of them perhaps you foresee, but there are multitudes which you could never think of. Never trust, therefore, to your own understanding in the things of this world, where you can have the advice of a wise and faithful friend; nor dare venture the more important concerns of your soul, and your eternal interests in the world to come, upon the mere light of nature, and the dictates of your own reason, since the Word of God, and the advice of heaven lies in your hands. Vain and thoughtless indeed are those children of pride who choose to turn heathens in the midst of Great Britain—who live upon the mere religion of nature and their own stock, when they have been trained up among all the superior advantages of Christianity, and the blessings of Divine revelation and grace.

2. Whatsoever your circumstances may be in this world, still value your Bible as your best treasure; and whatsoever be your employment here, still look upon religion as your best business. Your Bible contains eternal life in it, and all the riches of the upper world, and religion is the only way to become a possessor of them.

3. To direct your carriage towards God, converse particularly with the book of Psalms; David was a man of sincere and eminent devotion. To behave aright among men, acquaint yourself with the whole book of Proverbs: Solomon was a man of large experience and wisdom. And to perfect your directions in both these, read the gospels and the epistles; you will find the best of rules and the best of examples there, and those more immediately suited to the Christian life.

4. As a man, maintain strict temperance and sobriety, by a wise government of your appetites and passions: as a neighbour, influence and engage all around you to be your friends, by a temper and carriage made up of prudence and goodness; and let the poor have a certain share in all your yearly profits. As a trader, keep that golden sentence of our Saviour's ever before you, "Whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, do you also unto them."

5. While you make the precepts of Scripture the constant rule of your duty, you may with courage rest upon the promises of Scripture as the springs of your encouragement. All Divine assistances and Divine recompences are contained in them. The spirit of light and grace is promised to assist them that ask it. Heaven and glory are promised to reward the faithful and the obedient.

6. In every affair of life, begin with God. Consult Him in everything that concerns you. View Him as the author of all your blessings, and all your hopes, as your best friend and your eternal portion. Meditate on Him in this view, with a continual renewal of your trust in Him, and a daily surrender of yourself to Him, till you feel that you love Him most entirely, that you serve Him with sincere delight, and that you cannot live a day without God in the world.

7. You know yourself to be a man, an indigent creature, and a sinner, and you profess to be a Christian, a disciple of the blessed Jesus; but never think you know Christ nor yourself

as you ought, till you find a daily need of Him for righteousness and strength, for pardon and sanctification; and let Him be your constant introducer to the great God, though He sit upon a throne of grace. Remember His own words, "No man cometh to the Father but by me" (John xiv. 6).

8. Make prayer a pleasure and not a task, and then you will not forget or omit it. If ever you have lived in a praying family, never let it be your fault if you do not live in one always. Believe that day, that hour, or those minutes, to be all wasted and lost which any worldly pretences would tempt you to save out of the public worship of the Church, the certain and constant duties of the closet, or any necessary services for God and godliness. Beware lest a blast attend it, and not a blessing. If God had not reserved one day in seven to Himself, I fear religion would have been lost out of the world; and every day of the week is exposed to a curse which has no morning religion.

9. See that you watch and labour, as well as pray. Diligence and dependence must be united in the practice of every Christian. It is the same wise man acquaints us, that the hand of the diligent, and the blessing of the Lord, join together to make us rich (Prov. x. 4, 22), rich in the treasures of body or mind, of time or eternity.

It is your duty, indeed, under a sense of your own weakness, to pray daily against sin; but if you would effectually avoid it, you must also avoid temptation, and every dangerous opportunity. Set a double guard wheresoever you feel or suspect an enemy at hand. The world without, and the heart within, have so much flattery and deceit in them, that we must keep a sharp eye upon both, lest we are trapped into mischief between them.

10. Honour, profit, and pleasure, have been sometimes called the world's trinity; they are its three chief idols; each of them is sufficient to draw a soul off from God, and ruin it for

ever. Beware of them, therefore, and of all their subtle insinuations, if you would be innocent or happy.

Remember that the honour which comes from God, the approbation of heaven, and of your own conscience, are infinitely more valuable than all the esteem or applause of men. Dare not venture one step out of the road to heaven, for fear of being laughed at for walking strictly in it. It is a poor religion that cannot stand against a jest.

Sell not your hopes of heavenly treasures, nor anything that belongs to your eternal interest, for any of the advantages of the present life. "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Remember also the words of the wise man, "He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man;" he that indulges himself in "wine and oil"—that is, in drinking, in feasting, and in sensual gratifications—"shall not be rich." It is one of St Paul's characters of a most degenerate age, when "men become lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." And that "fleshly lusts war against the soul," is St Peter's caveat to the Christians of his time.

11. Preserve your conscience always soft and sensible. If but one sin force its way into that tender part of the soul, and dwell easy there, the road is paved for a thousand iniquities.

And take heed that, under any scruple, doubt, or temptation whatsoever, you never let any reasonings satisfy your conscience, which will not be a sufficient answer or apology to the great Judge at the last day.

12. Keep this thought ever in your mind: It is a world of vanity and vexation in which you live; the flatteries and promises of it are vain and deceitful; prepare, therefore, to meet disappointments. Many of its occurrences are teazing and vexatious. In every rushing storm without, possess your spirit in patience, and let all be calm and serene within. Clouds and tempests are only found in the lower skies; the

heavens above are ever bright and clear. Let your heart and hope dwell much in these serene regions; live as a stranger here on earth, but as a citizen of heaven, if you will maintain a soul at ease.

13. Since in many things we offend all, and there is not a day passes which is perfectly free from sin, let "repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ," be your daily work. A frequent renewal of these exercises which make a Christian at first, will be a constant evidence of your sincere Christianity, and give you peace in life, and hope in death.

14. Ever carry about with you such a sense of the uncertainty of everything in this life, and of life itself, as to put nothing off till to-morrow which you can conveniently do to-day. Dilatory persons are frequently exposed to surprise and hurry in everything that belongs to them; the time is come, and they are unprepared. Let the concerns of your soul and your shop, your trade and your religion, lie always in such order, as far as possible, that death, at a short warning, may be no occasion of a disquieting tumult in your spirit and that you may escape the anguish of a bitter repentance in a dying hour. Farewell.

Phronimus, a considerable East-land merchant, happened upon a copy of these advices about the time when he permitted his son to commence a partnership with him in his trade; he transcribed them with his own hand, and made a present of them to the youth, together with the articles of partnership. Here, young man, said he, is a paper of more worth than these articles. Read it over once a month, until it is wrought in your very soul and temper. Walk by these rules, and I can trust my estate in your hands. Copy out these counsels in your life, and you will make me and yourself easy and happy.

Progressive Knowledge in Heaven.

[Dr Watts was a frequent invalid, and many times he had reason to believe that there was but a step betwixt him and death. This, doubtless, gave a deeper seriousness to his spirit, and it accounts for that large proportion of his hymns and sermons which are devoted to "the last things." In his little work, "Death and Heaven: or, the Last Enemy Conquered, and Separate Spirits made Perfect," we have the fullest result of his meditations on the unseen state. It has ministered to the faith and comfort of many readers. When Dr Doddridge landed at Lisbon, he was received at the house of a kind English merchant, and his biographer tells us, "Here he met with Dr Watts's treatise on 'The Happiness of Separate Spirits,' and told his wife, with the greatest joy, that he had unexpectedly found that blessed book; and in reading that book, Dr Watts's hymns, and especially the sacred volume, he used to employ himself as much as his strength would admit." *

The line of thought indicated by Dr Watts has been followed out by many subsequent writers'; by some, perhaps, too fully. For example, we prefer the simple suggestiveness of the following pages to the minuter specifications of such a work as Dick's "Philosophy of a Future State."]

That there is, and hath been, and will be, continual progress and improvement in the knowledge and joy of separate souls, may be easily proved many ways, viz., from the very nature of human reason itself; from the narrowness, the weakness, and limitation, even of our intellectual faculties in their best estate; from the immense variety of objects that we shall converse about; from our peculiar concern in some future providences, which it is not likely we should know before

* See also "Memoirs of the late Jane Taylor," p. 65.

they occur; and from the glorious new scenes of the resurrection.

1. We may prove the increase of knowledge amongst the blessed above, from the very nature of human reason itself; which is a faculty of drawing inferences, or some new propositions and conclusions, from propositions or principles which we knew before. Now surely we shall not be dispossessed of this power when we come to heaven. What we learn of God there, and the glories of His nature, or His works, will assist and incline us to draw inferences for His honour, and for our worship of Him. And if we could be supposed to have never so many propositions or new principles of knowledge crowded into our minds at the first entrance into heaven, yet surely our reasoning faculty would still be capable of making some advance by way of inference, or building some superstructure upon so noble a foundation. And who knows the intense pleasure that will arise perpetually to a contemplative mind, by a progressive and infinite pursuit of truth in this manner, where we are secure against the danger of all error and mistake, and every step we take is all light and demonstration!

Shall it be objected here, That our reason shall be as it were lost and dissolved in intuition and immediate sight, and therefore it shall have no room or place in that happy world?

To this I would reply, That we shall have indeed much more acquaintance with spiritual objects by immediate intuition, than we ever had here on earth; but it does not follow thence, that we shall lose our reason. Angels have immediate vision of God and Divine things; but can we suppose they are utterly incapable of drawing an inference, either for the improvement of their knowledge, or the direction of their practice? When they behold any special and more curious piece of Divine workmanship, can they not further infer the exquisite skill or wisdom of the Creator? And are they not capable of concluding, that this peculiar instance of Divine wisdom demands an

adoring thought? Thus intuition, or immediate sight, in a creature, does not utterly exclude and forbid the use of reason.

I reply again, Can it ever be imagined, that being released from the body, we shall possess in one moment, and retain through every moment of eternity, all the innumerable ranks, and orders, and numbers of propositions, truths, and duties, that may be derived in a long succession of ages by the use of our reasoning powers? But this leads me to the second argument, viz.,

2. The weakness and narrowness of human understandings in their best estate, seems to make it necessary that knowledge should be progressive.

Continual improvement in knowledge and delight among the spirits of the just made perfect, is necessary for the same reason that proved their variety of entertainments and pleasures, viz., Because creatures cannot take in all the vast, the infinite variety of conceptions in the full brightness and perfection of them at once, of which they are capable in a sweet succession. Can we ever persuade ourselves, that all the endless train of thoughts, and ideas, and scenes of joy, that shall ever pass through the mind of a saint through the long ages of eternity, should be crowded into every single mind the first moment of its entrance into those happy regions? And is a human mind capacious enough to receive, and strong enough to retain such an infinite multitude of ideas for ever? Or is this the manner of God's working among his intellectual creatures? Surely God knows our frame, and pours in light and glory as we are able to bear it. Such a bright confusion of notions, images, and transports, would probably overwhelm the most exalted spirit, and drown all the noble faculties of the mind at once. As if a man who was born blind, should be healed in an instant, and should open his eyes first against the full blaze of the noon-day sun; this would so tumultuate the spirits, and confound the organs of sight, as to reduce the man back again

to his first blindness, and, perhaps, might render him incurable for ever.

3. This argument will be much strengthened, if we do but take a short view of the vast and incomprehensible variety of objects that may be proposed to our minds in the future state, and may feast our contemplation, and improve our joy.

The blessed God himself is an infinite being; His perfections and glories are unbounded; His wisdom, His holiness, His goodness, His faithfulness, His power and justice, His all-sufficiency, His self-origination, and His unfathomable eternity, have such a number of rich ideas belonging to each of them, as no creature shall ever fully understand. Yet it is but reasonable to believe, that He will communicate so much of Himself to us by degrees, as He sees necessary for our business and blessedness in that upper world. Can it be supposed that we should know everything that belongs to God all at once, which He may discover to us gradually as our capacities improve? Can we think that an infant-soul that had no time for improvement here, when it enters into heaven, shall know everything concerning God, that it can ever attain to through all the ages of its immortality? When a blessed spirit has dwelt in heaven a thousand years, and conversed with God and Christ, angels and fellow-spirits, during all that season, shall it know nothing more of the nature and wondrous properties of God than it knew the first moment of its arrival there?*

But I add further, the works of God shall doubtless be the matter of our search and delightful survey, as well as the nature and properties of God himself. His works are honourable and glorious, and "sought out of all that have pleasure in them" (Ps. cxi. 2, 3). In His works we shall read His

* God himself hath infinite goodness in Him, which the creature cannot take in at once; they are taking of it in eternally. The saints see in God still things fresh, which they saw not in the beginning of their blessedness.—*Dr T. Goodwin.*

name, His properties, and His glories, whether we fix our thoughts on creation or providence.

The works of God, and His wonders of creation, in the known and unknown worlds, both as to the number, the variety, and vastness of them, are almost infinite—*i. e.*, they transcend all the limits of our ideas, and all our present capacities to conceive. Now there is none of these works of wonder, but may administer some entertainment to the mind of man, and may richly furnish him with new matter for the praise of God in the long successions of eternity.

There is scarce an animal of the more complete kind but would entertain an angel with rich curiosities, and feed his contemplation for an age. What a rich and artful structure of flesh upon the solid and well-compacted foundation of bones! What curious joints and hinges, on which the limbs are moved to and fro! What an inconceivable variety of nerves, veins, arteries, fibres, and little invisible parts are found in every member. What various fluids, blood, and juices run through and agitate the innumerable slender tubes, the hollow strings and strainers of the body! What millions of folding doors are fixed within, to stop those red or transparent rivulets in their course, either to prevent their return backwards, or else as a means to swell the muscles and move the limbs! What endless contrivances to secure life, to nourish nature, and to propagate the same to future animals! What amazing lengths of holy meditation would an angel run upon these subjects, and what sublime strains of praise would a heavenly philosopher raise hourly to the almighty and all-wise Creator! And all this from the mere brutal world!

But if we survey the nature of man, he is a creature made up of mind and animal united, and would furnish still more numerous and exalted materials for contemplation and praise; for he has all the richest wonders of animal nature in him, besides the unknown mysteries of mind or spirit. Surely it will

create a sacred pleasure in happy souls above to learn the wonders of Divine skill exerted and shining in their own formation, and in the curious workmanship of those bodily engines in which they once dwelt and acted.

Then let them descend to herbs and plants. How numerous are all the products of earth upon her green surface, and all within her dark bowels! All the vegetable and the mineral kingdoms! How many centuries would all these entertain a heavenly inquirer!

The worlds of air, and the worlds of water, the planetary and the starry worlds, are still new objects rich with curiosities; these are all monuments of Divine wisdom, and fit subjects for the contemplation of the blessed. Nor can we be supposed to have for ever done with them all when we leave this body; and that for two reasons: one is, because God has never yet received the honour due to His wisdom and power, displayed in the material creation, from the hands or tongues of men; and the other is, because the spirits of the just shall be joined to bodies again, and then they shall certainly have necessary converse with God's material works and worlds; though, perhaps, they have more acquaintance with them now in their separate state than we are apprised of.

And besides all these material works of God, what an unknown variety of other wonders belong to the world of pure spirits, which lie hid from us, and are utterly concealed behind the veil of flesh and blood! What are their natures, and the reach of their powers! What ranks and orders they are distributed into! What are their governments, their several employments, the different customs and manners of life in the various and most extensive regions of that intellectual world! What are their messages to our earth, or the other habitable globes, and what capacities they are endowed with to move or influence animate or inanimate bodies! All these, and a thousand more of the like nature, are made known, doubtless,

to the inhabitants of heaven. These are things that belong to the provinces of light and immortality, but many of them are mysteries to us who dwell in these tabernacles; they lie far beyond our ken, and are wrapt up in sacred darkness, that we can hardly do so much as shoot a guess at them.

Now, can we suppose that the meanest spirit in heaven has a full and entire survey of all these innumerable works of God, from the first moment of its entrance thither, throughout all the ages of immortality, without the change of one idea, or the possibility of any improvement. This would be to give a sort of omniscience to every happy spirit, which is more than is generally allowed to the man Christ Jesus. And if there be such a thing as degrees of glory among the saints above, we may be well assured that the lowest rank of blessed spirits is not advanced to this amazing degree.

Is there no new thing, neither under nor above the sun, that God can entertain any of his children with in the upper world, throughout the infinite extent of all future ages? Are they all made at once so much like God as to know all things? Or if each of them have their stinted size of knowledge, and their limited number of ideas, at their first release from the body, then they are everlastingly cut off from all the surprises of pleasure that arise from new thoughts, and new scenes, and new discoveries. Does every saint in heaven read God's great volume of nature through and through the first hour it arrives there? Or is each spirit confined to a certain number of leaves, and bound eternally to learn nothing new, but to review perpetually his own limited lesson? Dares he not, or can he not, turn over another leaf, and read his Creator's name in it, and adore His wisdom in new wonders of contrivance? These things are improbable to such a high degree, that I dare almost pronounce them untrue.

The book of providence is another volume wherein God writes His name too. Has every single saint such a vast and

infinite length of foreknowledge given him, at his first admission into glory, that he knows beforehand all the future scenes of providence, and the wonders which God shall work in the upper and lower worlds? I thought the "Lion of the tribe of Judah, the root and the offspring of David," had been the only person in heaven or earth that was "worthy to take the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof" (Rev. v. 5). Surely the meanest of the saints does not foreknow all those great and important counsels of God, which our Lord Jesus Christ is intrusted with. And yet we may venture to say, that the spirits of the just in heaven shall know those great and important events that relate to the Church on earth, as they arise in successive seasons, that they may give to God, and to his Son Jesus Christ, revenues of due honour upon this account, as I shall prove immediately.

And indeed if the limits of their knowledge in heaven were so fixed at their first entrance there, that they could never be acquainted with any of these successive providences of God afterwards, we here on earth have a great advantage above them, who see daily the accomplishment of His Divine counsels, and adore the wonders of His wisdom and His love; and from this daily increase of knowledge, we take our share in the growing joys and blessings of Zion.

MRS ELIZABETH ROWE.

ELIZABETH SINGER was born at Ilchester, in Somersetshire, September 11, 1674. Her father, Mr Walter Singer, was an ejected minister, who had been imprisoned for nonconformity; but, possessing a considerable landed estate near Frome, he suffered fewer hardships than many of his brethren; and he was able to procure the best educational advantages for his beautiful and gifted daughter. She became an accomplished painter and musician, and, with the Hon. Mr Thynne for her tutor, acquired the French and Italian languages. At twelve years of age she had begun to write verses, and at twenty-two was induced to publish a volume under the title, "Poems on Several Occasions, by Philomela." Her paraphrase of the thirty-eighth chapter of Job was written at the request of the venerable Bishop Ken, who highly esteemed her talents and piety.

It will be readily supposed that one so good, and in every way so charming, would have many admirers. One of these is said to have been her poetical contemporary, Matthew Prior, in whose works will be found a metrical effusion addressed to her, and ending,—

> "But if, by chance, the series of thy joys
> Permit one thought less cheerful to arise,
> Piteous, transfer it to the mournful swain
> Who, loving much, who, not beloved again,
> Feels an ill-fated passion's last excess,
> And dies in woe, that thou may'st live in peace."

However, it was not till her thirty-sixth year that Miss Singer was married. Her husband, Mr Thomas Rowe, was twelve years younger than herself,—a man of warm feelings, but of a somewhat irritable temperament, who, during his

attendance at the university of Leyden, had acquired an ardent zeal for civil and religious liberty, and who, commanding a good library and ample leisure, prosecuted those historical studies and poetical recreations which kept time from hanging heavy on his hand, and made him and his partner helps meet for one another. But their union lasted only five years. Mr Rowe died of consumption in 1715; and from that time till her own death, February 20, 1737, Mrs Rowe resided chiefly at Frome, leading a life distinguished for good works and devotion, and publishing, from time to time, her "Friendship in Death," and the successive parts of her "Letters Moral and Entertaining," which, owing to the vivacity of their style, and their great intrinsic merits, were received with an unusual amount of public favour.

A few months after her death appeared her "Devout Exercises of the Heart," with a preface by Dr Watts, to whose care she had confided the manuscript. And she could not have entrusted it to a more appropriate editor. They had long been friends; and their tastes were identical. They both loved to combine the pleasures of imagination with the pleasures of piety; and even the prose of Philomela often soars up to the elevation of the Christian Psalmist's lyrics.

Mrs Rowe's most extensive poetical undertaking was "The History of Joseph." She also executed twice over a metrical paraphrase of the Song of Solomon; and, like her elder contemporary, Madame Guyon, her own spiritual experience ran very much in the channels carved by "great David's greater son." Such a style may not command the sympathy of every reader; but, whatever may be thought of the language, in the case of Mrs Rowe there could be no doubt as to the genuineness of the under-lying affections and emotions. And surely, to our colder hearts and feebler piety, it should be some comfort to know that all worshippers have not been equally formal. Let us be thankful that, amongst those of like pas-

sions with ourselves, there have been some spirits more fervid; and that, amongst the intensest and most ardent of natures, have been some who loved the Lord their God "with all their heart, and with all their soul, and with all their strength, and with all their mind."

On the Divine Veracity.

Be hush'd my griefs, 'tis His almighty will
That rules the storms, and bids you all be still;
Be calm ye tempests, vanish every care,
While with triumphant faith my soul draws near
To God in all the confidence of pray'r.
He has not bid me seek His face in vain,
Talk to the winds, or to the waves complain;
He hears the callow ravens from their nest,
By Him their eager cravings are redress'd;
Young lions through the desert roar their wants,
He marks them, and the wild petition grants;
The gaping furrows thirst, nor thirst in vain
(Parch'd by the noon-day sun) for timely rain;
With silent suit the fair declining flowers
Request and gain the kind refreshing showers.
And will the Almighty Father turn away,
Nor hear His darling offspring when they pray?
No breach of faithfulness His honour stains,
With day and night His word unchang'd remains;
The various ordinances of the sky
Stand forth His glorious witnesses on high;
Summer and winter, autumn and the spring,
For Him, by turns, their attestations bring;
Unblemish'd His great league with Nature stands,
And full reliance on His truth demands:
Nothing that breathes a second deluge fears,
When in the cloud the radiant bow appears.
Can the Most High, like man, at random speak,
Forfeit his honour, and his promise break?
Does he that falsely swears His vengeance claim?
And shall He stain His own tremendous Name?

The earth, the heav'ns, were witness when He swore
By His great self; what would thy fears have more
And had a greater than Himself been found,
That greater had the high engagement bound.
Shall fleeting winds th' Almighty's words disperse,
Or breathing dust His solemn oath reverse?
Can He, like man, unconstant man, repent?
Shall any chance, or unforeseen event
Start up His settled purpose to prevent?
Or can He fail in the expected hour,
A stranger to His own extent of power?
What profit can a worm his Maker bring,
That He should flatter such a worthless thing?
Why should He condescend to mind my tears,
Or calm, with soft deluding words, my fears?
Can He (of perfect happiness possess'd)
Deride the woes that human life molest,
Or mock the hopes that on His goodness rest?
Nature may change her course, confusion reign,
And men expect the rising sun in vain;
But should the eternal truth and promise fail,
Infernal night and horror must prevail;
The thrones of light would shake, th' angelic pow'rs
Would stop their harps amidst the blissful bow'rs.
No more the soft, the sweet melodious strain,
Would gently glide along the happy plain;
No more would tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And shouts triumphant fill the sounding skies;
Each heavenly countenance a sullen air
Of grief and anxious diffidence would wear:
The golden palaces, the splendid seats,
The flowery mansions, and the soft retreats,
The rosy shades, and sweet delicious streams,
Would disappear like transitory dreams.
Angels themselves their brightest hopes recline
On nothing more unchangeable than mine.
Am I deceived? What can their charter be?
Fair seraphim may be deceiv'd like me;
If goodness and veracity divine
Can fail, their heaven 's an airy dream like mine.

But, oh! I dare the glorious venture make,
And lay my soul and future life at stake;
Be earth, be heaven, at desperate hazard lost,
If here my faith should prove an empty boast!
Whate'er your arts, ye powers of hell, suggest,
The truth of God undaunted I attest:
Produce your annals with insulting rage,
Bring out your records, shew the dreadful page,
One instance where the Almighty broke His word,
Since first the race of men His name adored;
In gloomy characters point out the hour,
Exert your malice, summon all your power:
With rites infernal all your pomp display,
And mark with horror the tremendous day.
Confus'd you search your dreadful rolls in vain,
The eternal honour shines without a stain—
Unblemish'd shines—in men and angels' view;
Just are Thy ways, thou King of saints, and true!

The Fifth Chapter of Solomon's Song.

The night had now her gloomy curtains spread,
And every cheerful beam of light was fled;
This dismal night, my Lord, who ne'er before
Had met a cold refusal at my door,
Approach'd, and with a voice divinely sweet,
My ears with these persuading words did greet:
"My fairest spouse, my sister, and my love!"
(But ah! no more these charming names could move)
"Arise, for through the midnight shades and dew
I thee, the object of my cares, pursue."
His heavenly voice and moving words I heard,
And knew the blest design my Lord prepared;
But long, with poor excuses, I delay'd,
And careless stretch'd on my enticing bed.
Tir'd with my cold delay, "Farewell," He cries:
These killing words my fainting soul surprise;
With fear distracted to the door I run,
But oh! the treasure of my life was gone!
Yet of His recent presence signs I found,
For heavenly fragrance fill'd the air around;

I rove wherever love directs my feet,
And call aloud but no return could meet;
Echoes alone to my complaint reply
In mournful sounds as through the shades I fly.
I, from the watchmen, hoped in vain relief;
With cruel scorn they mock'd my pious grief.
But you, Jerusalem's fair daughters, you
That know what pity to my cares is due,
O! if you meet the object of my love,
Tell Him what torments for His sake I prove;
Tell Him how tenderly His loss I moan;
Tell Him that all my joys with Him are gone;
Tell Him His presence makes my heav'n; and tell,
Oh! tell Him that His absence is my hell!
What bright perfections does He then possess
For whom thou dost this tender grief express?
O! He 's distinguish'd from all human race
By such peculiar, such immortal grace,
That you among ten thousand may descry
His heavenly form, and find for whom I die.
There's nothing which on earth we lovely call,
But He surpasses, far surpasses all.
He 's fairer than the spotless orbs of light,
Nor falling snow, compared to Him, is white.
The roses that His lovely face adorn
Outblush the purple glories of the morn.
The waving ringlets of His graceful hair,
Black as the shining plumes the ravens wear.
His eyes would win the most obdurate heart,
Victorious love in every look they dart.
His balmy lips diffuse divine perfumes,
And on His cheek a bed of spices blooms.
His breast like polished ivory, smooth and fair,
With veins which with the sapphires may compare.
Stately His height, as those fair trees which crown
With graceful pride the brow of Lebanon.
His voice so sweet, no harmony is found
On earth to equal the delightful sound.
He's altogether lovely—This is He
So much beloved, so much adored by me.

God my supreme, my only Hope.

Why do I address Thee, my God, with no more confidence? Why do I indulge these remains of unbelief, and harbour these returns of infidelity and distrust? Can I survey the earth, can I gaze on the structure of the heavens, and ask if Thou art able to deliver? Can I call in question thy ability to succour me, when I consider the general and particular instances of Thy goodness and power? One age to another, in long succession, hath conveyed the records of Thy glory. "In all generations thou hast been our dwelling-place: my fathers trusted in thee, and were delivered." They have encouraged me, my own experience has encouraged me, to trust in Thee for ever.

The sun may fail to rise, and men in vain expect its light, but Thy truth, Thy faithfulness cannot fail; the course of nature may be reversed, and all be chaos again, but Thou art immutable, and canst not, by any change, deceive the hopes of them that trust in Thee. I adore Thy power, and subscribe to Thy goodness and fidelity, and what farther objection would my unbelief raise? Is anything too hard for God to accomplish? Can the united force of earth and hell resist His will?

> Great God, how wide Thy glories shine!
> How broad Thy kingdom, how divine!
> Nature, and miracle, and fate, and chance are Thine.

Therefore I apply myself immediately to Thee, and renounce all the terror and all the confidence that may rise from heaven or earth besides.

Let Him bless me, and I shall be blessed—blessed without reserve or limitation—blessed in my going out and coming in, in my sitting down and rising up—blessed in time, and blessed to all eternity. That blessing from Thy lips will influence the whole creation, and attend me wherever I am. It shall go

before me as a leading light, and follow me as my protecting angel. When I lie down it will cover me. I shall rest beneath the shadow of the Most High, and dwell safely in the secret of His tabernacle.

"Thy kingdom ruleth over all, O Lord; and thou dost according to thy will in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth." I confess and acknowledge Thy providence. The ways of man are not at his own disposal, but all his goings are ordered by Thee; all events are in Thy hands, and Thou only canst succeed or disappoint his hopes. If Thou blow on his designs, they are for ever blasted; if Thou bless them, neither earth nor hell can hinder their success; therefore I apply myself immediately to Thee, for not all created power can assist me without Thee.

At Thy command nature and necessity are no more; all things are alike easy to a God. Speak but Thou the word, and my desires are granted: say, "Let there be light," and there shall be light. Thou canst look me into peace, when the tumult of thoughts raise a storm within. Bid my soul be still, and all its tempests shall obey Thee.

I depend only on Thee: do Thou smile, and all the world may frown: do Thou succeed my affairs, and I shall fear no obstacle that earth or hell can put in my way. Thou only art the object of my fear, and all my desires are directed to Thee.

Human things have lost their being and their names, and vanish into nothing before Thee: they are but shades and disguises to veil the active Divinity. Oh! let me break through all these separations, and see and confess the great, the governing Cause. Let no appearance of created things, however specious, hide Thee from my view; let me look through all to Thee, nor cast a glance of love or hope below Thee. With a holy contempt let me survey the ample round of the creation as lying in the hollow of Thy hand, and every being in heaven and on earth as immoveable by the most potent cause in

nature, till commissioned by Thee to do good or hurt. O let Thy hand be with me to keep me from evil, and let me abide under the shadow of the Almighty! I shall be secure in Thy pavilion. To Thee I fly for shelter from all the ills of mortality.

A Review of Divine Mercy and Faithfulness.

[Dated "April 30, 1735," when the writer had passed threescore years in the house of her pilgrimage. This concludes her "Devout Exercises."]

I am now setting to my seal that God is true, and leaving this as my last testimony to the Divine veracity. I can from numerous experiences assert His faithfulness, and witness to the certainty of His promises. "The word of the Lord has been tried, and He is a buckler to all those that put their trust in Him."

"O come, all ye that fear the Lord, and I will tell you what He has done for my soul: I will ascribe righteousness to my Maker," and leave my record for a people yet unborn, that the generation to come may rise up and praise Him.

Into whatever distress His wise providence has brought me, I have called on the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears; I trusted in God, and He saved me. Oh! let my experience stand a witness to them that hope in Thy mercy; let it be to the Lord for a praise and a glory.

I know not where to begin the recital of Thy numerous favours. Thou hast hid me in the secret of Thy pavilion, from the pride of man, and from the strife of tongues, when by a thousand follies I have merited reproach; Thou hast graciously protected me, when the vanity of my friends, or the malice of my enemies, might have stained my reputation; thou hast covered me with Thy feathers, and under Thy wing have I trusted: Thy truth has been my shield and my buckler; to

Thee I owe the blessing of a clear and unblemished name, and not to my own conduct, nor the partiality of my friend.—Glory be to Thee, O Lord.

Thou hast led me through a thousand labyrinths, and enlightened my darkness. When shades and perplexity surrounded me, my light has broke forth out of obscurity, and my darkness been turned into noon-day. Thou hast been a Guide and a Father to me. When I knew not where to ask advice, Thou hast given me unerring counsel: "The secret of the Lord has been with me, and He has shewn me His covenant."

In how many seen and unseen dangers hast Thou delivered me! how narrow my gratitude! how wide Thy mercy! how innumerable are Thy thoughts of love! how infinite the instances of Thy goodness! how high above the ways and thoughts of man!

How often hast Thou supplied my wants and by Thy bounty confounded my unbelief! Thy benefits have surprised and justly reproached my diffidence; my faith has often failed, but Thy goodness has never failed. The world and all its flatteries have failed, my own heart and hopes have failed, but Thy mercy endures for ever, Thy faithfulness has never failed.

The strength of Israel has never deceived me, nor made me ashamed of my confidence. Thou hast never been as a deceitful brook, or as waters that fail, to my soul.

In loving-kindness, in truth, and in very faithfulness, Thou hast afflicted me. Oh! how unwillingly hast Thou seemed to grieve me! with how much indulgence has the punishment been mixed! Love has appeared through the disguise of every frown; its beams have glimmered through the darkest night; by every affliction Thou hast been still drawing me nearer to Thyself, and removing my carnal props, that I may lean with more assurance on the Eternal Rock.

Thy love has been my leading glory from the first intricate steps of life: the first undesigned paths I trod were marked

and guarded by the vigilance of Thy love: oh! whither else had my sin and folly led me?

How often have I tried and experienced Thy clemency, and found an immediate answer to my prayers? Thou hast often literally fulfilled Thy word: I have a fresh instance of Thy faithfulness again: Thou hast made me triumph in Thy goodness, and given a new testimony to the veracity of Thy promises.

And, after all, what ingratitude, what insensibility, reigns in my heart? Oh! cancel it by the blood of the covenant: root out this monstrous infidelity that still returns after the fullest evidence of Thy truth. Thou hast graciously condescended to answer me in Thy own time and way, and yet I am again doubting Thy faithfulness and care. Lord, pity me. I believe; O help my unbelief. Go on to succour, go on to pardon, and at last conquer my diffidence. Let me hope against hope, and in the greatest perplexity give glory to God, by believing what my own experience has so often found—"That the strength of Israel will not lie; nor is he as man, that he should repent."

While I have memory and thought, let His goodness dwell on my soul. Let me not forget the depths of my distress, the anguish and importunity of my vows: when every human help failed, and all was darkness and perplexity, then God was all my stay. Then I knew no name but His, and He alone knew my soul in adversity. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.

Long as I live I'll bless Thy name,
My King, and God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright worlds above.

I have yet a thousand and ten thousand deliverances to recount, ten thousand unasked for mercies to recall! no moment of my life has been destitute of Thy care; no accident has found

me unguarded by Thy watchful eye, or neglected by Thy providence. Thou hast been often found unsought by my ungrateful heart, and Thy favours have surprised me with great and unexpected advantages: Thou hast compelled me to receive the blessing my foolish humour despised, and my corrupt will would fain have rejected. Thou hast stopped Thy ears to the desires which would have ruined and undone me, when I might justly have been left to my own choice, for the punishment of my many sins and follies. How great my guilt! how infinite Thy mercy!

Hitherto God has helped, and here I set up a memorial to that goodness which has never abandoned me to the malice and stratagems of my infernal foes, nor left me a prey to human craft or violence. The glory of His providence has often surprised me when groping in thick darkness. With a potent voice He has said, "Let there be light, and there was light." He has made His goodness pass before me, and loudly proclaimed His name, "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious:" to Him be glory for ever. Amen.

The Fortunate Captive.

[Mrs Rowe's "Letters Moral and Entertaining" are an agreeable miscellany of verse and prose. Some of them are abundantly romantic, and at one time they were exceedingly popular. In the following an English merchant communicates to a friend the adventures of his voyage.]

I am at last safely arrived in Holland, and have taken the first opportunity to give you a relation of the adventures that detained me so long in foreign countries.

In my return from the Indies, I had some affairs with a Spanish merchant, which, while I was managing in one of their sea-ports, there came in a Spanish corsair, who had taken a rich Turkish prize, with several Turks and Moors prisoners, whom he offered for sale as slaves. I never had any traffic of

this kind from any view of interest; but, from a motive of compassion, I had purchased liberty for many a miserable wretch, to whom I gave freedom the moment I paid his liberty.

Among the captives newly taken, there was one distinguished by the richness of his habit, and more by the gracefulness of his port. He drew all my attention, of which he appeared sensible, and still directed his looks to me; our souls seemed to greet one another, as if their intimacy had been of a long standing, and commenced in some pre-existent period. There was something in the air of this young stranger superior to adversity, and yet sensible of the present disadvantage of his fate; while I felt for him an emotion soft as the ties of nature, and could not but impute it to the secret impression of some intelligent power, which was leading me to a height of generosity beyond my own intention, and, by an impulse of virtue on my soul, directing it to the accomplishment of some distant and unknown design of Providence. The heavenly instigation came with a prevailing force, and I could not but obey its dictates.

The price set on this captive was extravagantly high, and such as would be a vast disadvantage to my present affairs to part with. However, I listened to the gentle monitor within, and paid the corsair his full demands.

As soon as I had conducted the youth to my lodgings, I told him he was from that moment free; the price I had paid was for his friendship and liberty.

"Then you have confined me," replied the gentle stranger, "by the most lasting engagements. I might have broke through any other restraint, but I am now your voluntary slave, and dare trust you with a secret yet unknown to the Spaniards. My name is Orramel, the only son of a wealthy Bassa in Constantinople; and you may demand what you will for my ransom."

"You will soon be convinced," said I, "there was no mer-

cenary intention in this action. The amity I have for you *is* noble and disinterested; it was kindled by a celestial spark, an emanation from the Divine clemency, and terminates in nothing below your immortal happiness. And were you inclined to examine those sacred truths which would lead you to that felicity, and to share my fortune in a free and happy nation, the wealth of the Indies should not buy you from my affections; but if it is your choice to return to the customs and religion of your country, you are absolutely free, without attending to any terms for your release."

With a friendly but dejected look he told me it was impossible for him to dispense with his filial obligations to an indulgent parent, but positively refused his freedom till he had given intelligence and received an answer from his father—which he soon had, with a *carte blanche* to me, on which I might make my own demands for his son's ransom. I returned it with no other terms but the liberty of all the Christian slaves he had in his possession, hoping, by this disinterested conduct, to leave a conviction on the mind of my young friend in favour of Christianity. He could persuade me to receive nothing but some little present, and left me with an apparent concern.

It was some months after he was gone before I could finish my negotiations in Spain; but as soon as they were despatched I embarked for Holland. We had not been a week at sea before the ship was taken by a Turkish pirate, and all the men in it carried to Constantinople to be sold as slaves. My lot fell to a master from whom I was like to find most barbarous treatment; however, I was resolved to endure my bondage till I could give intelligence to my friends in England to procure my ransom. I was fixed to this, that no hardship should reduce me to give Orramel an account of my distress, till I was again in circumstances not to need his kindness, nor expect a retaliation of my own.

But Heaven had kinder intentions by bringing me into this adversity, nor left me long without redress. As I was talking in a public place to one of my fellow-slaves, Orramel came by. He passed beyond me; but instantly returning, looked on me with great attention, till some melting sorrow dropped from his eyes: when, making inquiry of some that were near to whom I belonged, and being informed, without speaking a word to me, he flew to my new master, paid his demand for my ransom, and immediately conducted me to his house, where he welcomed me with the warmest marks of affection. He spoke—he paused—and was in the greatest perplexity to find language suitable to the sentiments of his soul.

"My brother!" said he, "my friend! or if there are more sacred ties in nature or virtue, let me call you by some gentler appellation; we are now united by the bands of celestial amity—one in the same holy faith and hopes of a glorious immortality. Your charity rescued me from a worse than Spanish slavery—from the bondage of vice and superstition; your conduct banished my prejudices against the Christian name, and made way for the entrance of those heavenly truths to which I now assent. But this is a secret even to my own domestics; and whether such a caution is criminal, I am not yet able to determine."

With what rapture, what attention, did I listen to this language! I blessed the accents that told me my friend, my Orramel, had embraced the Christian faith. An angel's song would have been less melodious. I looked upward, and, with a grateful elevation of mind, gave the glory to the Supreme Disposer of all human events. The instinct was from above that first moved me to ransom this young captive, thence was the spring of my compassion. It would be vanity, it would be the most criminal arrogance, not to ascribe this action to the assisting Deity.

The illustrious Orramel made it his joy, his study, to evi-

dence his affection. He told me his father died since we parted in Spain; and that he had left five daughters, which he had by several of his wives. He offered me the choice of his sisters, if I had any thoughts of marriage, and promised a dowry with her to my own content. One of them, he said, was privately bred a Christian by her mother, a beautiful woman of Armenia. I was pleased with the proposal, and impatient to see my fair mistress. In the mean time he made me a present of several rich habits, and two negroes to attend me.

The next day he conducted me to a fair summer-house, whither he sent for his sisters, who were all so handsome that I was distressed with my own liberty, nor knew where to choose, had not a principle of piety determined me to the young Armenian, who was not superior in beauty to the rest, but there was a decorum in her behaviour which the others wanted. She had more of the modesty and politeness of the European women, to whom you know I was always partial. My choice was fixed, and the more I conversed with my fair mistress, the more reason I found to approve it. We were privately married by a chaplain to the British envoy. My generous friend gave her a fortune, which abundantly repaid all my losses; and after a prosperous voyage I am safely landed in Holland.

I have sent you this relation as a memorial of my gratitude to Heaven, whose clemency has returned me more than measure for measure, and largely recompensed that liberality it first inspired. Adieu.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

ASIDE from the great thoroughfares, and yet not far from London; large enough to be self-contained, and withal conscious of no bustle; its spacious streets and tidy shops announcing industrious comfort, and its belt of villas suggestive of refined society; its margin laved by the winding Nen, and its ample meadows fragrant with cowslips and milch kine; that shadowy interest hovering over it in which historic minds invest the scene of old parliaments and sieges, whilst meeting-houses, reading-rooms, and railway-stations flare beside mediæval fanes in confidential proximity; like a British oak from a Saxon acorn, still growthful and green at heart, NORTHAMPTON is one of those towns of good constitution, which combine the freshness of youth with the sedateness of antiquity. And as first we hailed it, standing up with its towers and steeples, an architectural islet in a verdurous sea, we felt that even England could not offer a more tempting retreat to a student somewhat social. Sequestered enough to promise leisure, and withal sufficiently populous to supply incentives to ministerial exertion; had we been a pastor in search of a people, like St Catherine at Ledbury, we should have heard an opportune chime in its evening air tinkling, and telling us, "Here take up thy rest."

To English Nonconformity Northampton should be a sort of Mecca. Three hundred years ago, it gave birth to Robert Brown, the father of English Congregationalism; and within the last generations, Northampton and its neighbourhood have been a chief stronghold of the English Baptists. It was here that the Rylands ministered: the elder, in his orthodox vehemence a Boanerges, in his tender feelings a "beloved disciple;"

the younger famous for his microscopic eyes, and who ought to have been famous for his telescopic heart; for, in their sympathies and solicitudes, few have ever ranged over a wider field, or looked with a nobler regard on the things of others. It was in the adjacent Kettering that Andrew Fuller laboured for thirty years, composing those volumes which have gone so far to give the right tone and attempering to modern Calvinism; a deep digger in the Bible mine, and whose rich, though rough-shapen ingots, supply to the present day the mint of many a sermoniser; himself too homely to be a popular preacher, and too unambitious to regret it; amidst all his bluntness one of the purest of philanthropists, and, in the absence of every courtly attribute, by dint of his supreme sagacity, the mainspring of each denominational movement. In Northampton and its surrounding villages, at the same period, a humble shoemaker used to ply his craft; and, leaving at home his broken-hearted wife, or perhaps a sickly child, poor cobbler Carey would hawk from door to door his ill-paid handiwork; on rainy days revolving that Eastern mission of which he was soon to be the father and founder; or, if the weather permitted, conning some outlandish grammar, and acquiring those elements of polyglottal power which shortly developed in the Briareus of Oriental translation. But our own pilgrimage to Northampton was mainly impelled by veneration for another worthy. We went to see the spot ennobled by the most attractive name in last century's Dissenting ministry. We went to see the house where "The Rise and Progress" was written. We visited the old chapel, with its square windows and sombre walls, where so many fervent exhortations were once poured forth, and so much enduring good was accomplished. We entered the pulpit where Doddridge used to preach, and the pew where Colonel Gardiner worshipped. We sat in the old arm-chair, beside the vestry fire, and flanking the little table on which so many pages of that affecting Diary were written. And with a view of a sup-

posed original likeness in the study of our host—a minister of the same school, and of a kindred spirit with Doddridge—we finished our Northampton pilgrimage.

In the ornithological gallery of the British Museum, and near the celebrated remains of the Dodo, is suspended the portrait of an extinct lawyer, Sir John Doderidge, the first of the name who procured any distinction to his old Devonian family. Persons skilful in physiognomy have detected a resemblance betwixt King James's solicitor-general and his only famous namesake. But, although it is difficult to identify the sphery figure of the judge with the slim consumptive preacher, and still more difficult to surround with a saintly halo the convivial countenance in which official gravity and constitutional gruffness have only yielded to good cheer; yet, it would appear that for some of his mental features, the divine was indebted to his learned ancestor. Sir John was a bookworm and a scholar; and for a great period of his life a man of mighty industry. His ruling passion went with him to the grave; for he chose to be buried in Exeter Cathedral, at the threshold of its library. His nephew was the rector of Shepperton in Middlesex; but at the Restoration, as he kept a conscience, he lost his living. In the troubles of the Civil War, the judge's estate of two thousand a-year had also been lost out of the family, and the ejected minister was glad to rear his son as a London apprentice, and young Daniel had to push his own way as an oilman. A few years before Mr Doddridge resigned the living of Shepperton, there had come over to England a Bohemian refugee, John Baumann. When the persecution against the Protestants arose in his native land, this godly pastor fled from Prague, taking with him his German Bible, and a hundred gold pieces stitched into a leather girdle. Sleeping in a country inn on one of the first nights of his flight, the fugitive forgot the girdle, and did not miss it till he reached his next resting-

place. It was a weary tramp to retrace his steps to his former lodging; but there the bar-maid told him that she had found an old belt, and from its worn appearance had thought it useless, and thrown it away into one of those domestic limbos—a closet under the stair—where worn besoms and broken stools await the next removal. It was soon produced, and restored to the joyful traveller. With the remainder of his gold pieces, and with his Luther's Bible, Pastor Baumann at last reached England, and when, many years after, he died, the teacher of a school at Kingston-upon-Thames, he left an only daughter. In the providence of God, the son of the ejected Nonconformist, and the daughter of the German refugee, became acquainted. Perhaps the similarity of their descent might help to interest them in one another. But, sure enough, they fell in love, and the London shopkeeper espoused the orphan daughter of the Kingston schoolmaster. Their income was never great, and in nest-building visions they sometimes fancied how pleasant it would be if they could only recover some of Sir John's Devonshire acres. But the salutary dread of a law-suit checked the vain ambition, and sent Daniel back to his casks and his cans, and his wife to her humble housekeeping. And for all their toils the Sabbath made them sweet amends. They had a sorer trial. Except one sickly girl they had lost all their children; and that little girl was the only survivor of nineteen. At last, on a midsummer's day,* and in an airless chamber of some stifled London street, Mrs Doddridge gave birth to her twentieth child. In their solicitude for the half-dead mother, no one paid much attention to the tiny and lifeless-looking infant. Encouraged, however, by some symptom of animation, a neighbour took in hand the little castaway, and, by dint of tender nursing, saved to the world what it had so nearly lost, the life of PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

A child so fragile, and given to them in circumstances so

* June 26, 1702.

affecting, was exceedingly endeared to his parents; and, as usually happens with delicate children, his finely strung sensibilities, and his yearning affection, rendered him peculiarly susceptible of maternal influence. His first lessons were out of a Pictorial Bible, which was then occasionally found in the old houses of England and Holland. The chimney of the room where he and his mother usually sate, was adorned with a series of Dutch tiles, representing the chief events of Scriptural story. In bright blue, on a ground of glistering white, were represented the serpent in the tree, Adam delving outside the gate of Paradise, Noah building his great ship, Elisha's bears devouring the naughty children, and all the outstanding incidents of Holy Writ. And when the frost made the fire burn clear, and little Philip was snug in the arm-chair beside his mother, it was endless joy to hear the stories that lurked in the painted porcelain. That mother could not foresee the outgoings of her early lesson; but when the little boy had become a famous divine, and was publishing his "Family Expositor," he could not forget the Nursery Bible in the chimney tiles. At ten years of age he was sent to the school at Kingston which his grandfather Baumann had taught long ago; and here his sweet dispositions and alacrity for learning drew much love around him—a love which he soon inspired in the school at St Alban's, whither his father subsequently removed him. But whilst busy there with his Greek and Latin, his heart was sorely wrung by the successive tidings of the death of either parent. His father was willing to indulge a wish he had now begun to cherish, and had left money enough to enable the young student to complete his preparations for the Christian ministry. Of this provision a self-constituted guardian got hold, and embarked it in his own sinking business. His failure soon followed, and engulphed the little fortune of his ward; and, as the hereditary plate of the thrifty householders was sold along with the bankrupt's effects, if he had ever felt

the pride of being born with a silver spoon in his mouth, the poor scholar must have felt some pathos in seeing both spoon and tankard in the broker's inventory.

A securer heritage, however, than parental savings, is parental faith and piety. Daniel Doddridge and his wife had sought for their child first of all the kingdom of heaven, and God gave it now. Under the ministry of the Rev. Samuel Clarke of St Alban's, his mind had become more and more impressed with the beauty of holiness and the blessedness of a religious life; and on the other hand, that kind-hearted pastor took a deepening interest in his amiable and intelligent orphan hearer. Finding that he had declined the generous offer of the Duchess of Bedford, to maintain him at either University, provided he would enter the Established Church, Dr Clarke applied to his own and his father's friends, and procured a sufficient sum to send him to a Dissenting Academy at Kibworth, in Leicestershire, then conducted by an able tutor, whose work on Jewish Antiquities has long been esteemed by Biblical scholars—the Rev. David Jennings.

The good Doctor's *protégé* rewarded his patron's kindness. His classical attainments were far above the usual University standard, and he read with avidity the English philosophers from Bacon down to Shaftesbury. He early exhibited that hopeful propensity,—the noble avarice of books. In his first half-yearly account of nine pounds, are entries for "King's Inquiry," and an interleaved New Testament; and a guinea presented by a rich fellow-student is invested in "Scot's Christian Life." Nor was he less diligent in perusing the stores of the Academy library. In six months we find him reading sixty volumes, and some of them as solid as Patrick's Exposition and Tillotson's Sermons. With such avidity for information, professional and miscellaneous, and with a style which was always elastic and easy, and with brilliant talent constantly gleaming over the surface of unruffled temper and warm affections, it is not wonderful that his friends hoped and

desired for him high distinction; but it evinces unusual and precocious attainments, that, when he had scarcely reached majority, he should have been invited to succeed Mr Jennings as pastor at Kibworth, and that whilst still a young man he should have been urged by his ministerial brethren to combine with his pastorate the responsible duties of a college tutor.

It should encourage those who have been some years in the ministry, and who are desirous of starting anew in a style of greater devotedness, to know that even Doddridge's beginnings were small. Under the fatherly instructions of Clarke and Jennings, the pious predispositions of his childhood had greatly strengthened; and in the solitude of his study, no one could be visited with more realising views of things eternal. And in the pulpit, and when meeting face to face the people of his charge, his warm and affectionate nature overflowed in appeals the most tender and touching, sometimes producing a remarkable impression.* But the circumstances of the time and place were far from favourable. He had few fervent neighbours, and not many pious hearers; and, as his social disposition drew him often into their company, his complaisance yielded more than was right to their frivolity. On the other hand, sharing that susceptibility of gentle charms which marks most ideal natures, he devoted to his lady-correspondents time and thought demanded by graver duties. There was a period when, but for interposing Providence, this shining light would have gone out in darkness; when—"the salt losing its savour"—the clever preacher might have subsided into a clerical coxcomb, or, marrying a worldly wife, might have abandoned the gospel ministry altogether, and gone to his farm or his merchandise.

From such a catastrophe the hand of God saved Philip Doddridge. In 1729 he was removed to Northampton, and from that period may be dated the consolidation of his character,

* To the first sermon which he preached two persons afterwards ascribed their conversion.

and the commencement of a new and nobler career. The anguish of spirit occasioned by parting with a much-loved people, and the solemn consciousness of entering on a more arduous sphere, both tended to make him thoughtful, and that thoughtfulness was deepened by a dangerous sickness. Nor in this sobering discipline must we leave out of view one painful but salutary element—a mortified affection. Mr Doddridge had been living as a boarder in the house of his predecessor's widow, and her only child—the little girl whom he had found amusement in teaching an occasional lesson—was now nearly grown up, and had grown up so brilliant and engaging, that the soft heart of the tutor was terribly smitten. The charms of Clio and Sabrina, and every former flame, were merged in the rising glories of Clarinda—as by a classical apotheosis Miss Kitty was now known to his entranced imagination; and in every vision of future enjoyment Clarinda was the beatific angel. But when he decided in favour of Northampton, Miss Jennings shewed a will of her own, and absolutely refused to go with him. To the romantic lover the disappointment was all the more severe, because he had made so sure of the young lady's affection; nor was it mitigated by the mode in which Miss Jennings conveyed her declinature. However, her scorn, if not an excellent oil, was a very good eye-salve. It disenchanted her admirer, and made him wonder how a reverend divine could ever fancy a spoiled child, who had scarcely matured into a petulant girl. And as the mirage melted, and Clarinda again resolved into Kitty, other realities began to shew themselves in a sedater and truer light to the awakened dreamer. As an excuse for an attachment at which Doddridge himself soon learned to smile, it is fair to add that love was in this instance prophetic. Clarinda turned out a remarkable woman. She married an eminent Dissenting minister, and became the mother of Dr John Aikin and Mrs Barbauld, and in her grand-daughter Lucy Aikin, her matrimonial name still survives; so that the

curious in such matters may speculate how far the instructions of Doddridge contributed to produce the "Universal Biography," "Evenings at Home," and "Memoirs of the Courts of the Stuarts."

His biographers do not mark it, but his arrival at Northampton is the real date of Doddridge's memorable ministry. He then woke up to the full import of his high calling, and never went to sleep again. The sickness, the wounded spirit, the altered scene, and, we may add, seclusion from the society of formal religionists, had each its wholesome influence; and, finding how much was required of him as a pastor and tutor, he set to work with the concentration and energy of a startled man, and the first true rest he took was twenty years after, when he turned aside to die.

Glorying in such names as Goodwin, and Charnock, and Owen, it was the ambition of the early Nonconformists of England to perpetuate among themselves a learned ministry. But the rigid exclusiveness of the English Universities rendered the attainment of this object very difficult. It was only by a system of self-taxation that Dissenters could obtain elsewhere the advantages which Oxford and Cambridge refused. Academies were opened in various places, and among others selected for the office of tutor, his talents recommended Mr Doddridge. A large house was taken in the town of Northampton, and the business of instruction had begun, when Dr Reynolds, the diocesan chancellor, instituted a prosecution in the ecclesiastical courts, on the ground that the Academy was not licensed by the bishop. The affair gave Dr Doddridge much trouble, but he had a powerful friend in the Earl of Halifax. That nobleman represented the matter to King George II., and conformably to his own declaration, "That in his reign there should be no persecution for conscience' sake," his Majesty sent a message to Dr Reynolds which put an end to the process.

Freed from this peril, the institution advanced in a career of uninterrupted prosperity. Not only was it the resort of aspirants to the Dissenting ministry, but wealthy Dissenters were glad to secure its advantages for sons whom they were training to business or to learned professions. And latterly, attracted by the reputation of its head, pupils came from Scotland and from Holland;* and in one case, at least, we find a clergyman of the Church of England selecting it as the best seminary for a son whom he designed for the Established ministry.

With an average attendance of forty young men, mostly residing under his own roof, this Academy would have furnished abundant occupation to any ordinary teacher; and although usually relieved of elementary drudgery by his assistant, the main burden of instruction fell on Doddridge himself. He taught Algebra, Geometry, Natural Philosophy, Geography, Logic, and Metaphysics. He prelected on the Greek and Latin Classics, and at morning worship the Bible was read in Hebrew. Such of his pupils as desired it were initiated in French; and, besides an extensive course of Jewish Antiquities and Church History, they were carried through a history of philosophy on the basis of Buddæus. To all of which must be added the main staple of the curriculum, a series of 250 theological lectures, arranged, like Stapfer's, on the demonstrative principle, and each proposition following its predecessor with a sort of mathematical precision. Enormous as was the labour of preparing so many systems, and arranging anew materials so multifarious, it was still a labour of love. A clear and easy apprehension enabled him to amass knowledge with a rapidity which few have ever rivalled, and a constitutional orderliness

* Among the Scotchmen educated at Northampton we find the names of the Earl of Dunmore, Ferguson of Kilkerran, Professor Gilbert Robertson, and another Edinburgh professor, James Robertson, famous in the annals of a family distinguished for its Hebrew scholarship.

of mind rendered him perpetual master of all his acquisitions; and, like most of the mighty capitalists in the world of knowledge, his avidity of acquirement was accompanied by an equal delight in imparting his treasures. When the essential ingredients of his course were completed, he relieved his memory of its redundant stores, by giving lectures on rhetoric and belles lettres, on the microscope, and on the anatomy of the human frame. And there is one feature of his method which is worthy of special commemoration. Sometimes he conducted the students into the library, and gave a lecture on its contents. Going over it case by case, and row by row, he pointed out the most important authors, and indicated their characteristic excellencies, and fixed the mental association by striking or amusing anecdotes. Would not such bibliographical lectures be a boon to all our students? To them a large library is often a labyrinth without a clue—a mighty maze—a dusty chaos. And might not the learned keepers of our great collections give lectures which would at once be entertaining and edifying on those rarities, printed and manuscript, of which they are the favoured guardians, but of which their shelves are in the fair way to become not the dormitory alone, but the sepulchre? Nor was it to the mere intellectual culture of his pupils that Dr Doddridge directed his labours. His academy was a church within a church; and not content with the ministrations which its members shared in common with his stated congregation, this indefatigable man took the pains to prepare and preach many occasional sermons to the students. These, and his formal addresses, as well as his personal interviews, had such an effect, that out of the 200 young men who came under his instructions, 70 made their first public profession of Christianity during their sojourn at Northampton.

And yet, whilst absorbing the best hours of every day, this college was only an accessory to Dr Doddridge's ministerial engagements. His primary work was the pastorate; and the

journal which he commenced on coming to Northampton is an impressive record of the seriousness and self-denial with which he discharged its duties. He made himself minutely conversant with all his flock; and, as many of them came from the adjacent hamlets, he took advantage of his visits thither to gather congregations of the villagers, whom he exhorted with simple but impassioned earnestness; and many of these casual hearers became members of his stated congregation—not a few of them his crown of rejoicing. Like a sincere man and a real orator, in his sermons his first object was to be understood, and therefore his language was plain and unambitious. But he wished to be understood only because he wished to be felt, and therefore from the very outset of his discourse there was a perceptible glow of benevolence and desirousness, which, towards the close, kindled into the most fervent remonstrance and entreaty. And whilst owing to the pellucid clearness of his own mind, his meaning was always manifest, and whilst owing to his logical habits of arrangement, his most hurried compositions were always coherent and instructive—the least enlightened hearer, if he missed the ingenious exposition or the elaborate argument, could hardly miss the contagion of the preacher's earnestness. And surely that sermon is the best which remains not so much a deposit in the memory as a solution through the feelings, and which is recalled not by some pithy remark or pretty figure, but by the consciousness that some sin was then detected, some holy impulse imparted, some new majesty or endearment thrown around the person of the Saviour. Within the compass of English literature scores of sermons might be quoted more ingenious and more eloquent, but not many which more enchain the reader when he has once begun to peruse them, and not many which, in their original delivery, made deeper and more enduring impressions—impressions in despite of an unmelodious voice and a nervous excess of action, and which included all classes of his North-

ampton hearers, from boors who could not read the alphabet up to Akenside the poet.

As a proof of the versatility of his powers it may be mentioned that, each sermon was usually concluded with an appropriate hymn. When he had finished the preparation of a discourse, and whilst his heart was still warm with the subject, it was his custom to throw the leading thoughts into a few simple stanzas. These were sung at the close of the service, and supplied his hearers with a compend of the sermon at once mnemonic and devotional. Thus, a sermon on "The Rest which Remains for the People of God," was followed by this hymn:—

"Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this Thy day, in this Thy house,
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.

"Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there 's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

"No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

"No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose:
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

"O long expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God."

In like manner, a sermon on 1 Peter ii. 7, was condensed into the following metrical epitome:—

"Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.

"Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

"All my capacious powers can wish
In Thee doth richly meet:
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

"Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

"I'll speak the honours of Thy name
With my last labouring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death."

If amber is the gum of fossil trees, fetched up and floated off by the ocean, hymns like these are a spiritual amber. Most of the sermons to which they originally pertained have disappeared for ever; but, at once beautiful and buoyant, these familiar strains are destined to carry the devout emotions of Doddridge to every shore where his Master is loved and where his mother-tongue is spoken.

Whilst in labours for his students and his people thus abundant, Doddridge was secretly engaged on a task which he intended for the Church at large. Ever since his first initiation into the Bible story, as he studied the Dutch tiles on his mother's knee, that book had been the nucleus round which all his vast reading and information revolved and arranged itself; and he early formed the purpose of doing something

effectual for its illustration. Element by element the plan of the "Family Expositor" evolved, and he set to work on a New Testament Commentary, which should at once instruct the uninformed, edify the devout, and facilitate the studies of the learned. Happy is the man who has a *magnum opus* on hand! Be it an "Excursion" poem, or a Southey's "Portugal," or a Neandrine "Church History,"—to the fond projector there is no end of congenial occupation, and, provided he never completes it, there will be no break in the blissful illusion. Whenever he walks abroad, he picks up some dainty herb for his growthful Pegasus, or, we should rather say, some new bricks for his posthumous pyramid, and is constantly flattered by perceiving that his book is the very desideratum for which the world is unwittingly waiting. It is delightful to us to think of all the joys with which, for twenty years, that Expositor filled the dear mind of Dr Doddridge; how one felicitous rendering was suggested after another; how a bright solution of a textual difficulty would rouse him an hour before his usual, and set the study fire a blazing at four o'clock of a winter's morning; and then how beautiful the first quarto looked as it arrived with its laid sheets and snowy margins! We see him setting out to spend a week's holiday at St Alban's, or with the Honourable Mrs Scawen at Maidwell, and packing the *apparatus criticus* into the spacious saddle-bags; and we enjoy the prelibation with which Dr Clarke and a few cherished friends are favoured. We sympathise in his dismay when word arrives that Dr Guyse has forestalled his design, and we are comforted when the doctor's chariot lumbers on, and no longer stops the way. We are even glad at the appalling accident which set on fire the manuscript of the concluding volume, charring its edges, and bathing it all in molten wax; for we know how exulting would be the thanks for its deliverance. We can even fancy the pious hope dawning in the writer's mind, that it might prove a blessing to

the princess to whom it was inscribed; and we can excuse him if, with bashful disallowance, he still believed the fervid praises of Fordyce and Warburton, or tried to extract an atom of intelligent appreciation from the stately compliments of bishops. But far be it from us to insinuate that the chief value of the Expositor was the pleasure with which it supplied the author. If not so minutely erudite as some later works which have profited by German research, its learning is still sufficient to shed honour on the writer, and on a community debarred from colleges; and there must be original thinking in a book which is by some regarded as the source of Paley's "Horæ Paulinæ." But, next to its Practical Observations, its chief excellence is its Paraphrase. There the sense of the sacred writers is rescued from the haze of too familiar words, and is transfused into language not only fresh and expressive, but congenial and devout; and whilst difficulties are fairly and earnestly dealt with, instead of a dry grammarian or a one-sided polemic, the reader constantly feels that he is in the company of a Christian and a scholar. And although we could name interpreters more profound, and analysts more subtile, we know not any one who has proceeded through the whole New Testament with so much candour, or who has brought to its elucidation truer taste and holier feeling. He lived to complete the manuscript, and to see three volumes published. He was cheered to witness its acceptance with all the churches; and to those who love his memory, it is a welcome thought to think in how many myriads of closets and family circles its author when dead has spoken. And as his death in a foreign land forfeited the insurance by which he had somewhat provided for his family, we confess to a certain comfort in knowing that the loss was replaced by his literary legacy. But the great source of complacency is, that He to whom the work was consecrated had a favour for it, and has given it as great an honour as any human book can have—making

it extensively the means of explaining and endearing the book of God.

Whilst this great undertaking was slowly advancing, the author was from time to time induced to give to the world a sermon or a practical treatise. Of these incidental publications the best known and the most precious is "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." The preparation of this work was urged upon him by Dr Isaac Watts, with whom it had long been a cherished project to prepare a manual which should contain within itself a complete course of practical piety, from the first dawn of earnest thought to the full development of Christian character. But when exhaustion and decay admonished Dr Watts that his work was done, he transferred to his like-minded friend his favourite scheme; and, sorely begrudging the interruption of his Commentary, Doddridge compiled this volume. It is not faultless. A more predominant and unreserved exhibition of the gospel remedy would have been more scriptural; and it would have prevented an evil which some have experienced in reading it, who have entangled themselves in its technical details, and who, in their anxiety to keep the track of "The Rise and Progress," have forgotten that after all the grand object is to reach the Cross. But, with every abatement, it is the best book of the eighteenth century; and, tried by the test of usefulness, we doubt if its equal has since appeared. Rendered into the leading languages of Europe, it has been read by few without impression, and in the case of vast numbers that impression has been enduring.* What adds greatly to its importance,

* Amongst many instances of its usefulness few are more striking than the following, related by the Rev. James Hill:—"I was intimate," he says, "with the friends of an officer of most licentious character, so much so, that his tent used to be known among his fellow-officers by the name of 'hell.' It so happened that he went to visit a brother officer at a distant station. This brother officer was not himself a pious man; but, amongst the books lying about in his room, there happened to be Doddridge's 'Rise

and to the reward of its glorified writer, many of those whom it has impressed were master minds, and destined in their turn to be the means of impressing others. As in the instance of Wilberforce, this little book was to be in their minds the germ of other influential books, or of sermons; and, like the lamp at which many torches and tapers are lighted, none can tell how far its rays have travelled in the persons and labours of those whose Christianity it first enkindled.

But what was the secret of Dr Doddridge's great success? He had not the rhetoric of Bates, the imagination of Bunyan, nor the massive theology of Owen; and yet his preaching and his publications were as useful as theirs. So far as we can find it out, let us briefly indicate where his great strength lay.

As already hinted, we attach considerable importance to his clear and orderly mind. He was an excellent teacher. At a glance he saw everything which could simplify his subject, and he had self-denial sufficient to forego those good things which would only encumber it. Hence, like his college lec-

and Progress.' By some means or other it secured the attention of this licentious man. He took it up; he read it; read it with great attention; but still would not suffer his brother officer to see what he was doing. The time of his return to his regiment came, and he was so ashamed of letting it be seen that he took an interest in this book, that though he longed to take it with him, and was anxious above all things to possess it, he would not let it be known; but when he packed up his baggage, he packed up this book with it, and returned. He then read the book; read it through; offered up all the prayers that it contains. He read it a second time; and the result of all was, he sent the book back, with a letter to the officer, pressing on him the duty of reading it, and shewing by his letter that he himself was converted to God by what he had read. He became a decided champion for the faith. He lived but a few months after that, but died in peace with God, and, I trust, is gone to that world of glory where he will speak of the wonders of the Divine providence, as well as the riches of Divine grace."—*Jubilee Memorial of the Religious Tract Society*, p. 208.

tures, his sermons were continuous and straightforward, and his hearers had the comfort of accompanying him to a goal which they and he constantly kept in view. It was his plan not only to divide his discourses, but to enunciate the divisions again and again, till they were fully imprinted on the memory; and although such a method would impart a fatal stiffness to many compositions, in his manipulation it only added clearness to his meaning, and precision to his proofs. Dr Doddridge's was not the simplicity of happy illustration. In his writings you meet few of those bright allusions which play over every line of Bunyan, like sunbeams on the winking lids of ocean; nor can you gather out of his writings such anecdotes as, like garnets in mica-slate, sparkle in every page of Brooks and Flavel. Nor was it the simplicity of homely language. It was not the terse and racy Saxon, of which Latimer in one age, and Swift in another, and Cobbett in our own, have been the mighty masters, and through it the masters of their English fellows. But it was the simplicity of clear conception and orderly arrangement. To the majority of hearers it is a greater treat than ministers always imagine, to get some obscure matter made plain, or some confused subject cleared up. With this treat Doddridge's readers and hearers were constantly regaled. Whether they were things new or old, from the orderly compartments of his memory he fetched the argument or the quotation which the moment wanted, and, knowing his own mind, he told it in his own way, and was always natural, arresting, instructive.

To this must be added a certain pathetic affectionateness, by which all his productions are pervaded. Thirty years ago, there appeared an edition of "The Rise and Progress," with an introductory essay by John Foster; and no juxtaposition could better illustrate our meaning. Dogmatically, Foster was as evangelical as Doddridge—in sheer intellect, he was immeasurably superior; and in this long essay, without professing or

designing it, he has written something like a rival volume. But Foster complained that he knew hardly an instance in which he had been the means of saving a soul; nor are we aware that this elaborate essay has furnished an exception. It cannot be ascribed to want of earnestness. For tenacity of purpose, cogency of argument, and solemnity of remonstrance, we know few effusions equal to this remarkable appeal. But there is a difference: the difference between Esau, hard and hispid—and Jacob, soft and gentle. Each takes hold of the reader and carries him resistlessly onward; but in the one case he finds himself in the grasp of a gauntlet—in the other, the hand that holds his is like that of a sister or brother, warm with emotion, and mild in its urgency. With Foster it is the ascendancy of superior strength—with Doddridge it is the might of tenderness. The brawny essayist is a schoolmaster, by the ear-tip lugging home the captive truant—the evangelist is a good shepherd, carrying back the stray sheep on his shoulder rejoicing. Like St Paul, "gentle among his hearers, as a nurse cherishing her children, affectionately desirous of them," and letting freely forth the yearnings with which his spirit was surcharged—the heart of Doddridge was in his lips and eyes, his heart was in his hand. But many preachers "know not what spirit they are of;" that is, they have taken their doctrines from evangelists, their spirit from some of the more awful and denunciatory prophets of an earlier dispensation; and set, not to the music of Bethlehem, but to the thunder of Sinai, it is difficult to recognise the "joyful sound" in their gloomy remonstrance or angry invective. Is it wonderful that their success is small? "He that *winneth* souls is wise;" and this winsomeness was Doddridge's happy wisdom. There was something in his temper and affections more evangelical than even in his theology. His remonstrances were compassionate; his reproofs regretful amidst their faithfulness; his warnings all the more solemn because of their evident sympathy; and

his exhortations encouraging and alluring from the benevolent hopefulness with which they were freighted.

But we must go a little deeper. Much of the strength of Doddridge was his personal holiness. During the twenty years of his Northampton ministry, it was his endeavour to "walk with God." And it is a spectacle at once humbling and animating to mark his progress, and to see how that divinely-planted principle, which once struggled so feebly with frivolity and self-indulgence and the love of praise, had grown into "a mighty tree." Nor were his immediate hearers unaware of his personal piety and his heavenly-mindedness. They knew how unselfish and disinterested he was; how the husband of an heiress, to whom he had been guardian, made him a handsome present as an acknowledgment for losses sustained by an over-scrupulous administration of her property; and how all the influence which he possessed with noble and powerful personages was exerted only on behalf of others. They knew his pious industry, and how the hardest worker and earliest riser in all their town was the great Doctor, whom so many strangers came to see and hear. They knew his zeal for God, and how dear to him was every project which promised to spread His glory in the earth; and how damping every incident by which he saw God's name dishonoured. And in listening to him they all felt that he was a man of God. And his readers feel the same. They are constantly encountering thoughts which they know instinctively could only have been fetched up from the depths of personal sanctity. The very texts which he quotes are evidently steeped in his own experience; and, unlike the second-hand truisms—the dried rose-leaves—with which so many are content, his thoughts have a dew still on them, like flowers fresh gathered in fields of holy meditation. Even beyond his pathos, there is something subduing in his goodness.

To complete the case, we must add the power of prayer.

Some may remember the prayer at the commencement of "The Rise and Progress:"—"Impute it not, O God, as a culpable ambition, if I desire that this work may be completed and propagated far abroad; that it may reach to those that are yet unborn, and teach them Thy name and Thy praise, when the author has long dwelt in the dust. But if this petition be too great to be granted to one who pretends no claim but Thy sovereign grace, give him to be in Thy Almighty hand the blessed instrument of converting and saving one soul; and if it be but one, and that the weakest and meanest, it shall be most thankfully accepted as a rich recompence for all the thought and labour this effort may cost." And his secret supplications were in unison with this printed prayer. Besides other seasons of devotion, the first Monday of every month was spent in that "solitary place," his vestry; and, deducting the time employed in reviewing the past month, and laying plans for the new one, these seasons were spent in prayer and in communion with God. And, none the less for the accessory reasons already mentioned, it cannot be doubted that the success of his ministry, and the singular good accomplished by his writings, are an answer to these prayers. The piety of Doddridge was as devout as it was benevolent; and to his power with God he owed no small measure of his influence over men. Though genius is longevity, and goodness is immortality, it is Providence alone which can prevent a name from perishing from off the earth. That Providence has not only preserved the name of Doddridge, but has given to his writings a vitality shared by very few of his religious or literary cotemporaries.

Leaving the tutor, the pastor, the author, it is time that we return for a few moments to the man. His fame and his affectionate disposition drew a multitude of friends around him, and this, of course, added to the pressure of his engagements. Besides many visits, it entailed an extensive correspondence, and some of his acquaintances were unreasonable in their epis-

tolary demands. When they insisted on long and frequent despatches from one so busy and so widely known, they forgot that a sermon had to be laid aside, or a chapter of the Exposition suspended in their favour; or that a man, who had seldom leisure to talk to his children, must sit up an extra hour to talk to them. And yet, amidst the urgency of overwhelming toil, his vivacity seldom flagged, and his politeness never. Perhaps the severest thing he ever said was an impromptu on a silly youth who was unfolding a scheme for flying to the moon :—

> "And will Volatio leave this world so soon,
> To fly to his own native seat, the moon?
> 'Twill stand, however, in some little stead,
> That he sets out with such an empty head."

But his wit was usually as mild as his dispositions; and it was seldom that he answered a fool according to his folly. His very essence was kindness and charity, and one of the worst faults laid to his charge is an excess of catholicity. The Nonconformists never liked his dealings with the Church of England; and both Episcopalians and orthodox Dissenters have regretted his intimacy with avowed or suspected Arians. Bishop Warburton reproached him for editing Hervey's Meditations, and Nathaniel Neal warned him of the contempt he was incurring amongst many by associating with "honest, crazy Whitfield;" whilst the "rational Dissenters," represented by Dr Kippis, have regretted that his superior intelligence never emancipated itself from the trammels of a traditional Calvinism. Judging from his early letters, this latter consummation was at one time far from unlikely; but the older and more earnest he grew, the more definite became his creed, and the more intense his affinity for spiritual Christianity. In ecclesiastical polity he never was a partisan,* and

* At that period many Presbyterian chapels were practically Congregational, and Congregational churches frequently adopted what are usually

for piety his attraction was always more powerful than for mere theology. But in that essential element of vital Christianity, a profound and adoring attachment to the Saviour of men, the orthodoxy of Doddridge was never gainsaid. Had any one intercepted a packet of his letters, and found one addressed to Whitfield and another to Wesley; one to the Archbishop of Canterbury and another to Dr Webster of Edinburgh; one to Henry Baker, F.R.S., describing a five-legged lamb and similar prodigies, and another to the Countess of Huntingdon or Joseph Williams, the Kidderminster manufacturer, on some anomaly in religious experience; he might have been at a loss to devise a sufficient theory for such a miscellaneous man. And yet he had a theory. As he writes to his wife, "I do not merely talk of it, but I feel it at my heart, that the only important end of life, and the greatest happiness to be expected in it, consists in seeking in all things to please God, attempting all the good we can." And from the post-office could the querist have returned to the great house at the top of the town, and spent a day in the study, the parlour, and the lecture-room, he would have found that after all there was a true unity amidst these several forthgoings. Like Northampton itself, which marches with more counties than any other shire in England, his tastes were various and his heart was large, and consequently his border-line was long; but amidst all his complaisance and all his versatility, Doddridge had a mind and a calling of his own, and his zeal in his Master's business secured to his character and actions a noble unity.

considered features of Presbyterianism. For instance, up to 1707 the Congregational church at Northampton had recognised ruling elders as well as deacons. In the minute-book for that year, under date May 7, an entry occurs:—"It was agreed upon by the whole church assembled at a public church-meeting, for weighty reasons, that for the time to come the church shall be governed without ruling elders." In 1737, and under Dr Doddridge's pastorate, the elders were re-appointed. See some interesting notices of this old church in the *Congregational Magazine*, vol. iv., New Series,

The heart of Doddridge was just recovering from the wound which the faithless Kitty had inflicted, when he formed the acquaintance of Mercy Maris. Come of gentle blood, her dark eyes and raven hair and brunette complexion were true to their Norman pedigree; and her refined and vivacious mind was only too well betokened in the mantling cheek, and the brilliant expression, and the light movements of a delicate and sensitive frame. When one so fascinating was good and gifted besides, what wonder that Doddridge fell in love? and what wonder that he deemed the 22d December (1730) the brightest of days, when it gave him such a help-meet? Neither of them had ever cause to rue it; and it is pleasant to read the correspondence which subsequently passed between them, shewing them youthful lovers to the last. When away from home, the good doctor had to write constantly to apprise Mercy that he was still "pure well;" and in these epistles he records, with Pepysian minuteness, every incident which was likely to be important at home: how Mr Scawen had taken him to see the House of Commons, and how Lady Abney carried him out in her coach to Newington; how soon his wrist-bands got soiled in the smoke of London, and how his horse had fallen into Mr Coward's well at Walthamstow; and how he had now gone a-fishing "with extraordinary success, for he had pulled a minnow out of the water, though it made shift to get away." They also contain sundry consultations and references on the subject of fans and damasks, white and blue. And from one of them we are comforted to find that the Northampton carrier was conveying a "harlequin dog" as a present from Kitty's husband to the wife of Kitty's old admirer. Their first and darling child died early—the little Tetsey "whom everybody loved, because Tetsey loved everybody;" but, along with their mother, a son survived for nearly half a century to cherish the remembrance of their bright Northampton home, and of their heavenly-minded father.

The family physician was Dr Stonehouse. He had come to Northampton an infidel, and had written an attack on the Christian evidence, which was sufficiently clever to run through three editions, when the perusal of Dr Doddridge's "Christianity Founded on Argument" revolutionised all his opinions. He not only retracted his sceptical publication, but became an ornament to the faith which once he destroyed. To the liberal mind of Doddridge it was no mortification, at least he never shewed it, that his son in the faith preferred the Church of England, and waited on another ministry. The pious and accomplished physician became more and more the bosom friend of the magnanimous and unselfish divine, and in conjunction they planned and executed many works of usefulness, of which the greatest was the Northampton Infirmary. At last Dr Stonehouse exchanged his profession for the Christian ministry, and became the rector of Great and Little Cheverell, in Wiltshire. Belonging to a good family, and possessing superior powers, his preaching attracted many hearers in his own domain of Bath and Bristol, and, like his once popular publications, it was productive of much good. He used to tell two lessons of elocution which he had one day received from Garrick, at the close of the service. "What particular business had you to do to-day when the duty was over?" asked the actor. "None." "Why," said Garrick, "I thought you must, from the hurry in which you entered the desk. Nothing can be more indecent than to see a clergyman set about sacred service as if he were a tradesman, and wanted to get through it as soon as possible. But what books might those be which you had in the desk before you?" "Only the Bible and Prayer-Book," replied the preacher. "*Only* the Bible and Prayer-Book," rejoined the player. "Why, you tossed them about, and turned the leaves as carelessly as if they were a day-book and ledger." And by the reproof of the British Roscius the doctor greatly profited; for even among

the pump-room exquisites he was admired for the perfect grace and propriety of his pulpit manner. Perhaps he studied it too carefully—at least he studied it till he became aware of it, and talked too much about it. His old age was rather egotistical. He had become a rich man and a baronet, and, as he was a little vain, he had many flatterers; but, as the friend of Hannah More, he has received a sort of literary apotheosis, and, as long as her "Life and Letters" have readers, Sir James will shine as a star in the constellation "Virgo."

Amongst the visitors at their father's house, at first to the children more formidable than the doctor, and by and by the most revered of all, was a Scotch cavalry officer. With his Hessian boots, and their tremendous spurs, sustaining the grandeur of his scarlet coat and powdered queue, there was something to youthful imaginations very awful in the stately hussar; and that awe was nowise abated when they got courage to look on his high forehead, which overhung gray eyes and weather-beaten cheeks, and when they marked his firm and dauntless air. And then it was terrible to think how many battles he had fought, and how in one of them a bullet had gone quite through his neck, and he had lain a whole night among the slain. But there was a deeper mystery still. He had been a very bad man once, it would appear, and now he was very good; and he had seen a vision: and altogether, with his strong Scotch accent, and his sword, and his wonderful story, the most solemn visitant was this grave and lofty soldier. But they saw how their father loved him, and they saw how he loved their father. As he sat so erect in the square corner-seat of the chapel, they could notice how his stern look would soften, and how his firm lip would quiver, and how a happy tear would roll down his deep-lined face; and they heard him as he sang so joyfully the closing hymn, and they came to feel that the Colonel must indeed be very good. At last, after a long absence, he came to see their father, and staid

three days, and he was looking very sick and very old. And the last night, before he went away, their father preached a sermon in the house, and his text was, "I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him." And the Colonel went away, and their father went with him, and gave him a long convoy; and many letters went and came. But at last there was war in Scotland. There was a rebellion, and there were battles; and then the gloomy news arrived. There had been a battle close to the very house of Bankton, and the king's soldiers had run away, and the brave Colonel Gardiner would not run, but fought to the very last, and—alas for the Lady Frances!—he was stricken down and slain scarce a mile from his own mansion door.

Near Northampton stands the little parish church of Weston Favel. Its young minister was one of Doddridge's dearest friends. He was a tall and spectral-looking man, dying daily; and, like so many in that district, was a debtor to his distinguished neighbour. After he became minister of his hereditary parish, and when he was preaching with more earnestness than light, he was one day acting on a favourite medical prescription of that period, and accompanying a ploughman along the furrow in order to smell the fresh earth. The ploughman was a pious man, and attended the Castle-Hill Meeting; and the young minister asked him, "What do you think the hardest thing in religion?" The ploughman respectfully returned the question, excusing himself, as an ignorant man; and the minister said, "I think the hardest thing in religion is to deny sinful self;" and, expatiating some time on its difficulties, asked, if anything could be harder? "No, sir, except it be to deny righteous self." At the moment the minister thought his parishioner a strange fellow, or a fool; but he never forgot the answer, and was soon a convert to the ploughman's creed. James Hervey had a mind of uncommon gorgeousness. His thoughts all marched to a stately music, and were arrayed in

the richest superlatives. Nor was it affectation. It was the necessity of his ideal nature, and was a merciful compensation for his scanty powers of outward enjoyment. As he sat in his little parlour watching the saucepan, in which his dinner of gruel was simmering, and filled up the moments with his microscope, or a page of the "Astro-Theology," in his tour of the universe he soon forgot the pains and miseries of his corporeal residence. To him "Nature was Christian;" and after his own soul had drunk in all the joy of the Gospel, it became his favourite employment to read it in the fields and the firmament. One product of these researches was his famous "Meditations. They were, in fact, a sort of Astro- and Physico-Evangelism, and, as their popularity was amazing, they must have contributed extensively to the cause of Christianity. They were followed by "Theron and Aspasio," a series of dialogues and letters on the most important points of personal religion, in which, after the example of Cicero, solid instruction is conveyed amidst the charms of landscape and the amenities of friendly intercourse. This latter work is memorable as one of the first attempts to popularise systematic divinity; and it should undeceive those who deem dulness the test of truth, when they find the theology of Vitringa and Witsius enshrined in one of our finest prose poems. It was hailed with especial rapture by the Seceders of Scotland, who recognised "The Marrow" in this lordly dish, and were justly proud of their unexpected apostle. Many of them, that is, many of the few who achieved the feat of a London journey, arranged to take Weston on their way, and eschewing the Ram Inn and the adjacent Academy, they turned in to Aspasio's lowly parsonage. Here they found "a reed shaking in the wind;"—a panting invalid nursed by his tender mother and sister; and when the Sabbath came, James Erskine, or Dr Pattison, or whoever the pilgrim might be, saw a great contrast to his own teeming meeting-house in the little flock that assem-

bled in the little church of Weston Favel. But that flock hung with up-looking affection on the moveless attitude and faint accents of their emaciated pastor, and with Scotch-like alacrity turned up and marked in their Bibles every text which he quoted; and though they could not report the usual accessories of clerical fame—the melodious voice, and graceful elocution, and gazing throng—the visitors carried away "a thread of the mantle," and long cherished, as a sacred remembrance, the hours spent with this Elijah before he went over Jordan. Others paid him the compliment of copying his style; and both among the evangelical preachers of the Scotch Establishment and the first Secession, the "Meditations" became a frequent model. A few imitators were very successful; for their spirit and genius were kindred: but most of them degenerated into mere bombast, and the effect of their flowery truisms was to entail contempt on the glowing and gifted original.

Gladly would we introduce the reader to a few others of Dr Doddridge's friends: such as Dr Clarke, his constant adviser and considerate friend, whose work on "The Promises" still holds its place in our religious literature; Gilbert West, whose catholic piety and elegant tastes found in Doddridge a congenial friend; Dr Watts, who so shortly preceded him to that better country, of which whilst on earth they were so evidently citizens; Bishop Warburton, who, in a life-long correspondence with so mild a friend, carefully cushioned his formidable claws, and became the lion playing with the lamb; and William Coward, Esq., with cramps in his legs, and crotchets in his head—the rich London merchant who was constantly changing his will, but who at last, by what Robert Baillie would have termed the "canny conveyance" of Watts and Doddridge, did bequeath twenty thousand pounds towards founding a Dissenting college. At each of these and several others we would have wished to glance; for we hold that biography is only like a cabinet specimen when it merely presents the man

himself, and that to know him truly he must be seen *in situ*, and surrounded with his friends: especially a man like Doddridge, whose affectionate and absorptive nature imbibed so much from those around him. But perhaps enough has been already said to aid the reader's fancy.

The sole survivor of twenty brothers and sisters, and with such a weakly frame, the wonder is that, amidst incessant toil, Doddridge held out so long. Temperance, elasticity of spirits, and the hand of God upheld him. At last, in December 1750, preaching the funeral sermon of Dr Clarke, at St Alban's, he caught a cold which he could never cure. Visits to London, and to the waters of Bristol, had no beneficial effect; and, in the fall of the following year, he was advised to try a voyage to Lisbon. His kind friend Bishop Warburton here interposed, and obtained for his Dissenting brother a favour which deserves to be held in lasting memorial. He applied at the London Post-office, and, through his influence, it was arranged that the captain's rooms in the packet should be put at the invalid's disposal. Accordingly, on the 30th September, accompanied by his anxious wife and a servant, he sailed from Falmouth; and, revived by the soft breezes and the ship's stormless progress, he sate in his easy chair in the cabin, enjoying the brightest thoughts of all his life. "Such transporting views of the heavenly world is my Father now indulging me with as no words can express," was his frequent exclamation to the tender partner of his voyage. And when the ship was gliding up the Tagus, and Lisbon with its groves, and gardens, and sunny towers stood before them, so animating was the spectacle, that affection hoped he might yet recover. The hope was an illusion. Bad symptoms soon came on; and the chief advantage of the change was, that it perhaps rendered dissolution more gentle. On the 26th of October 1751 he ceased from his labours, and soon after was laid in the burying-ground of the English factory. The Lisbon earthquake soon

followed; but his grave remains to this day, and, like Henry Martyn's at Tocat, is to the Christian traveller a little spot of holy ground.

Since then a hundred years have passed away; but there is much of Doddridge still on earth. The "Life of Colonel Gardiner" is still one of the best-known biographies; and, with Dr John Brown, we incline to think that, as a manual for ministers, there has yet appeared no memoir superior to his own. The Family "Expositor" has undergone that disintegrating process to which all bulky books are liable, and many of its happiest illustrations now circulate as things of course in the current popular criticism; and though his memory does not receive the due acknowledgment, the Church derives the benefit. The singers of the Scotch Paraphrases and of other hymn collections are often unwitting singers of the words of Doddridge; and the thousands who quote the lines—

"Live while you live, the epicure would say," &c.

are repeating the epigram which Philip Dodddrige wrote, and which Samuel Johnson pronounced one of the finest in our language. And if "The Rise and Progress" shall ever be superseded by a modern work, we can only wish its successor equal usefulness: however great its merits, we can scarcely promise that it will keep as far a-head of all competitors for a hundred years as the original work has done. Had Doddridge lived a little longer, missionary movements would have been sooner originated by the British Churches; but he lived long enough to be the father of the Book Society. And as Coward College is now absorbed in a more extensive erection, St John's Wood College should contain a statue of Doddridge, as the man who gave the mightiest impulse to the work of rearing an educated Nonconformist ministry in England.

From wanting what may be termed the decisive or dogmatic faculty, some minds are incapable of forming a conclusive

opinion on debateable points; from constitutional mildness, others are incapable of pronouncing firmly opinions which they have decidedly formed. To a certain extent Doddridge shared either infirmity. Except those few fundamental truths on which his personal piety immediately reposed, the doctrines of theology had not been the subject of his anxious study. With the literature of his science he was abundantly acquainted, and, as a historian, he knew what other men had thought and written; but, as a judge, he had not come to an absolute verdict—as a divine, he had not completed his creed. Still more, in that age of religious rancour, and with friendships embracing all shades of Protestant opinion, it was very distressing to a soft and affectionate nature to give forth categorical statements on the points of controversy. Doddridge felt this hardship, and, because he preached in all sorts of pulpits, and had a certain popularity among all sorts of hearers, many called him a temporiser and trimmer. This was unfair. With Doddridge the primary aim was the promotion of practical piety; and he fancied that, in his occasional ministrations amongst his neighbours, this could be best advanced by keeping clear of their theological peculiarities. A man of greater courage or of colder temperament might have acted otherwise; but in acting as he did, we believe that Doddridge acted purely. He loved his friends, and he had no desire for partisans, and therefore he was extremely anxious to give offence to none. But if he did not always preach the whole of his creed, he never preached anything contrary to it. If he did not always announce himself as a Calvinist, neither did he to the Arminians become as an Arminian, nor to the Arians did he become as an Arian. He may have been too facile, and may have taken a momentary complexion from his company, but he practised no intentional imposition, as was done by too many in his day; nor could any one upbraid him as a wolf in sheep's clothing.

But, in apologising for Doddridge, we would not plead for a silent or neutral policy. Not only is it essential that a pastor and a tutor should have his mind made up on all important matters, but he ought to be so "fully persuaded" as to give a positive tone to his teaching. And if, with beliefs so few or so feeble that he cannot throw into his subject an enthusiastic advocacy, a man ascends the chair of instruction, his see-saw statements may inflict a serious damage on his hearers; for, while they fail to do justice to particular truths, they leave the impression that there is no truth attainable. In his theological lectures, Dr Doddridge treated his pupils as if he were a judge summing up to a jury; and it need not surprise us if, finding so many questions left open, some of them never came to a decision, and others decided amiss.

But if Northampton Academy was not a school of dogmatic theology, the piety and intelligence of its Principal imparted a peculiar salubrity to its atmosphere; and, according to their several affinities, its alumni carried away the fervour of evangelists, or the tastes and habits of accomplished scholars.

Of the former class we can have no happier instance than RISDON DARRACOTT.* Even when a student, this pious youth found an outlet for his zeal in the surrounding villages; and on one occasion, as was then very usual, his little conventicle was surrounded by the rabble, and the preacher only escaped personal injury by making his exit through a window in the rear of the building. When his college course was ended, in all the freshness of youth, he was invited to become the minister of the Presbyterian congregation at Wellington, in Somersetshire. This little town was just the sort of place where ordinary zeal would have dwindled down to decency, and where caged ambition would have fretted at the smallness of its sphere. But Darracott's was more than common zeal; and so long as there were thousands of uncon-

* Born 1717. Died 1759.

verted men in Wellington, there were abundant objects for his ambition. Accordingly, commencing with a communion-roll of twenty-eight, he began to preach with as much warmth and energy as if the entire town were resorting to his ministry. With moderate scholarship, and with nothing brilliant in his thoughts, his eager aspect and glowing countenance gave to truths oft told a freshness equal to originality, and even to the coarsest minds there was something irresistibly captivating in the suavity of his spirit and the refinement of the Christian gentleman; and as that gospel which he preached had a constant exponent in an eye ever beaming and in a frame ever bounding with active benevolence, it is not wonderful that the common people heard him gladly. When he perceived any one unusually attentive or solemnised, it was his plan to write a letter or pay an early visit, in order to urge the impression home; and he was unwearied in his efforts to bring amiable or awakened hearers to the grand decision which divides the Church from the world, and formality from faith. His paramount zeal for his Master was nobly displayed in his anxiety to bring to Wellington preachers more powerful than himself, and a visit which he secured from Whitfield was the means of a memorable and salutary excitement in that little town. It was chiefly among the poor and illiterate that Mr Darracott's ministry prospered; but among poachers and vagrants, foreign mountebanks and clod-poles who could not read the alphabet, as well as among farmers and tradesmen, he saw many triumphs of the all-transforming gospel. And amongst his forays into the surrounding villages one hamlet is specified as a singular trophy of his fervent ministry. So addicted to drunkenness, rioting, and fighting was Rogue's Green, that it had become the Nazareth of that neighbourhood. However, into this den of depravity Mr Darracott found his way, and the result of his labours was, that in a hamlet where there had not been a single worshipper, there remained scarcely a single

house in which the evening traveller would not hear the voice of prayer and praise. And when, after eighteen years of unflagging toil, this good man died his blessed death, instead of twenty-eight he left a church of three hundred members. One of the last cordials vouchsafed to Doddridge before he left his native land, was a sight of this beloved pupil in the very zenith of his usefulness. A week before he embarked for Lisbon he spent a night at Wellington, and on the morning of his departure told his young friend that his joys were now too much for his enfeebled body to sustain.

Another like-minded pupil was BENJAMIN FAWCETT.* His sphere for five-and-thirty years was Kidderminster, and the charge in which he laboured was immortalised by the name of Baxter. Never had minister a more kindred successor. Not only did Mr Fawcett adopt the Baxterian theology, and attain a goodly measure of the Baxterian importunity and pathos in preaching, but it was the labour of his leisure to abridge such works as the "Saint's Rest," and the "Call to the Unconverted," and "Converse with God in Solitude." It is easy to curtail a book. With pen and scissors any man may make a long treatise short. But it is not so easy to condense a book—preserving all its essence, and lessening nothing except its volume. But this is what the skill of Fawcett has effected for the copiousness of Baxter. Relieving the work of cumbrous quotations and irrelevant discussions, he has also compressed the exuberant phraseology, but so happily that it still retains a pleasing fulness. And whilst the condensation has increased the effectiveness of the composition, with the tenderness of a foster-father he has sacrificed nothing which the author would have grieved to surrender. In his own ministry Mr Fawcett was eminent for his abundant labours and physical energy. In his hale constitution and hardihood only he was a striking contrast to Baxter. Like his tutor he used to rise every morn-

* Born 1715. Died 1760.

ing at five, and, even in the coldest weather, he never had a fire in his study. And three sermons on Sabbath, with several through the week, seemed only to have the effect of a wholesome exercise.

For the last fifteen years of his life Mr Fawcett had for a hearer an esteemed ministerial brother; and if you had wished to know all about Doddridge, you could not have done better than make the acquaintance of that elderly gentleman in the scratch wig, with mittens and spencer. You would have found it rather difficult. He was a recluse, and, partly from a nervous inability to meet official exigences, had resigned his pastorate in Shrewsbury; and now the old bachelor wished to snuggle down in a bookish privacy. Write him a letter, and he will send you an answer full of anecdotes and wisdom, and running over with piety and kindness; but do not flutter him by a personal inroad. Or if go you must, wait till evening, and tap gently, very gently, at the door. As he sits with his feet on either hob, it is a pipe that he is smoking, and it is Flavel that he is reading. See, how you have frightened him! how furtively and sorrowfully he looks up at the intruder, and how the pipe has nearly dropped from his unclosing lips! Speak to him. Assure him. Tell him that you are not a deacon from the old meeting at Shrewsbury, but a devotee come to worship at the shrine of Doddridge. And now you are right welcome. Half the fireside is yours, and—Do you smoke? or would you prefer a cup of cider? He will tell you all you want to know. He will tell you how high he was and how thin, and how he stooped in the shoulders. He will describe his conversation, its sprightliness, its benevolence, its occasional brilliant repartee; and, above all, its instructiveness: how, like the warm brooks in the Apennines, even when quickest and clearest, it always left a solid deposit. He will describe his preaching, and his lecturing, and his studying; and if he sees that you are enthusiast enough he will go to that cupboard,

and produce a sample of the hoarded relics. Here is a bunch of letters, and you see how neat and legible is every line; and there is a little stenographic volume. It is Rich's short-hand; and had you been a pupil of the doctor, it would have been your first task to learn it. Though not a Boswell, JOB ORTON* was one of the best of biographers; and so carefully and piously has he compiled the life of his venerated tutor, that his own name will be coeval with Doddridge. His paraphrase of the Old Testament, on the model of his early master, has obtained little notoriety; but his "Sermons to the Aged" are still in good repute, and shew how solid and practical his preaching must have been, and to what good account he turned his multifarious reading.

The converse of Job Orton was ANDREW KIPPIS.† Both grateful pupils and admiring biographers of Doddridge, no men could be more different. And yet at one point their orbits curiously intersected. Prince's Street Chapel in Westminster was vacant, and each was successively invited to fill it. Orton, who, notwithstanding his strong curiosity, never had courage to visit London, declined it. Kippis went, and lived and died its minister. In his youth he had acquired a vast mass of information, having, it is said, read for years together at the rate of sixteen hours a day, and in his omnivorous appetite for knowledge, bolting such books as the ten folios of the "General Dictionary." And with all the ardour of unabated studiousness, his powerful memory retained to the last its amazing acquisitions. Nor was Robert Hall's sarcasm so true as it was witty. Crammed with books as was his cranium, his brains had "room to move in." He was a vigorous thinker, as well as a Herculean worker; and his original articles in the "Biographia Britannica" bear the stamp of a masculine understanding as well as a rarely furnished memory. However, it was chiefly as a man of letters and a

* Born 1717. Died 1783. † Born 1725. Died 1795.

rhetorician that Dr Kippis could appreciate the character of Doddridge. Kitty's daughter, Mrs Barbauld, said of her own Socinian sect, that it was the "frozen zone of Christianity;" and in those days of spiritual aphelion, so refrigerated had the general atmosphere become, that almost all who lost the shelter of a pious home got speedily frost-bitten. Removed from contact with Doddridge's fervent spirit, it was not long before, in the minds of many of his pupils, the icy crystallisations began to form, and the arctic winter set in. Such was the fate of Dr Kippis. In his mind evangelism became completely petrified, and the essays of Prince's Street had no power as gospel sermons. Had it not been for this, he would have been the model of a city minister. With a temper which no interruptions ruffled, and a frame which no fatigues exhausted, he not only accomplished literary undertakings of enormous industry, such as editing the works of Lardner and Doddridge, and compiling the five folios of his "Biographia;" but he found leisure to execute the duties of sundry trusts—equivalent to the work of modern committees—and besides gratifying his own tastes as a member of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, he fulfilled with a faultless accuracy all the outward labours of his pastorate. Although the knocker had been singing "Tityre tu," he could not have received with a blander smile each invading Melibœus, whether he were a country minister come to pass the day with him, or a young student soliciting one of the Williams' bursaries, or a poor author wishing to sell a greasy poem to the "Monthly Magazine." For one and all the polite and kind-hearted Kippis had never-failing patience and urbanity, and to many he rendered enduring service. And then, when he came in from a protracted tea-drinking with some old lady, who felt shabbily used because he did not come till five and left at nine, he found in the lobby the messenger of printer Nichols waiting for more "copy;" and in the study there were

letters from Sir John Pringle about some Royal Society feud, and from Sir David Dalrymple about some old Border abbey, and from some provincial congregation about procuring supply, all needing answers by return. And such answers they would receive. Before breakfast next morning the supply was announced, Sir John and Sir David were enlightened, and the printer was pacified. In his day the Atlas of so large a sphere —so laborious, so affable, and so truly learned—and monopolising to himself and his associates the title of "Rational Dissenters," is it not curious that nearly all his associates should now be forgotten, and that his own name should chiefly survive in the sarcasm of a dissenter whom Dr Kippis would scarcely have counted "rational?"

Amongst theological students a work of some consideration used to be "Farmer on Miracles." Its author, HUGH FARMER,* was one of Doddridge's earliest pupils. His lot in life was easy. Mr Coward, whose residence was seven miles from London, and in the stately seclusion of Epping Forest, selected him as his private chaplain. His vigorous compositions, aided by a polished style and a voice full of unction, attracted to Mr Coward's parlour so large an audience, that a separate place of worship was speedily provided; and so high did the reputation of Mr Farmer rise, that many opulent citizens bought or built mansions at Walthamstow for the sake of his ministry. At last, it is recorded, as many as twenty or thirty coaches would be marshalled at the door of his meeting on a Sunday morning. Meanwhile he ceased to reside with Mr Coward. That old English gentleman closed his doors at six in winter and seven in summer; and thereafter no urgency could get them opened. One evening the chaplain was barred out; and knowing how needless it was to continue knocking, he repaired to the house of a hearer. Mr and Mrs Snell were so kind that the night's lodging grew into a sojourn of thirty years; and

* Born 1714. Died 1787.

the only drawback on this rare hospitality was, that when at last it was ended by the decease of his host and hostess, he found himself a gouty bachelor too old to look out for a helpmate. We suspect that this leisure was too delightful, and the refined society of the forest too fascinating. His ministry was popular, but we are afraid that it was not very useful. He had an independent and vigorous mind, and, besides his best known work, he published on Demoniacs and other subjects treatises which displayed originality and learning, but for the most part leaning to the rationalistic side. He was very fastidious about his own compositions, and during his long and popular ministry had sufficient forbearance to publish only one solitary sermon.*

SPECIMENS.

Capernaum.

[Amidst the spiritual blight and lethargy which marked the drowsy noon of the eighteenth century, many who had resisted the earnestness of Whitfield were startled by successive earthquakes, which shook the metropolis and its neighbourhood. Soon afterwards, Dr Doddridge was preaching in London, and he took for his text, "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shall be brought down to hell," &c. The sermon, which was delivered at Salter's Hall, August 20, 1749, was its author's last address to a London auditory, and is one of the most solemn and arousing appeals which ever proceeded from a pulpit. Whilst preaching it, he said that he was conscious of an uncommon influence resting on his spirit, and the impression produced was very great. One of the hearers was a gentleman of considerable property, Mr Benjamin Forfitt; and on his

* Besides "Orton's Memoir," the reader who desires further information is referred to "Philip Doddridge, his Life and Labours," a most interesting and eloquent centenary Memorial by the Rev. J. Stoughton.

mind the effect of the sermon was, that he went and founded "The Book Society," which, for upwards of a century, has been doing incalculable good, by the difusion of religious books, and which preceded the Tract Society fifty years.]

And now, methinks, I am ready to interrupt my discourse, and could rather, were I sure you would attend me in it, sit down, and cover my face, and weep. For if these are indeed the words of the Son of God, they are big with a terrible tempest; and it hangs over what we call the Christian world; it hangs over this island, which is in many respects the glory of it. And have we no forebodings, where the heaviest part of it might justly fall? Is there no city that rises to our thoughts far superior to Capernaum in its wealth and magnificence, and in some respects more than equal to it in its guilt? O London, London!—dear city of my birth and education,—seat of so many of my friends,—seat of our princes and senators,—centre of our commerce,—heart of our island, which must feel and languish, must tremble, and, I had almost said, die with thee!—How art thou lifted up to heaven! How high do thy glories rise; and how bright do they shine! How great is thy magnificence! How extensive thy commerce! How numerous, how free, how happy, thy inhabitants! How happy, above all, in their religious opportunities! In the uncorrupted gospel, so long, so faithfully, preached in thy synagogues! displayed in so many peculiar glories, which were but beginning to dawn when Jesus himself dwelt in Capernaum, and preached repentance there! But while we survey these heights of elevation, must we not tremble, lest thou shouldst fall so much the lower, lest thou shouldst plunge so much the deeper in ruin?

My situation, sirs, is not such as to render me most capable of judging concerning the moral character of this our justly celebrated metropolis. But who can hear what seem the most

credible reports of it—yea, I will add, who can walk its streets but for a few days with any other observation, and not take an alarm, and be ready to meditate terror? Whose spirit must not, like that of Paul at Athens, be stirred, when he sees the city so abandoned to profaneness, luxury, and vanity? Is it, indeed, false, all that we hear? Is it, indeed, accidental, all that we see? Is London wronged, when it is said,—That great licentiousness reigns among most of its inhabitants, and great indolence and indifference to religion even among those that are not licentious?—That assemblies for divine worship are much neglected, or frequented with little appearance of seriousness or solemnity; while assemblies for pleasure are thronged, and attended with such an eagerness, that all the heart and soul seems to be given to them, rather than to God?—That most of its families are prayerless, wanting time, it seems, or rather wanting heart, for these social devotions; while many hours of every day can be given to recreations and amusements at home, if by any accident it is impracticable to seek them abroad?—That the Sabbath, instead of being religiously observed, is given to jaunts of pleasure into neighbouring villages, or wasted on beds of sloth, or at tables of excess?—That not only persons in the highest ranks of life, but that the trading part of its citizens, affect such an excessive gaiety, and grandeur, and delicacy, the very reverse of that frugality of our ancestors, who raised the city to what it is?—That men in almost every rank are ambitious of appearing to be something more than those who stand in the next rank above them could conveniently allow themselves to appear; and in consequence of this, are grasping at business they cannot manage, entering into engagements for what they cannot answer; and so, after a vain and contemptible blaze, drawing bankruptcy upon themselves, and exposing to the danger of it, honest, industrious persons, who are won by that suspicious face of plenty which they put on, to repose a confidence in them, on

that very account so much the less reasonable and safe?—That the poorer sort of the people are so grossly ignorant, as to know hardly anything of religion, but the sacred names, which they continually profane; so wretchedly depraved, as to consume their time and strength in reaching at those low and pernicious luxuries which they may hope to attain; and so abandoned, as to sink unchastised into the most brutal sensualities and impurities: while those who would exert any remarkable zeal to remedy these evils, by introducing a deep and warm sense of religion into the minds of others, are suspected and censured as whimsical and enthusiastical, if not designing men?—In a word, That the religion of our divine Master is by multitudes of the great and the vulgar openly renounced and blasphemed; and by others but coldly defended, as if it were grown a matter of mere indifference, which men might, without any great danger of mischief, reject at their pleasure—yea, as if it were a matter of great doubt and uncertainty, whether men's souls were immortal, or whether they were extinguished with so empty and insignificant a life? Men and brethren, are these things indeed so? I take not upon me to answer absolutely that they are; but I will venture to say, that if they are indeed thus, London, as rich, and grand, and glorious as it is, has reason to tremble, and to tremble so much the more for its abused riches, grandeur, and glory.

The One Thing Needful.

1. Let me address those that are entirely unconcerned about the one thing needful.

Sirs, I have been stating the case at large, and I now appeal to your consciences, are these things so? or are they not? God and your own hearts best know for what the care of your soul is neglected; but be what it will, the difference between one

grain of sand and another is not great when it comes to be weighed against a talent of gold. Whatever it is, you had need to examine it carefully. You had need to view that commodity on all sides, of which you do in effect say, For this will I sell my soul, for this will I give up heaven and venture hell, be heaven and hell whatever they may. In the name of God, sirs, is this the part of a man, of a rational creature? To go on with your eyes open towards a pit of eternal ruin, because there are a few gay flowers in the way. Or what if you shut your eyes? will that prevent your fall? It signifies little to say, I will not think of these things, I will not consider them. God has said, "In the last days they shall consider it perfectly." * The revels of a drunken malefactor will not prevent nor respite his execution. Pardon my plainness; if it were a fable, or a tale, I would endeavour to amuse you with words, but I cannot do it where your souls are at stake.

2. I would apply to those who are convinced of the importance of their souls, yet are inclined to defer that care of them a little longer, which in the general they see to be necessary.

I know, you that are young are under peculiar temptations to do this; though it is strange that the death of so many of your companions should not be an answer to some of the most specious and dangerous of those temptations. Methinks if there were the least degree of uncertainty, the importance is too weighty to put matters to the venture. But here the uncertainty is great and apparent. You must surely know that there are critical seasons of life for managing the concerns of it, which are of such a nature, that, if once lost, they may never return. Here is a critical season: "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." † "To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." ‡ This language may not be spoken to-morrow; talk not of a more convenient season, none can be more convenient; and that to which you would

* Jer. xxiii. 20. † 2 Cor. vi. 2. ‡ Heb. iii. 7, 8.

probably refer it, is least of all so—a dying time. You would not choose then to have any important business in hand; and will you of choice refer the greatest business of all to that languishing, hurrying, amazing hour? If a friend were then to come to you with the balance of an intricate account, or a view of a title to an estate, you would shake your fainting head, and lift up your pale trembling hand, and say perhaps with a feeble voice, "Alas! is this a time for these things?" And is it a time for so much greater things than these? I wish you knew, and would consider into what a strait we that are ministers are sometimes brought, when we are called to the dying beds of those who have spent their lives in the neglect of the one thing needful. On the one hand we fear lest, if we palliate matters, and speak smooth things, we shall betray and ruin their souls; and on the other, that if we use a becoming plainness and seriousness, in warning them of their danger, we shall quite overwhelm them, and hasten the dying moment which is advancing by such swift steps. Oh, let me entreat you, for our sakes, and much more for your own, that you do not drive us to such sad extremities; but that if you are convinced, as I hope some of you may now be, that the care of the soul is that needful thing we have represented, let the conviction work, let it drive you immediately to the throne of grace, that from thence you may derive that wisdom and strength which may direct you in all the intricacies which entangle you, and animate you in the midst of difficulty and discouragement.

3. I would, in the last place, address myself to those happy souls who have in good earnest attended to the one thing needful.

I hope, when you see how commonly it is neglected—neglected, indeed, by many whose natural capacities, improvements, and circumstances in life appear to you superior to your own—you will humbly acknowledge, that it was distinguishing grace

that brought you into this happy state, and formed you to this most necessary care. Bless the Lord, therefore, who hath given you that counsel, in virtue of which you can say that He is your portion. Rejoice in the thought that the great concern is secured, as it is natural for us to do, when some important affair is despatched which has long lain before us, and which we have been inclined to put off from one day to another, but have at length strenuously and successfully attended. Remember still to continue acting on those great principles which at first determined your choice, and seriously consider that those who desire their life may at last be given them for a prey, must continue on their guard, in all stages of their journey through a wilderness where daily dangers are still surrounding them. Having secured the great concern, make yourselves easy as to others of smaller importance. You have chosen "the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, other things therefore shall be added unto you;" and if any which you desire should not be added, comfort yourselves with this thought, that you have the good part which can never be taken away. And, not to enlarge on these obvious hints which must so often occur, be very solicitous that others may be brought to a care about the one thing needful. If it be needful for you, it is so for your children, your friends, your servants. Let them, therefore, see your concern in this respect for them, as well as for yourselves. Let parents, especially, attend to this exhortation, whose care for their offspring often exceeds in other respects, and fails in this. Remember that your children may never live to enjoy the effects of your labour and concern, to get them estates and portions. The charges of their funerals may perhaps be all their share of what you are so anxiously careful to lay up for them. And, oh! think what a sword would pierce through your very heart, if you should stand by the corpse of a beloved child with this reflection, "This poor creature has done with life before it learnt its great

business in it, and is gone to eternity, which I have seldom been warning it to prepare for, and which, perhaps, it learnt of me to forget."

On the whole, may this grand care be awakened in those by whom it has been hitherto neglected; may it be revived in each of our minds! And that you may be encouraged to pursue it with greater cheerfulness, let me conclude with this comfortable thought, that in proportion to the necessity of the case, is the provision which divine grace has made for our assistance. If you are disposed to sit down at Christ's feet, He will teach you by His Word and Spirit. If you commit this precious jewel, which is your eternal all, into His hand, He will preserve it unto that day, and will then produce it richly adorned, and gloriously improved to His own honour, and to your everlasting joy. Amen.

Letter to his Wife.

[Five volumes of Dr Doddridge's Correspondence were published in 1830 by his great-grandson, John Doddridge Humphreys, Esq. Although edited with little taste or judgment, the five volumes contain many letters, for the preservation of which we are grateful. The following letter was written to Mrs Doddridge on a Sabbath morning:—]

NORTHAMPTON, *Oct.* 31, 1742.

MY DEAREST,—The comfortable news which Miss Rappit's letter brought me on Friday night proved very sweet, and, as I hope, put me in better spirits for the work of the day.

I question not, my dear, but that you and she are both wishing yourselves with us, and we should greatly rejoice in your being so; and yet I hope it will be some comfort to you, to think that we shall remember you at the Lord's table, and recommend you to the Divine support during your absence.

And I hope, my dear, you will not be offended when I tell you that I am—what I hardly thought it possible, without a miracle, that I should have been—very easy and happy without you. My days begin, pass, and end in pleasure, and seem short because they are so delightful. It may seem strange to say it, but really so it is, I hardly feel that I want anything. I often think of you, and pray for you, and bless God on your account, and please myself with the hope of many comfortable days, and weeks, and years with you; yet I am not at all anxious about your return, or indeed about anything else. And the reason, the great and sufficient reason is, that I have more of the presence of God with me than I remember ever to have enjoyed in any one month of my life. He enables me to live for Him, and to live with Him. When I awake in the morning, which is always before it is light, I address myself to Him, and converse with Him, speak to Him while I am lighting my candle and putting on my clothes, and have often more delight before I come out of my chamber, though it be hardly a quarter of an hour after my awaking, than I have enjoyed for whole days, or, perhaps, weeks of my life. He meets me in study, in secret, in family devotions. It is pleasant to read, pleasant to compose, pleasant to converse with my friends at home; pleasant to visit those abroad—the poor, the sick; pleasant to write letters of necessary business by which any good can be done; pleasant to go out and preach the gospel to poor souls, of which some are thirsting for it, and others dying without it; pleasant in the week-day to think how near another Sabbath is; but, oh! much, much more pleasant, to think how near eternity is, and how short the journey through this wilderness, and that it is but a step from earth to heaven.

I cannot forbear, in these circumstances, pausing a little and considering whence this happy scene just at this time arises, and whither it tends. Whether God is about to bring upon me any peculiar trial, for which this is to prepare me;

whether He is shortly about to remove me from the earth, and so is giving me more sensible prelibations of heaven, to prepare me for it; or whether He intends to do some peculiar services by me just at this time, which many other circumstances lead me sometimes to hope; or whether it be that, in answer to your prayers, and in compassion to that distress which I must otherwise have felt in the absence and illness of her who has been so exceedingly dear to me, and was never more sensibly dear to me than now, He is pleased to favour me with this teaching experience; in consequence of which I freely own I am less afraid than ever of any event that can possibly arise, consistent with His nearness to my heart, and the tokens of His paternal and covenant love. I will muse no further on the cause. It is enough, the effect is so blessed.

Since I began this letter I have attended family prayer; I wish I could communicate to you the pleasure I found in reading the Promises in Mr Clarke's "Collection," pp. 106, 107, and singing the eighty-ninth Psalm.

But the post calls, and I must therefore conclude, wishing you all the happiness I feel, and more if your heart could contain it. My dearest, your ever affectionate friend, who hopes to love you for ever,

P. DODDRIDGE.

Mary at the feet of Jesus.

O Mary, how delightful was thy situation! Who would not rather have sat with thee at the feet of Jesus, to hear His wisdom, than have filled the throne of the greatest prince upon earth! Blessed were thine eyes in what they saw, thine ears in what they heard, and thine heart in what it received and embraced, and treasured up as food, which would endure to everlasting life!

How unhappily was her good sister deprived of the enter-

tainment of these golden moments, while hurried about meats and drinks, and tables with their furniture, till she lost, not only her opportunity, but her temper too; as it is indeed hard to preserve it without a resolute guard, amidst the cloud and clamour of domestic cares! Happy that mistress of a numerous family, who can manage its concerns with the meekness and composure of wisdom, and adjust its affairs in such a manner, as that it may not exclude the pleasures of devotion, and cut her off from the means of religious improvement! Happy the man who, in a pressing variety of secular business, is not so cumbered and careful as to forget that one thing which is absolutely needful; but resolutely chooses that better part, and retains it as the only secure and everlasting treasure.

The Fall of Peter.

How loudly does this affecting story speak to us in the words of the apostle, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." Peter professed the warmest zeal, and gave his Lord repeated, and no doubt very sincere, assurances of the firmest resolution in His cause; and yet, except Judas the traitor, none of his brethren fell so low as he. But a few hours before he had been with Christ at the sacred table, and had learned from His own lips those gracious discourses, which, as echoed back from His Word, do still strike so strongly on the heart of every true believer. He had just seen those words remarkably and even miraculously verified, that "Jesus, having loved His own that were in the world, loved them to the end." How reasonably, then, might it have been expected that His own should also have continued their most zealous and constant affection to Him! But Peter, who if possible was more than doubly His, as a disciple, as an apostle, as a distinguished intimate, most shamefully denies Him; and that not only once, but a second, yea, and a third time, even with oaths and curses,

as if he would by that diabolical language give a sensible proof that he did not belong to Christ; and who indeed, that had heard it, would have imagined that he did?

Lord, what is man! What is our boasted strength but weakness! and, if we are left unto ourselves, how do our most solemn resolutions melt like snow before the sun! "Be thou surety for thy servants for good."

The Lord turned and looked upon Peter. So may He graciously look upon us if we at any time make any approach towards the like sin. May He look upon us with a glance which shall penetrate our hearts, and cause floods of penitential sorrow to flow forth. Peter went out, and wept bitterly. He quitted that dangerous scene where temptation had met and vanquished him; and chose retirement and solitude to give vent to his overflowing soul. Thus may we recover ourselves; or rather, thus may we be recovered by divine grace from those slips and falls which, in this frail state, we shall often be making. Let us retire from the business and snares of life, that we may attend to the voice of conscience, and of God speaking by it; and may so taste the wormwood and the gall, that our souls may long have them in remembrance. To conclude; let us express the sincerity of our godly sorrow by a more cautious and resolute guard against the occasions of sin, if we would not be found to trifle with God when we pray that He would "not lead us into temptation, but would deliver us from evil."

Early Rising.

Rom. xiii. 13: κοίταις.—This Leigh explains of *lying long in bed.* I will not defend that sense of the word; but I will here record the *observation* which I have found of great use to myself, and to which I may say, that the production of this work,* and most of my other writings, is owing; viz. that the

* The "Family Expositor."

difference between rising at five, and at seven of the clock in the morning, for the space of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equivalent to the addition of ten years to a man's life, of which (supposing the two hours in question to be so spent) eight hours every day should be employed in study and devotion.

How to Die.

[The conclusion of the "Rise and Progress."]

Thus, my dear reader, I have endeavoured to lead you through a variety of circumstances; and those not fancied and imaginary, but such as do indeed occur in the human and Christian life. And I can truly and cheerfully say, that I have marked out to you the path which I myself have trod, and in which it is my desire still to go on. I have ventured my own everlasting interests on that foundation on which I have directed you to venture yours. What I have recommended as the grand business of your life, I desire to make the business of my own; and the most considerable enjoyments, which I expect to desire in the remaining days of my pilgrimage on earth, are such as I have directed you to seek, and endeavoured to assist you in attaining. Such love to God, such constant activity in His service, such pleasurable views of what lies beyond the grave, appear to me (God is my witness) a felicity, incomparably beyond anything else which can offer itself to our affection and pursuit: and I would not for ten thousand worlds resign my share in them, or consent even to the suspension of the delights which they afford, during the remainder of my abode here. . . . .

I would advise, then, in the first place, "that, as soon as possible, you would endeavour to get rid of all further care with regard to your temporal concerns, by settling them in

time, in as reasonable and Christian a manner as you can." I could wish there may be nothing of that kind to hurry your mind when you are least able to bear it, or to distress or divide those who come after you. Do that which, in the presence of God, you judge most equitable, and which you verily believe will be most pleasing to Him. Do it in as prudent and effectual a manner as you can; and then consider the world as a place you have quite done with, and its affairs as nothing further to you, more than to one actually dead; unless as you may do any good to its inhabitants, while yet you continue among them, and may, by any circumstance in your last actions or words in life, leave a blessing behind you to those who have been your friends and fellow-travellers, while you have been despatching that journey through it, which you are now finishing.

That you may be the more at leisure, and the better prepared for this, "enter into some serious review of your own state, and endeavour to put your soul into as fit a posture as possible, for your solemn appearance before God." For a solemn thing, indeed, it is, to go into His immediate presence: to stand before Him, not as a supplicant at the throne of His grace, but at His bar as a separate spirit, whose time of probation is over, and whose eternal state is to be immediately determined. Renew your humiliation before God for the imperfections of your life, though it has in the main been devoted to His service. Renew your application to the mercies of God, as promised in the covenant of grace, and to the blood of Christ as the blessed channel in which they flow. Resign yourself entirely to the Divine disposal and conduct, as willing to serve God, either in this world or in the other, as He shall see fit. And, sensible of your sinfulness on the one hand, and of the Divine wisdom and goodness on the other, summon up all the fortitude of your soul to bear as well as you can whatever His afflicting hand may further lay on you, and to receive

the last stroke of it, as one who would maintain the most entire subjection to the great and good Father of spirits.

Whatever you suffer, "endeavour to shew yourself an example of patience." Let that amiable grace have its perfect work; and since it has so little more to do, let it close the scene nobly. Let there not be a murmuring word; and that there may not, watch against every repining thought; and when you feel anything of that kind arising, look by faith upon a dying Saviour, and ask your own heart, "Was not His cross much more painful than the bed on which I lie? Was not His situation, among bloodthirsty enemies, infinitely more terrible than mine amidst the tenderness and care of so many affectionate friends? Did not the heavy load of my sins press Him in a much more overwhelming manner than I am pressed by the load of these afflictions? And yet He bore all, "as a lamb that is brought to the slaughter." Let the remembrance of His sufferings be a means to sweeten yours; yea, let it cause you to rejoice when you are called to bear the cross for a little while before you wear the crown. Count it all joy, that you have an opportunity yet once more of honouring God by your patience, which is now acting its last part, and will in a few days, perhaps in a few hours, be superseded by complete everlasting blessedness. And I am willing to hope, that in these views you will not only suppress all passionate complaints, but that your mouth will be filled with the praises of God; and that you will be speaking to those that are about you, not only of His justice, but of His goodness too. So that you will be enabled to communicate your inward joy in such a manner as may be a lively and edifying comment upon these words of the apostle, "Tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; even a hope which maketh not ashamed, while the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts, by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us."

Once more, "to give you comfort in a dying hour, and to

support your feeble steps while you are travelling through this dark and painful way, take the word of God as a staff in your hand." Let books and mortal friends now do their last office for you. Call, if you can, some experienced Christian, who has felt the power of the word of God upon his own heart; and let him bring the Scripture, and turn you to some of those precious promises which have been the food and rejoicing of his own soul. It is with this view, that I may carry the good office I am now engaged in as far as possible, I shall here give you a collection of a few such admirable scriptures, each of them infinitely more valuable than thousands of gold and silver. And, to convince you of the degree in which I esteem them, I will take the freedom to add, that I desire they may (if God give an opportunity) be read over to me, as I lie on my dying bed, with short intervals between them, that I may pause upon each, and renew something of that delightful relish, which, I bless God, I have often found in them. May your soul and mine be then composed to a secret silence (whatever be the commotion of animal nature), while the voice of God speaks to us, in language which He spake to His servants of old, or in which He instructed them how they should speak to Him, in circumstances of the greatest extremity.

Can any more encouragement be wanting, when He says, "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." "And he is not a man that he should lie, or the son of man, that he should repent: hath he said, and shall he not do it? Or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?" "The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" "This God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death." "Therefore, though I walk through the valley of the

shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord." "Oh continue thy loving-kindness unto them that know thee, and thy righteousness to the upright in heart! For with thee is the fountain of life; in thy light shall we see light." "Thou wilt show me the path of life; in thy presence is fulness of joy, at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." "As for me I shall behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness." "For I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep what I have committed to him until that day." "Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth; my flesh also shall rest in hope." "For if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again; those also that sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him." "I give unto my sheep eternal life," said Jesus, the good Shepherd, "and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." "This is the will of him that sent me, that every one that believeth on me should have everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day." "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you: I go to prepare a place for you: and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you to myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." "Go, tell my brethren, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." "Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me; that the love wherewith thou hast loved me, may be in them, and I in them." "He that testifieth these things, saith, Surely I come quickly, Amen; even so come, Lord Jesus!" "Oh death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Thus may that God who knows the souls of His children in all their adversities, and in whose sight the death of His saints is precious, cheer and support you and me in those last extremities of nature! May He add us to the happy number of those who have been more than conquerors in death! and may He give us those supplies of His Spirit, which may enable us to pour out our departing souls in such sentiments, as those I would now suggest; though we should be no longer able to utter words, or to understand them if they were to be read to us! Let us at least review them with all proper affections now, and lay up one prayer more for that awful moment! Oh that this, and all we have ever offered with regard to it, may then come to remembrance before God!

Hymns.

The Soul's Surrender.

1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done:
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angel's bread to feast?

5 High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear;

Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Christ's Condescending Regard to Little Children.

1 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms.

2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee:
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek His face;
And fly with transports to receive
The blessings of His grace.

5 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust:
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

"I will Sing Praises while I have any Being."

1 God of my life, through all its days,
My grateful powers shall sound Thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.